VANITY FAIR
JUNE
1930
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INC.

TEXACO

THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY FOR PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

RESEARCH... THE GUIDE TO PROGRESS
Anticipating every development; insuring ever higher standards of quality . . . Texaco Laboratories are the source of Texaco progress.

Texaco helps mine 64% of the nation's copper

Of all the copper produced by the United States in a single year, two-thirds is provided by mines using Texaco Lubricants.

Mining companies choose Texaco for the same reason that it is preferred in every branch of industry, commerce and transportation. Today it would be difficult to point out a single lubrication problem that Texaco has not solved. Texaco Lubricants, exposed to the white heat of a steel ingot—or to pressures of tons per sq. in., are rendering effective lubrication. Even in acid mine-waters Texaco provides an effective lubricating barrier against corrosion.

In each of our 48 States, in every civilized nation—wherever wheels turn and pistons flash, Texaco has effected almost unbelievable economies in wear reduction. This has been made possible by the development of specialized products for specialized needs.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

TEXACO

The mark of quality for petroleum products

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

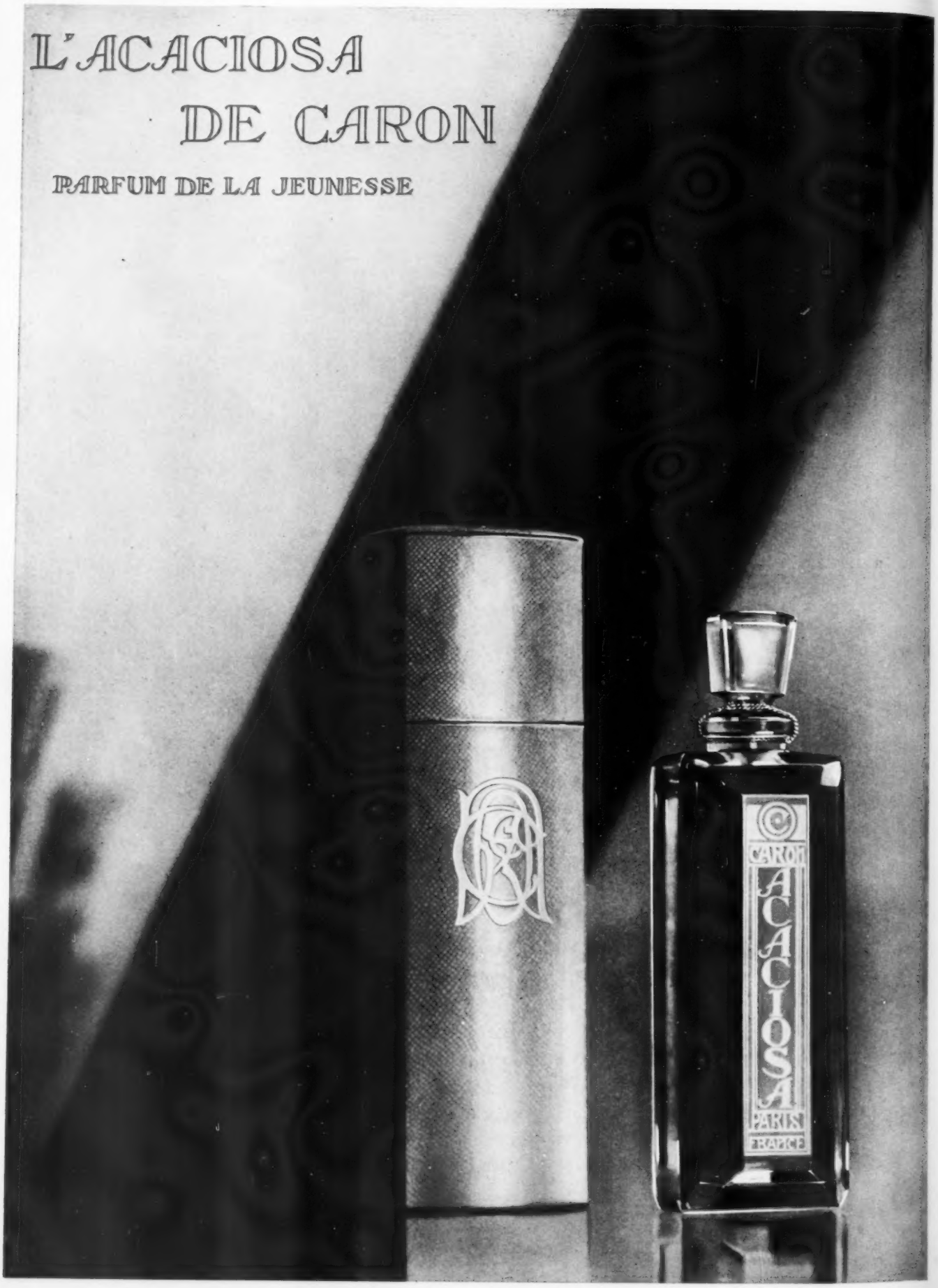
SILVER TABLEWARE

Noted for Quality
Moderately Priced

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

PARIS
25 RUE DE LA PAIX

LONDON
44 NEW BOND STREET



CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
June, 1930

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Vol. No. 34. No. 4

B. ALTMAN & CO.—GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS

Flannels, linens, gabardines—these are the fabrics that gentlemen will be choosing for their sports clothes this Summer. Altman has handled such comfortable cloths with unusual skill in developing odd jackets, slacks and complete suits. . . . Men's Clothing—6th Floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

au matin

The sublime fragrance of the early hours
...when flowers unfold to the sun...
achieves a rare and exquisite kinship
in this new parfum and this poudre.

• • •

PRICED AT $5, $10, $18 AND, WITH ATOMIZER,
$20 THE FLACON. THE FACE POWDER $1.50

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

Great Out-of-Doors calls your boys and girls

TOPS of lofty pines beckon in the breeze . . . cool water murmurs an invitation . . . sunshine smiles in welcome. ◇ ◇ ◇ "Come," they are saying to your sons and daughters, "come to the great out-of-doors and play and swim and hike and roll up in ponchos under the stars; come to camp where, nut-brown and sturdy, you will store up health and laughter, self-reliance and good comradeship for the rest of your lives." ◇ ◇ ◇ Surely you will let them go this summer. ◇ ◇ ◇ It is only a question of choosing the right camp, of being very certain that it is well-regulated and best suited to the age of your children. ◇ ◇ ◇ Careful parents, hundreds of them every year, find the answer at our Camp Bureau, an authorized, yet strictly unprejudiced source of information, where more can be learned about the better camps than catalogues can possibly tell. ◇ ◇ ◇ Official outfitters for many camps, and familiar with the requirements of all, we can help you assemble exactly the right equipment, middy blouses to tennis rackets, hiking boots to swimming suits. ◇ ◇ ◇ Please do not, however, infer that the slightest obligation is implied. ◇ ◇ ◇ Whether or not you decide to outfit your prospective young campers here, you are most cordially invited to visit or write us.

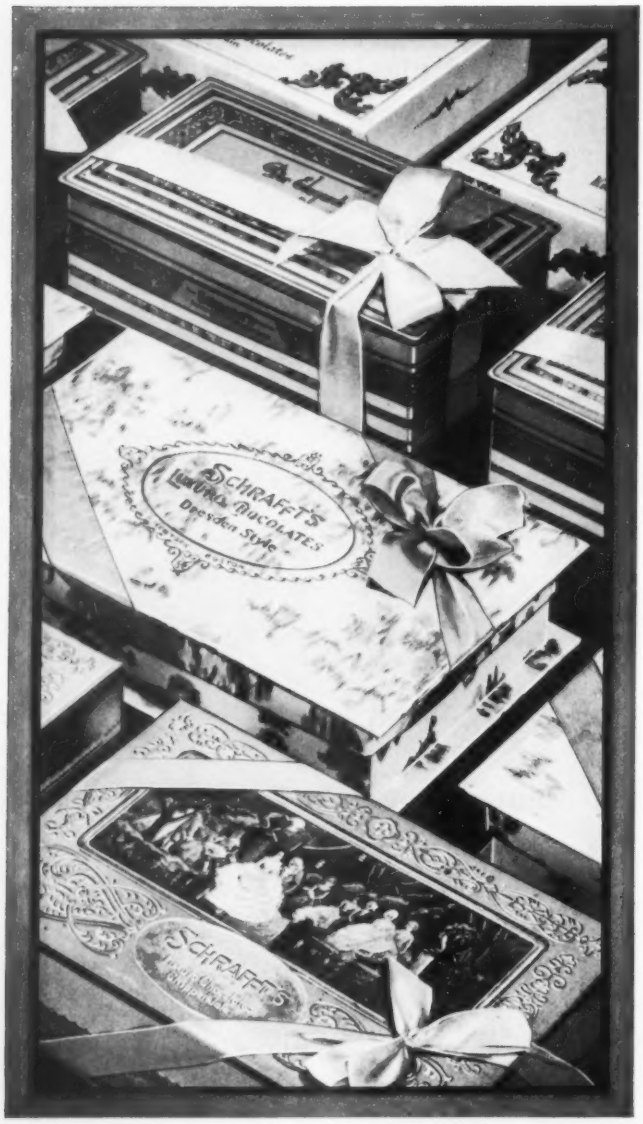
THE SCHOOL AND CAMP BUREAU

FOURTH FLOOR

Marshall Field and Company

RETAIL · CHICAGO

These newcomers are diverting the attention of whole bridge parties!



WHAT was bid is completely forgotten. What is trump nobody knows. Who should lead just doesn't matter—for the topic of talk has suddenly turned from tricks to taste. Schrafft's chocolates are being sampled!

Under the spell of such out-of-the-common goodness, it is pardonable for anyone to forget all else for the moment. Schrafft's chocolates and candies *are* uncommonly delicious!

They have long been the favorites of the well-informed—in New York,. Boston, and Syracuse. Now, through recently expanded distribution, we predict that these famous candies will be the favorites everywhere!

You'll find them in stores near you — wherever good candies are sold. And you'll find them surprisingly better than any candy you ever before tasted!

D'or Elegant—$2.00 a pound; Chippendale—$1.50 a pound; Dresden—$1.25 a pound; Jolivet—$1.25 a pound; Plain—$1.00 a pound; Pall Mall—$1.00 a pound; Nuts, Fruits and Creams—$1.00 a pound.

SCHRAFFT'S

Chocolates and Candies

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

June will want remembrances

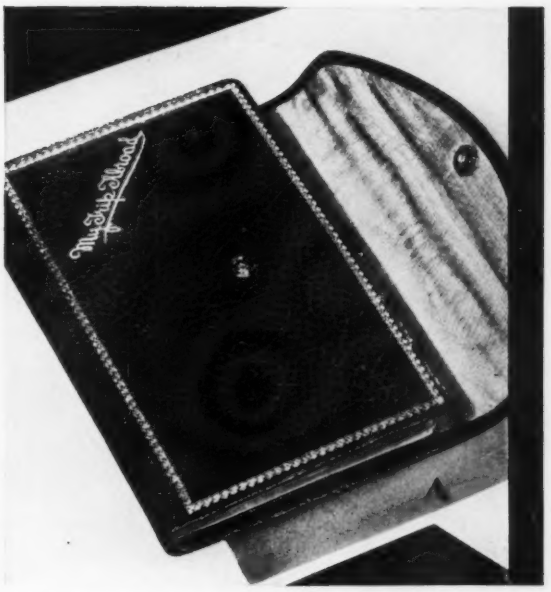
ONE of the gracious things in life is the privilege of adding to another's happiness on some felicitous occasion. . . . And apart from the Christmas season, perhaps no other time presents more opportunities than June.

But even for those vivid moments that your gift will help recall . . . the wedding of an old and valued friend . . . commencement . . . Anne's first visit to Europe . . . a remembrance need not be expensive. It should reveal, of course, your affection . . . your high esteem for the one to whom you send it. And it will reflect your own good taste and judgment.

Among people of a certain position in life, these gifts are frequently of fine leather. And if, by some chance, you could see the articles they select, you would find the great majority of them imprinted with a tiny golden keystone R. That symbol is the house insignia of C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc.

Eighty years ago, this firm was established in Philadelphia. Members of the original family still actively maintain the ideals of the founder . . . to use the best materials, and only the best . . . to strive for beauty, rather than effect; for authenticity, and not for show. In a word, to make the very finest leather goods that money can buy.

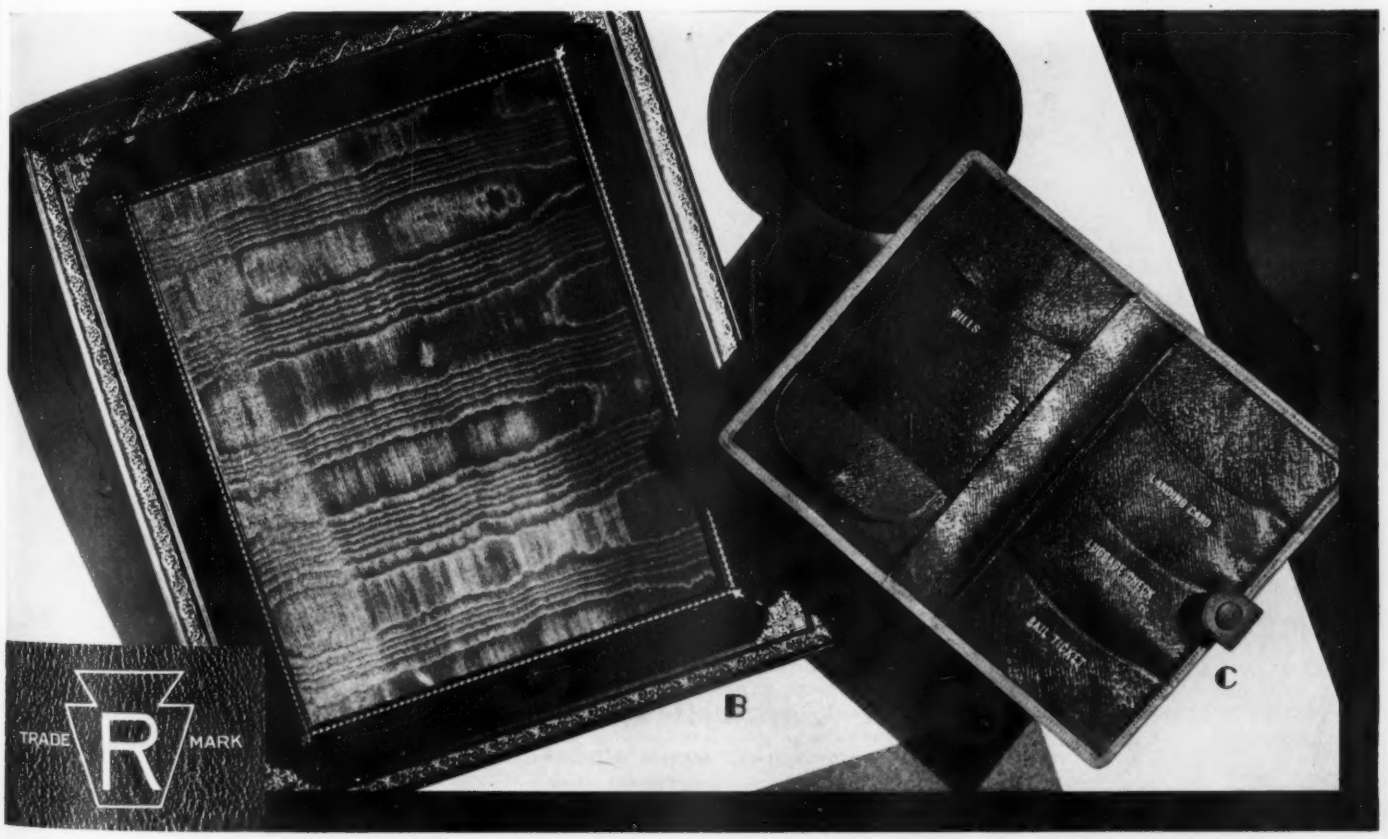
C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and stationers.



A A diary for traveling. In addition to the space provided for daily entries, occupying the greater part of the book, the diary contains a map of the world, a table of monetary values and exchange rates, and a reproduction of the flags of the countries which will be visited, and of the steamships on which you may travel.

B A photograph frame in blue calfskin, which will care for a single intimate photograph. A gold-tooled border serves to accent the leather. The frame may also be had in many other colors and in many designs, including those with inserts of Cinnabar and Jade.

C A passport case, in pigskin, lined with scarlet leather, which may be fitted easily in one's pocket. There are spaces for the passport, for bills, landing cards, luggage checks and railway tickets, each properly designated. The case also comes in other leathers with other linings.



C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC. By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

A Caldwell Creation

Their most recently developed silver service after the style of Paul Lamerie.

Outstanding Features

Exceptional weight, cast mounts, applied borders, graceful ornamentation delicately hand chased.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

ILLUSTRATED IS THE F-32, WHICH CARRIES 30 PASSENGERS AND TWO PILOTS

25,000,000 MILES IN THE AIR

A CLOCK ticks off the awaited second. A giant Fokker roars down the runway. It leaves on time. It will arrive on time. It may point its nose over the Rockies or other mountainous terrain. It may speed over the Caribbean Sea, out of sight of land. It may run into high winds or storm, fog or darkness. But those who loll in its comfortable cabin can habitually rely on reaching their destination more promptly and safely than in any other plane. For Fokker planes have written in the sky a record of *twenty-five million miles* of dependable travel. On one transport line alone they have flown over four million miles with never a serious mishap. A stupendous record, indeed, but based on the solid facts that Fokker has built more planes than any other manufacturer on earth, that Fokker planes have made twice as many of the famous pioneering flights as any other make of plane, and that Fokker genius and Fokker experience are now supported by the vast scientific and production resources of the largest industrial organization in the world. When you, therefore, want to go somewhere speedily, enjoyably and safely, you will be wise to fly in this plane which has proved itself today to be the plane of tomorrow.

For the use of business executives, for pleasure, and for transport use, Fokker now makes ten different models of airplanes: single and multi-engined types, land planes, sea planes, flying boats, amphibions. Requests for information or demonstration are invited, and will be promptly answered. Fokker Aircraft Corporation of America, General Motors Building, New York.

FOKKER

AFFILIATED WITH GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Fantom–the Recessed Radiator Conspicuous by its Inconspicuousness!

AMERICAN IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

"Ideal" Redflash Boiler
Completely equipped, automatically regulated, insulated and jacketed. For oil fuels.

This modern radiator conserves health . . . conserves space . . . and conserves the harmony of the finest interior decorative plans.

Recessed conveniently into the wall, it becomes an integral part of the room, and a countless asset to its comfort; for its flat surface radiates pure, life-giving, radiant heat just like that from the sun, while a gentle curtain of warmed air rises through the grille work at the top carrying warmth to every nook and corner of the room.

FANTOM by name as well as by nature . . . a radiator of high efficiency and low visibility . . . and offering the following advantages:

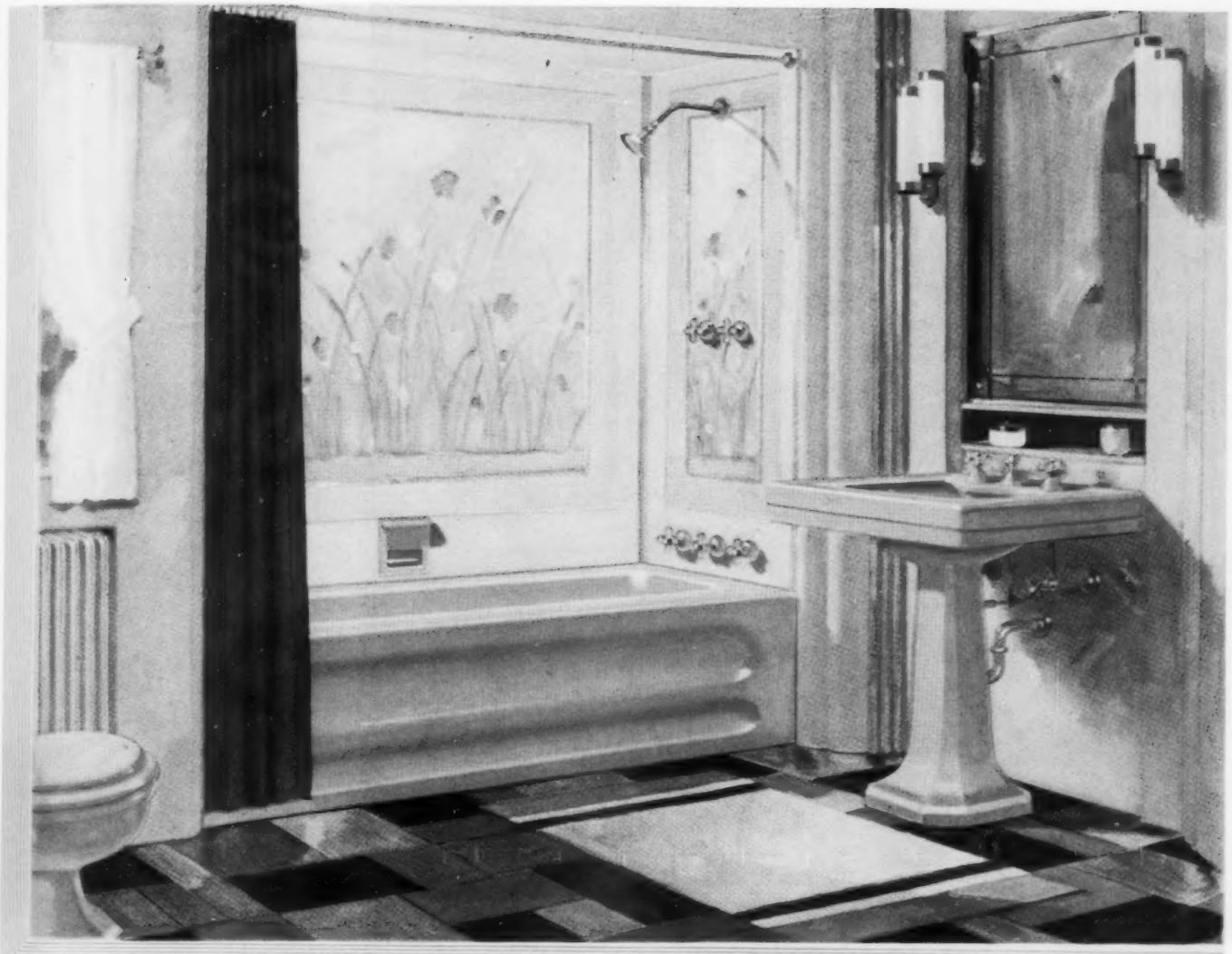
It warms the lower part of the room in the "living zone" with sun-like, radiant heat, as well as the upper "living zone," maintaining a more uniform temperature and effecting a real saving in fuel.

It is out of the way...space saving...inconspicuous in appearance...conspicuous by its service.

It can be painted to harmonize perfectly with any interior decorative scheme.

The FANTOM is the model your Architect would choose for himself, and he will welcome your suggestion to use this type of radiation that furnishes perfect heat, saves room, and contributes to the beauty of home.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
40 West 40th Street, New York
SHOWROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION



Is the bathroom the least attractive room in your home?

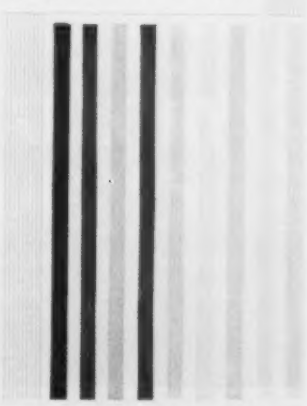
No longer is it the fashion to neglect the possibilities of the bathroom as a beautiful interior. Architects and interior decorators are giving it quite as much consideration as the other rooms. Home owners are replacing the old plumbing fixtures and refurnishing the bathroom to make it a worthy part of the home.

The inspiration for this new trend in bathroom furnishing came from the finer forms and beautiful colors created for plumbing fixtures by "Standard" designers. The new "Standard" Plumbing Fixture designs reveal new beauty in the simplicity of their lines and the perfect balance of their proportions.

When you are planning to remodel or refurnish your bathroom you are invited to visit a "Standard" Showroom to see these new designs in all the new and exclusive "Standard" colors: Ming Green, T'ang Red, Clair de Lune Blue, Ionian Black, Ivoire de Medici, Rose du Barry, Orchid of Vincennes, St. Porchaire Brown and Royal Copenhagen Blue as well as white.

To suggest the possibilities of the bathroom as a modern interior, the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company has published the book "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration." It illustrates interesting arrangements of plumbing fixtures in bathrooms that are original both in design and color harmony. A copy of this book and, if desired, the details of an easy financing plan, will be sent to you on request.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES



Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

106 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh — 18 East 45th Street, New York

SHOWROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

DIVISION OF

AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

That fine things are fairly unchanging, is the story told by these two pictures of an identical scene. Both portray New York's smartest club, its proudest motor car. One was painted twelve years after the other.

The Most Distinguishing Mark of the *Most Distinguished* Motor Car

SUPERLATIVES are singularly apt when applied to the fender lamps that are *Pierce-Arrow* . . so intimately are these a part of *America's finest motor car.*

Behind that title, so hard-earned (which otherwise would be sheer arrogance), is the prided handwork of masters in coachcraft . . the second generation of whom are today engaged in the creation of Pierce-Arrow finenesses.

Pierce-Arrow reflects, also, the thinking of many great engineers, and the management of men who put reputation before all things, in the trusteeship that is theirs to preserve.

Should it appear that an exaggerated reverence for ideals is present here, the product itself bears even greater testimony to this very genuine attitude.

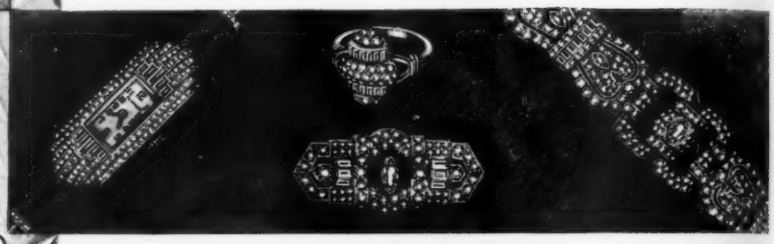
Pierce-Arrow today finds expression in three new groups of automobiles, which, for sheer beauty and distinction, were not conceivable without great tradition to draw upon and a patrician pride to inspire.

PIERCE-ARROW

Three New Groups of Straight Eights . . 132 to 144-inch Wheelbases . . $2695 to $6250 at Buffalo

(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

ESTABLISHED 1823
Cravenette
MALLORY
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
EVERY time or place or purpose—day or evening; business, country, sport or travel—has its Hand-Made Mallory Straw to adorn the occasion, to grace the face and to lend unobtrusive ease and cool comfort.
SENNITS, SPLITS, LEGHORNS, MILANS AND PANAMAS IN
MALLORY STRAWS
THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



CERTIFIED
IRIDIUM PLATINUM
DIAMOND
JEWELRY

the aristocrat of personal adornment

The pride of possessing it is no more thrilling than the distinction of giving it. . . . At this time, what more exquisite gift for the June bride?

Indeed, such exquisite creations are for the woman who enjoys the thrill of aristocratic elegance in her personal adornment.

Subtle symbols of sophistication, wrought into an alluring enchantment of sheer brilliance and beauty—this diamond jewelry bears the hallmark, *Certified Iridium Platinum*, which is to fine diamond jewelry as the stamp of "Sterling" to silver, or the stamp of "Karat" to gold.

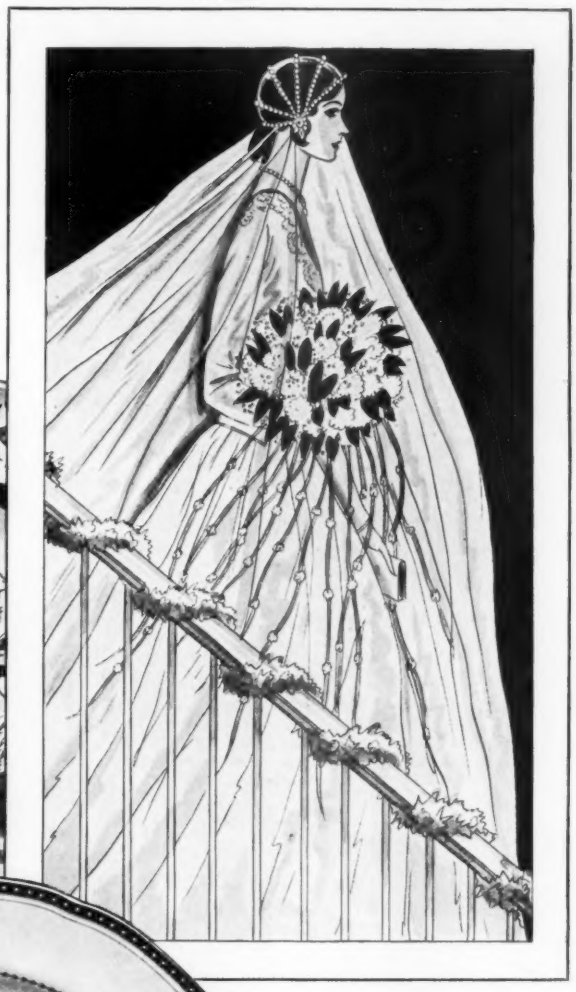
Look to the better jewelers in your city. Those displaying the trademark shown above offer you *Certified Iridium Platinum* diamond jewelry, the finest and truly "the loveliest of all personal adornment."

katz & ogush inc
new york chicago
CREATORS CRAFTSMEN

When it comes to that Gift of Gifts – a Present for the Bride – come to Plummer's . . . .

A lovely English **Tea Set** from the renowned Shelley potteries of Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, England. Exquisite—and for 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 teaplates, teapot, sugar bowl, and creamer—only $38—to be found nowhere else in America!

Minton's **Modern Salt Glaze Ware** seems even smoother to the touch than the prized originals. Dinner Plates $45 doz. Entree Plates $42 doz. Tea Plates $35 doz. After-dinner cups and saucers $42 doz. An exclusive importation.



Modern Lowestoft. Exclusive with Plummer! Dinner plates $75 doz. Tea cups and saucers $75 doz. Monogram, crest, or coat-of-arms extra.

Hock-Glasses painted in natural colors with a different fish on each, $48 for set of twelve. Confined exclusively to Plummer's.

and this is why!

PEOPLE who select their gifts with taste and tact are envied—and remembered. Not that such friends and relatives are all divinely inspired—no indeed! They simply have learned from experience that "a Gift from Plummer's" is treasured and prized to a degree that adds immeasurably to the joy of giving. ¶Indeed, "at Plummer's" you will find Glass and China of a beauty and distinction that causes them to be cherished and preserved for generations. ¶A contribution to the Bride's cupboard such as Monogrammed Lowestoft creates a worthy monument to her house and name. ¶In the same way, a service of Modern Salt Glaze Ware subtly compliments the bride's appreciation of the grace and charm of olden days. ¶Whether you wish a simple gift or an important one—an intimate gift or a formal one—your shopping problem may here be solved with ease, satisfaction, pleasure! Even that bugbear of Wedding Gift Purchasers—the fear of duplication need not perturb you, for a large number of our importations are not to be found elsewhere in America.

Mail Orders Invited

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co., Ltd.

IMPORTERS OF MODERN AND ANTIQUE CHINA AND GLASS

7 & 9 EAST 35TH STREET, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 954 CHAPEL STREET • • • HARTFORD, CONN., 256 FARMINGTON AVENUE

—At the country club—on the links—at the tennis match—at the formal evening function—and at the office, too—

CHENEY CRAVATS!

Your favorite shop carries them.

CHENEY CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS

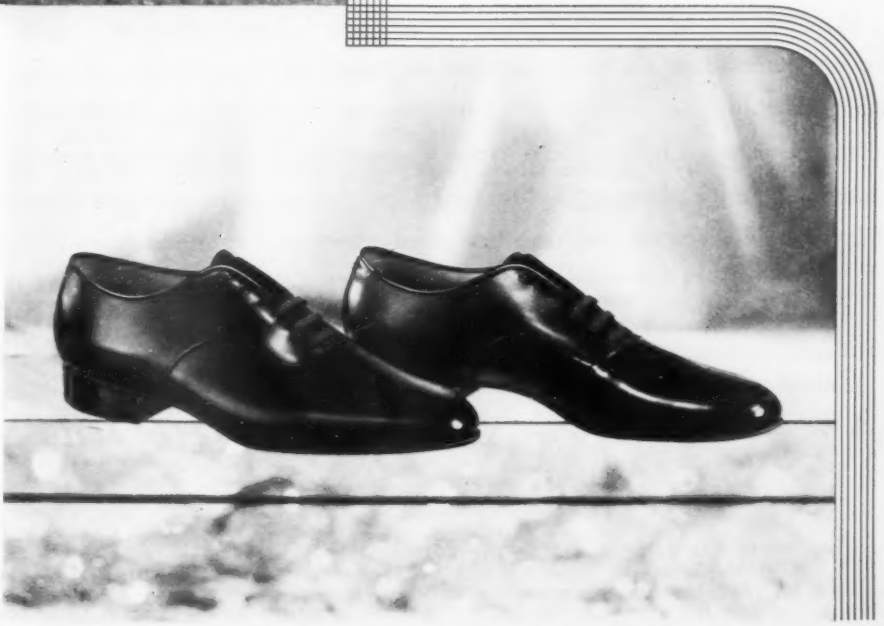
FROM SUN·UP FROM SUN·DOWN

shoes to span the social summer day

What with college commencements, the start of Friday to Tuesday week-ends, marital embarkations and other obligations . . . a man, in June, puts in a pretty social time of it. Which means, unless his wardrobe is in fire house order, six o'clock may find him slipping tuxedo trousers over golf socks or wondering if he can get by with a pair of street brogues. Avoid footwear entanglements! Visit Walk-Over today!

FROM SUN-UP—Commence your wardrobe and a day of sport with sport shoes. One of the smartest with white or any of the new colored flannels is the Walk-Over oxford shown here in genuine white buck with black rubber soles. BRISTOL last. $10. Other correct models for golf, boating or general sportswear await your inspection at your Walk-Over dealer.

FROM SUN-DOWN—There was a time when stepping out after dark in warm weather was an uncomfortable procedure. Today with such humane accessories as backless vests and Walk-Over bantam weight dress shoes, it's a complete pleasure. The BRISTOL (right) is of supple black calf with special flexible soles $10.



WALK-OVER

SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Chief of style in shorts . . . *the new*

Super-Shorts

PALE MOON
Forest green, moonlight tan, or sky blue, on white

SLEEPING FAUN
Maize and blue, brick and green or green and maize

THUNDER BIRD
Pottery red, grass green, or sky blue, on white

SERPENT
Three tone blue or maize, or blue and black, on white

HIAWATHA
Maize and blue, maize and purple, or grass and maize

TOMAHAWK
Another effective pattern. Blue and maize, grass and purple, or grass and maize, on white

KEITH SHAW

"No center seam discomfort"

Not enough to originate the most comfortable shorts that ever girded man's loins. They must be the best looking. And they are.

Hiawatha, Serpent, Serpent Tongue, Thunder Bird, Tomahawk, Pale Moon . . . Wilson Brothers Style Committee introduces these six likable designs in Super-Shorts, as unique as their names. Adapted from the Indians, they are thoroughly masculine in colorings and patterns. Different yet related waist bands make an effective addition.

See them at good haberdashers. When you decide that you like their smartness, consider the exclusive comfort of Super-Shorts. Notice the patent-applied-for back panel that combines roominess in seat and crotch with tailored trimness. See them today; ask too about the new Super-Seat pajamas with the same comfortable smartness.

WILSON BROTHERS

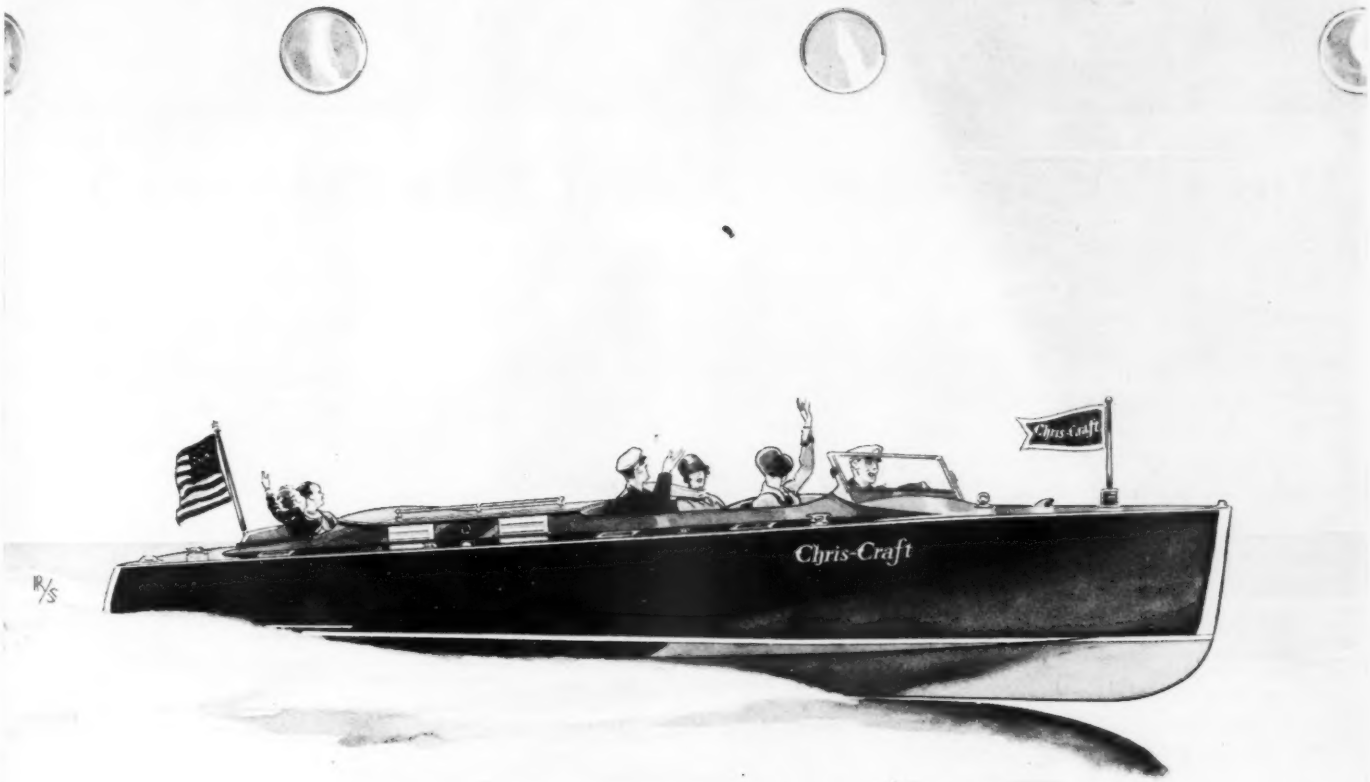
© Wilson Brothers, 1930

Haberdashery

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • PARIS

GUARANTEE—*If any article bearing the Wilson Brothers trade-mark is unsatisfactory for any reason you can exchange it at any Wilson Brothers dealer. If your haberdasher does not carry Super-Shorts we shall gladly supply them to you through the nearest dealer upon receipt of your waist measurement, color preference, and check. (Shorts 75c, $1, 1.50, 2. Blend Suits $2.50) Address: Wilson Brothers, 530 So. Wells Street, Chicago.*

WILSON BROTHERS Haberdashery



Chris-Craft 26-ft. Runabout, 250 H. P. Chris-Craft Marine Motor, speed up to 45 M. P. H., $4750

ROUGHING it has gone out of fashion. Chris-Craft will take you in arm chair comfort at express train speed right into the heart of nature. Enjoyment of the wilderness is no longer confined to those who can carry a pack over rough trails or row a hard seated boat. Even an invalid can go fishing. Seated upon deep, luxurious cushions one may fish or ride by the hour without fatigue. ' ' ' One may explore a hundred miles of coast-line — go swimming — attend an afternoon tea and be ready for the dinner dance — all in the space of an afternoon — and best of all, without fatigue or discomfort. ' ' ' Better to have a Chris-Craft without a summer home than a summer home without a Chris-Craft. All the family will gain health and pleasure from Chris-Crafting, for it provides always something to do and the means to do it with. From nimble seventeen-footer to the luxurious Chris-Craft yacht is a wide range of fine watercraft to suit all needs and tastes. Illustrated catalog may be had from Chris Smith & Sons Boat Company, 326 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan.

NEW!
A 17-foot Runabout, 25 M. P. H., priced at $1295.

Chris-Craft

World's Largest Builders of Mahogany Motor Boats

Runabouts — Sedans — Commuters — Cruisers — Yachts
25 Models — 17 to 48 feet — $1295 to $35,000

A FEW DESIRABLE SALES TERRITORIES OPEN. WIRE FOR DETAILS.

©C.N.P.

Does Your Game Need Improvement?

Let The American Golfer help you . . . each issue contains many valuable hints . . . each issue well-studied will take strokes off your score.

Month by month, you will profit by The American Golfer. Famous champions—Jones, Hagen, Farrell, Diegel—show you how *they* play golf . . . Grantland Rice will tell you (as only Grantland Rice can) how to overcome the physical and mental handicaps of the game . . . Innis Brown will set you right on any point you may be in doubt about through his keen "Replies to Queries".

In addition, dozens of "how-to" and "how-not-to" pictures . . . slow-motion photographs of professionals making important shots . . . news of championship matches reported by experts . . . articles on bridge by E. V. Shepard . . . golf clothes for men and women.

How much for all this? One little $5 bill brings you two whole years of The American Golfer and the famous booklet of 12 GOLF LESSONS. Insure your game today . . . sign and mail that coupon now!

12 instructive lessons in one free booklet!

Twelve illustrated golf lessons by the world's most famous experts help you to improve your play . . . mailed without charge as part of your subscription to The American Golfer.

JOCK HUTCHISON explains his method of getting distance on the long drive.
BOBBY CRUICKSHANK tells you how to handle the long irons to advantage.
CHICK EVANS explains how you can easily become proficient in mashie play.
JACK WHITE points out for you the most important essentials of good putting.
ABE MITCHELL outlines the basis of play in recovery from bunkers and rough.
WILLIE MACFARLANE tells how to play the short approach shots successfully.
JOHNNY FARRELL describes the correct method of starting the backswing.
JIM BARNES explains his five most important tips underlying all golf strokes.
ABE MITCHELL prescribes his cures for golfers' most common fault—the slice.
EDDIE LOOS gives a fine lesson on how to concentrate when playing a shot.
ERNEST JONES clearly explains what is meant by "hit with the clubhead".
JIM BARNES shows how to pivot properly, and the importance of the body turn.

2 Years of The American Golfer $5

GRANTLAND RICE, *Editor* ROBERT T. ("Bobby") JONES, Jr., *Associate Editor* GLENNA COLLETT, *Associate Editor for Women*

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Graybar Building, New York City.

☐ I enclose $5 for TWO YEARS of The American Golfer.
☐ I enclose $3 for ONE YEAR of The American Golfer.
Please send me the Twelve Golf Lessons at once.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... V.F. 6-30

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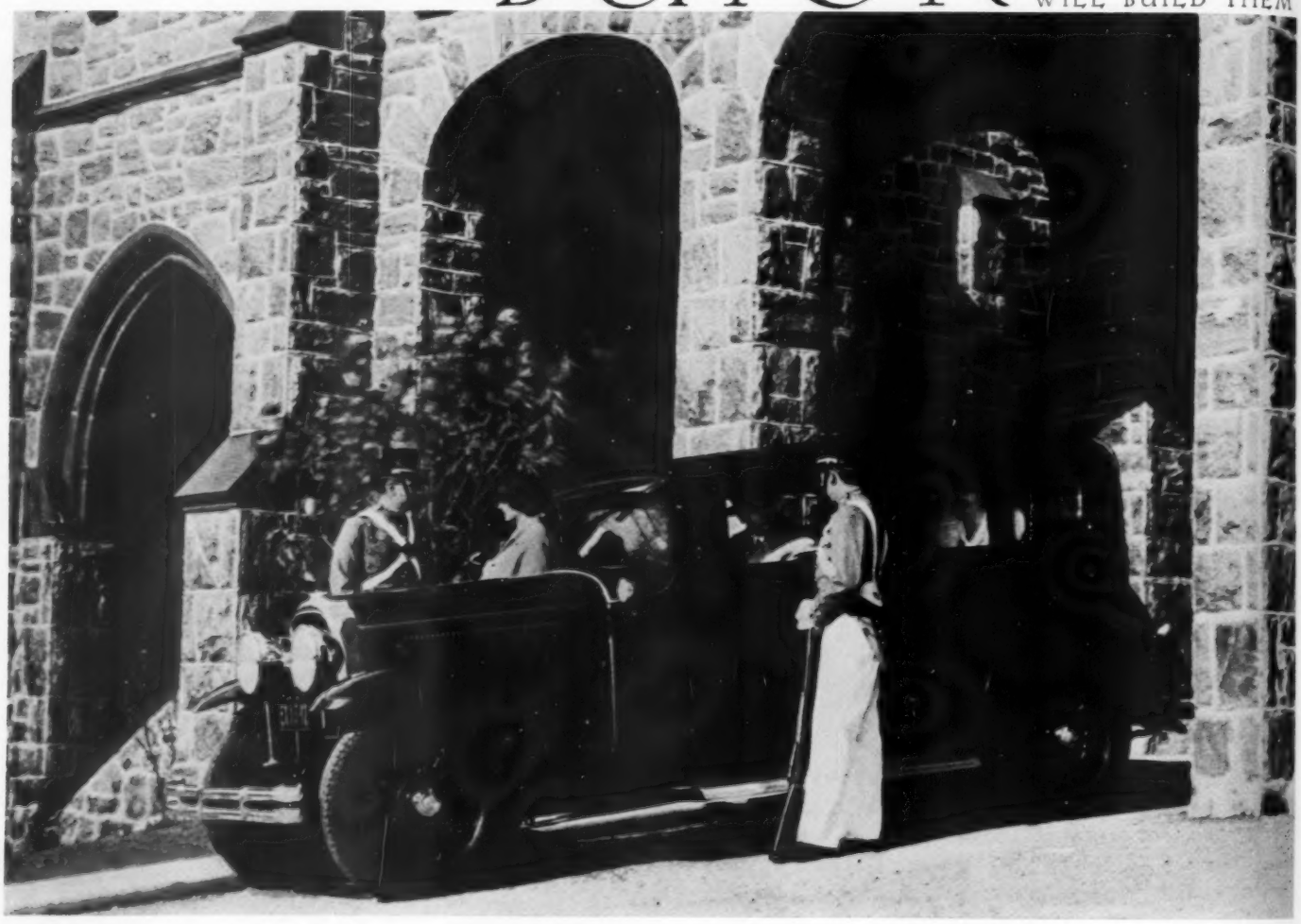

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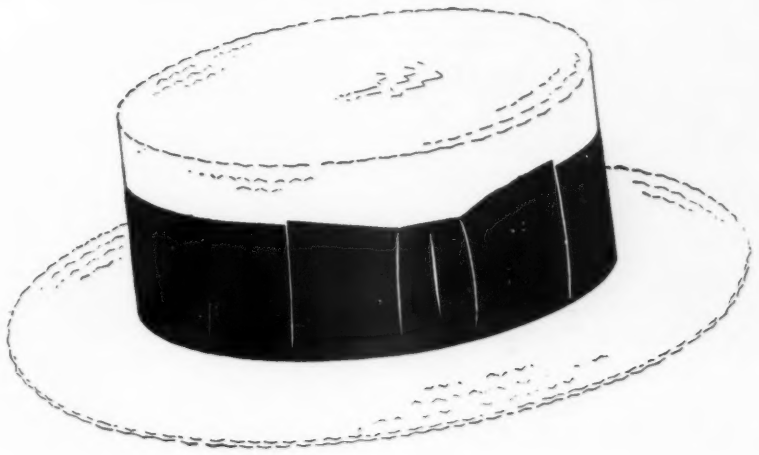

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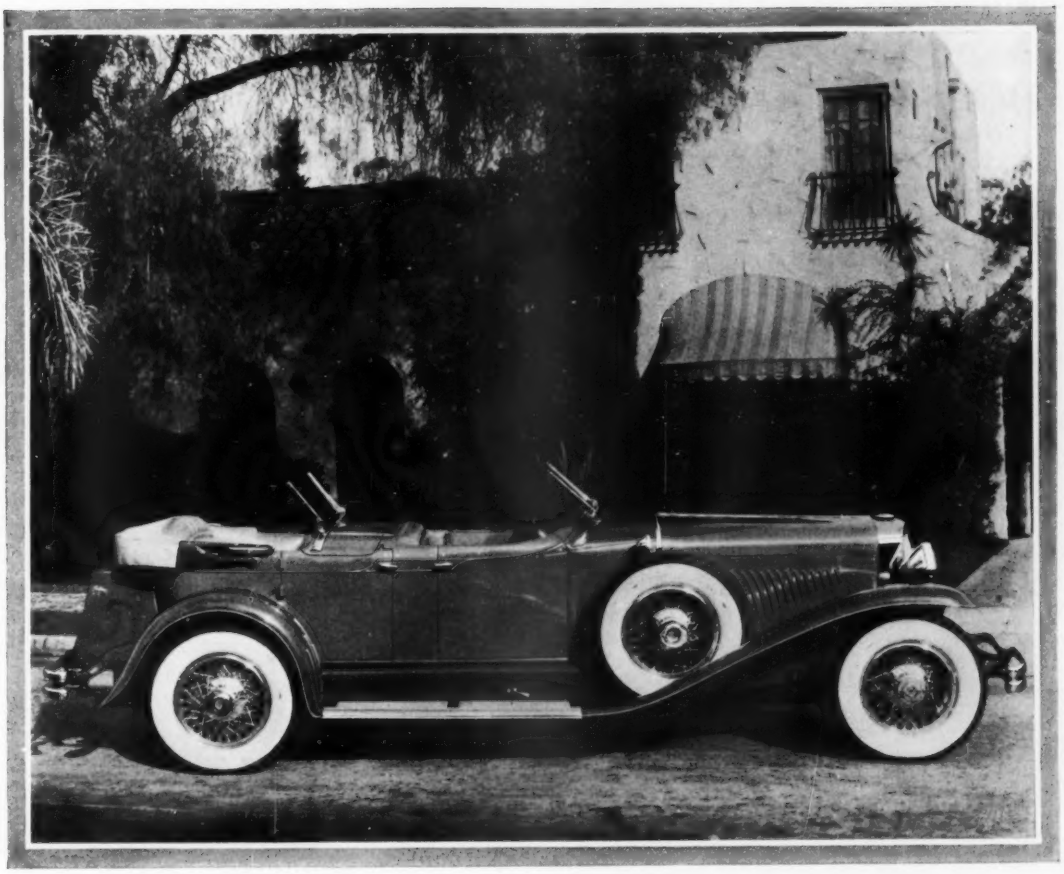

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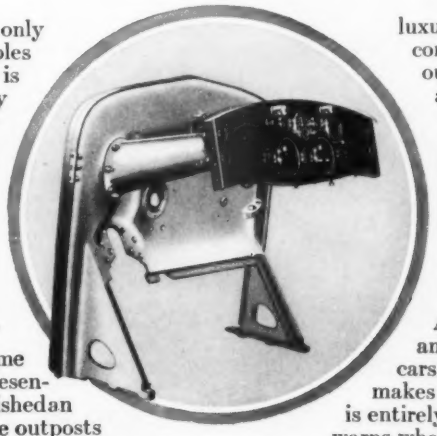

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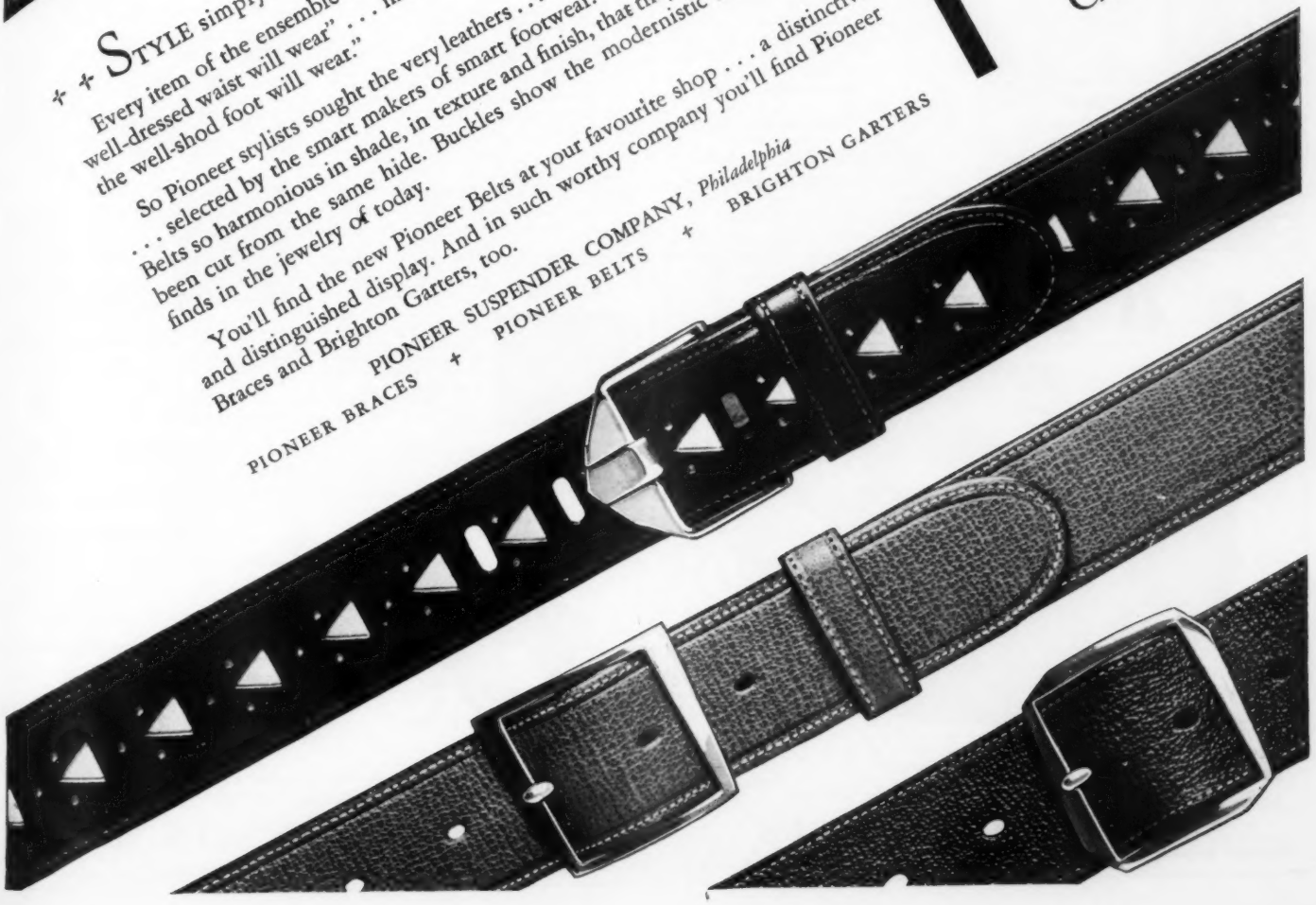

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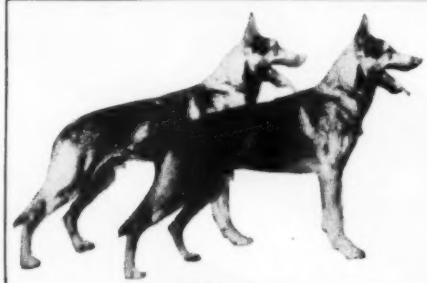

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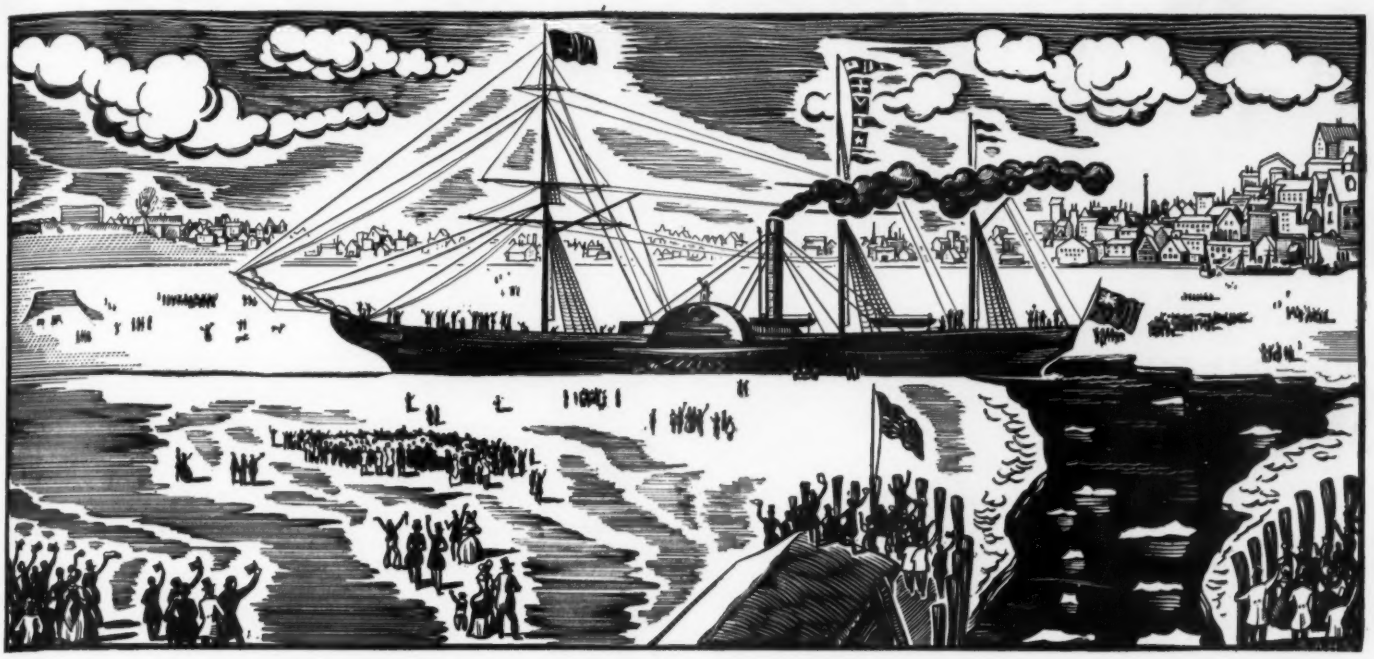
THE BRITANNIA, ICE BOUND-1844



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IT was the 30th day of January in the year 1844. The people awoke to a strange and awesome sight. There lay before them the entire Boston Harbour "from the Ferryway to the Narrows," a solid sea of ice. And wedged tight in the ice, helpless and unable to turn a paddle, was "Boston's most beloved ship"—the Britannia—with her sailing date only 3 days away; Europe awaiting her mails; and 65 persons booked for the passage.

The Britannia—the Palatial Passenger Packet of Mr. Samuel Cunard—the same Samuel Cunard who with his great fleet of ships—so says the Memorial History of Boston—had doubled Boston's foreign business and brought to Boston new workers and great prosperity.

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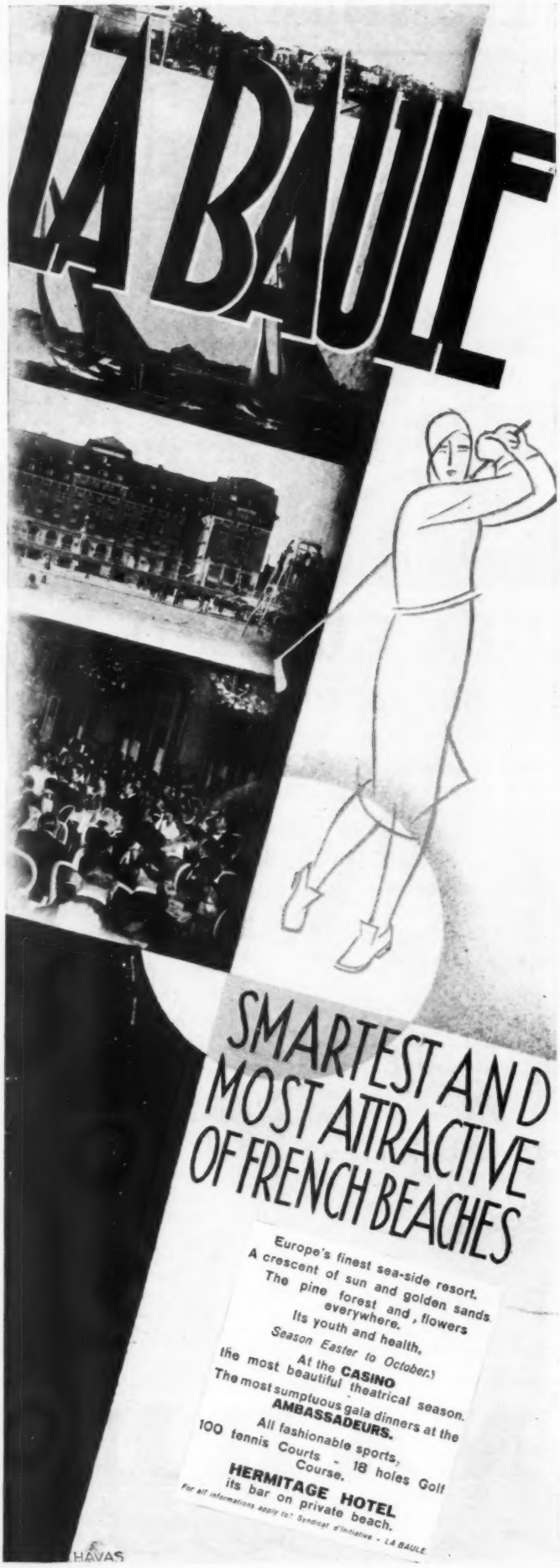
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"AND WHEN I AM QUITE OLD I SHALL REMEMBER ALL THIS"

Tuesday—Hong Kong. Mellow as June the year around. We land on a night made for dreaming. A stunning harbor. With thousands of craft bobbing their colored lanterns over the water. The lights of Victoria Peak twinkle on and off like stars in the sky—so high. They beckon ... So on with our dinner clothes and off to the smart Hong Kong Hotel. What a British atmosphere. Pink-cheeked girls dancing with athletic looking men. Sitting in this deep armchair I could very well be in London. But it's far more fascinating to be in Hong Kong. (Hie, made a date for a trip to the Peak in the morning!)

Wednesday—Strange conveyances in this Anglo-Chinese city. Double-decker street cars, rickshas, and shiny foreign motors. We whistle—and two sedan chairs come dashing out of shadowed alleys—very cagey looking. Like Byzantine coaches with fringe around their canopies. Higher and higher we go, past timbered English homes and peaked-roofed mansions of Chinese nabobs. Hollyhocks and devil dogs side by side. Till we reach the terrace of the Peak Hotel. And have tea and crumpets. With the map of the city 2000 feet below thrown in. The bay the color of a pearl. Schooners, junks and greyhounds from every port in the world. Over there at Kowloon docks lies our President Liner. We smoke and dream ... and drink another cup of tea. Then down we go through Flower Street where gardenias are so cheap they're *common!* Our path leads into Queen's Road, the Fifth Avenue of Hong Kong. Here East and West are one. Shop windows heaped with ivory, crystal, jade and chrysoprase ... The air is redolent with sandalwood, fried rice and temple flowers. Tomorrow night we are to meet Mei Ling Fang. Most popular of Chinese actors. (Stage vampires in China are men!—the very idea!)

Friday—Never dreamed that a resort could be so enchanting as Repulse Bay—and so very, *very* English. The Boulevard round the Island puts Corniche Drive to shame. Tomorrow we golf at Fan Ling. 'Tis whispered that barefoot caddies help *Missi* make a good score ... by carrying the ball between their toes to a better lie. Ha. what a card I'll bring home!

Sunday—midnight—Here I am back in my downy bed on the President Lincoln. It's grand to see the world—and take your comforts with you ... What a romantic evening this has been. A picnic on a Chinese houseboat. A lavish night of stars and a little moon. Our British host a bit gray at the temples. With a nonchalant monocle. Very distingue! His China boy cook a magician! To produce the perfect supper—from hot bouillon and salted cashews—to a deep-dish English apple pie and good Stilton cheese. All from a wicker hamper. And served by the light of swaying lanterns ... the music of the hotel orchestra drifting out across the water. What more could one ask? On the top deck of a lazy yacht, in the silver of the moon.

Wednesday—Isn't it grand that we stopped over two weeks between President Liners. Spent yesterday in Macao—that lost bit of Portugal on the coast of China. Old World churches, plazas and casinos. Faded adobe houses in the soft colors of the Riviera. Fishermen mending their nets. Like an oil painting I've seen somewhere. Of course we had to see the gambling houses. We watched the game from the balcony. And lowered our bets in little baskets on a string. Paid for tiffin out of my earnings! Now what do you think of that?

Thursday—Today we leave for four days in Canton and up the Pearl River on a shiny-white steamer. To see how this philosophical race has lived for 3000 years. Now, even if I haven't seen Peking, I will have at least seen the heart of Old China. Let's see—some of the thrills I shall never forget—riding in a ricksha; our first exciting day in Japan, and our last, sailing out of the Inland Sea on a full moon night; a *sukiaki* dinner with chopsticks; entering that first Chinese temple (with the little strip of salt pork offering before the tiger god); eating hors d'oeuvres in a Russian cafe in Shanghai; bargaining for treasures in Pig Alley; the swank of the Majestic Hotel; seeing the Bubbling Well bubble and wondering why; tea at the Willow Pattern Tea House in the Native City; the crazy, glorious time we had at the "Original" party on the President Wilson; our first night view of Hong Kong aglitter with lights... There is so much to write...what can I say? It is simply a story book of the world and life itself. When I am quite old, I shall remember all this ... and take it out of my memory, and unfold it like a chaptered dream ...

Note: This is the third of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing Dept. 3-C-1 of the nearest Passenger Office listed below.

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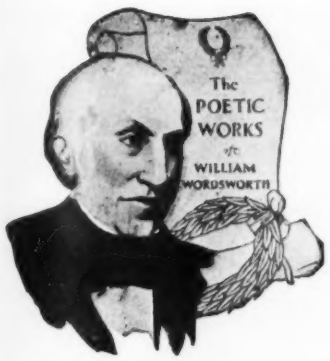

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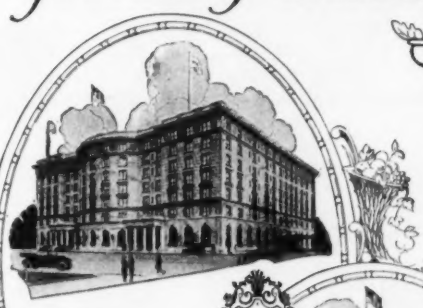

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Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Vanity Fair, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for April 1st 1930. State of Connecticut, County of Fairfield: Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis L. Wurzburg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Director of Vanity Fair, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Condé Nast, Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Frank Crowninshield, Greenwich, Conn.; Managing Editor, Donald Freeman, Greenwich, Conn.; Business Manager and General Manager, F. L. Wurzburg, Greenwich, Conn. 2—That the Owners are: Owner: The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn. Stockholders: Condé Nast, 1040 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.: Francis L. Wurzburg, Kimball Avenue, Bronxville, New York; Edna Woolman Newton, Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.; MacDonald DeWitt (Trustee), Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.; Max Rosett, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N. Y.; The Vogue Company, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.; Westover Trading Corporation, Stillwater Avenue, Stamford, Conn.; Bennett & Company, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Halle & Steiglitz, 25 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Henry G. Lapham & Company, 44 Pine Street, New York, N. Y.; Goldman, Sachs & Company, 30 Pine Street, New York, N. Y. 3—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: American Bond & Mortgage Company, 521 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 4—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Francis L. Wurzburg, Managing Director. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1930.

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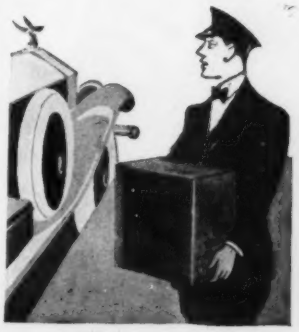

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VANITY FAIR

"Join the Anti-Speakeasy League!"

A varied sheaf of replies from readers, both wet and dry, to our recent outspoken call to arms

(EDITOR'S NOTE: These letters are typical of the vast flood of correspondence from all parts of the country which has been pouring into the offices of *Vanity Fair* since the publication last month of Mr. Ford's challenging article *The Anti-Speakeasy League*. The purposes and progress of this new organization are discussed further in a subsequent article on page forty-three of this issue.)

This once glorious nation began in a Civil War, a revolt of Englishmen against Englishmen; and it was signalized by a defiance of the sacred Constitution then in force, by wholesale smuggling, by resistance to the police and finally by open rebellion.

It should not be forgotten that, by a curious coincidence, the Methodist Church in 1776 upheld the British Constitution as sacrosanct, denounced our American forefathers as fiends of sacrilege and called for their condign punishment, exactly as it now denounces the violators of its remodelled American Constitution and calls upon the navy, the army and the marines to crush them. The situation today is strangely like that in America before the Revolution.

The Prohibition agents today complain that they have no social life and are cruelly ostracized, but this was also true of such Americans as helped to enforce the British Stamp Act. If it was a noble thing for George Washington and our other forefathers and foremothers to refuse to drink a dish of tea, and to organize embargoes and associations to nullify the laws they hated, there is perhaps equal solemnity in the gesture of those who take a drink today to prove that they are Americans at heart and cherish the traditions of individual liberty for which this country was formerly famous.

As one who believes in temperance and abhors intolerance and the present day chaos, I agree with Corey Ford that the only way to restore the honour and pride of our people is to cleanse the Constitution of the infamous Amendment, and I cheerfully join the Anti-Speakeasy League.

RUPERT HUGHES

Your Anti-Speakeasy League is a fraud *per se*. It ought to be indicted as an aid and abettor of Speakeasies. If ever I join such an organization, it will be with a search warrant.

SMITH W. BROOKHART

United States Senate

I wish to agree piously with the Anti-Speakeasy League and Mr. Corey Ford that as for the Prohibition Law, all of us can now break it or let it alone.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Mr. Ford's article contains a great amount of good sense and logic. The partnership of the speakeasy, the bootlegger and the prohibitionist in keeping the law as it is shows what odd recruits can be assembled to enlist in a so-called reform movement.

MILLARD E. TYDINGS

United States Senate

I am ready to unite with all people who believe in enforcing the laws of the United States.

I think an Anti-Speakeasy League would be very effective if it would use its good offices to help public officials to imprison those who run speakeasies. Otherwise I can see no use of such an organization.

Yours for Law Enforcement,

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Raleigh, N. C.

I am glad to see the organization of the Anti-Speakeasy League. Any organization which calls attention to the fact that the indiscriminate sale and mis-use of a dangerous habit-forming drug is a menace to civilization is doing good work. We do not agree about prohibition, but all that prohibition was ever intended to do was to decrease the sale and misuse of alcohol. Prohibition cannot be absolute.

In a complicated civilization men have duties as well as rights, and the rights men have should be measured somewhat by the duties which they perform. Every man has a duty to his neighbour on the street, in the factory, in the office, in the home—his duty to attack life with a steady brain, a well coordinated eye and hand and the best judgment of his physical endowment. This duty is not for his own interest, but for the good of the society in which he lives. The organization that stresses this particular social obligation has done a service to the country.

I don't care how it is done. Your League will help a lot . . . I am all for the Anti-Speakeasy League.

I would also suggest mildly (but not insist upon it) an Anti-Bootlegger's League; perhaps amalgamated with an Anti-Bribery League; all three may be operated by a holding company called a Goodfellows Good Government League. It might help.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Emporia, Kansas

Perhaps it is superfluous for me to say that I cannot approve the Anti-Speakeasy League either in the spirit or the letter.

REV. S. PARKES CADMAN

As a dentist in an industrial neighbourhood, I can say that there are at least ten speakeasies under my very nose. And the breath on these patients at times is ferocious.

ERNEST MALTER, D. D. S.

Chicago, Ill.

Approve heartily of the Anti-Speakeasy League. Would love to join provided it does not interfere with my drinking.

FRANK SULLIVAN

I have carefully read Corey Ford's article on the Anti-Speakeasy League. It is an excellent article: Bold and thorough and well-done. Such a League would accomplish the work and do it quickly.

The article, however, has one fatal error. The 18th Amendment cannot be repealed. If the sufficient majority could ever pass the act through Congress and submit it to the States, the thirteen States could block it. I am surprised that Mr. Ford should fall into that pit which has been dug by the Prohibitionists. There is no need of repealing the Amendment. Congress has full power either to repeal or amend the Volstead Act. Without the Volstead Act, or some like law, the Amendment has no force. It is as dead as the Negro Amendments which are on the books but are not a part of the law of the land.

I should be glad to cooperate in any way, provided the attack is made on the Volstead Act. One half of the people cannot send the other half to prison, and they would not undertake it if we were in earnest.

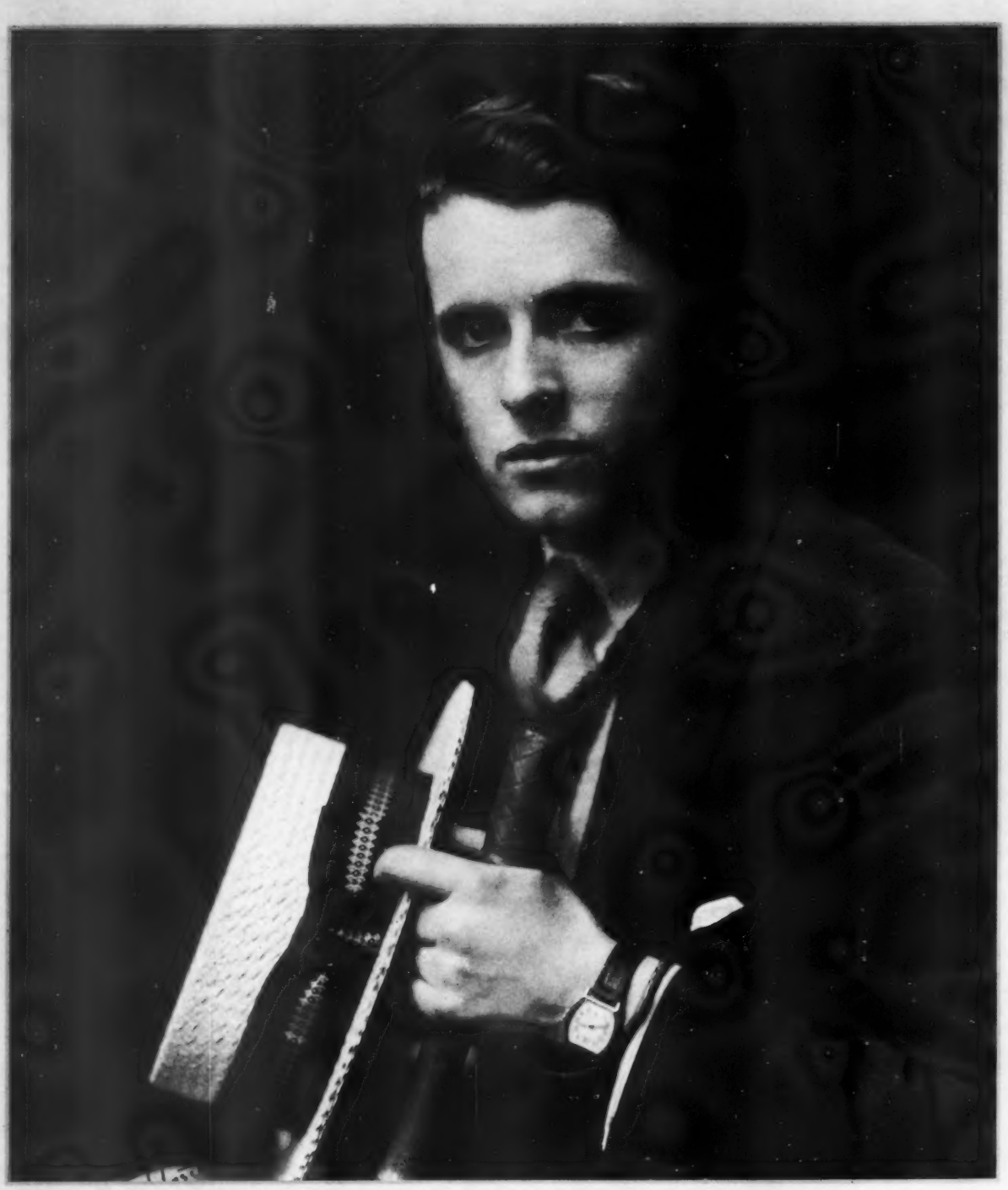
CLARENCE DARROW

Sorry I cannot join the Anti-Speakeasy League. Some member drank the ink out of my fountain pen.

RUSSEL CROUSE

By all means count me among your most ardent supporters. If it were not for the deplorable speakeasies, I would not be able to get those so-called interesting paragraphs for my columns, and then I might have amounted to something today instead of being a lowly columnist—

WALTER WINCHELL



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VANITY FAIR

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KEYSTONE VIEW

HUGH GIBSON

Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Kingdom of Belgium

▪ This genial gentleman knows his battleships from blue-prints to security pacts and has forgotten more about the technique of international disarmament, *à la* Genève, than most American statesmen learn in a lifetime. It is becoming bad form to sink a single cruiser without Hugh Gibson's diplomatic *imprimatur*. As a member of our delegation to the Naval Conference at London, he recently added to his long list of public services. Like President Hoover, Mr. Gibson is a Californian (*genus* native son). He has made his way to the top of the diplomatic ladder without bureaucratic fear or political favour. He entered the Foreign Service twenty-two years ago and served his diplomatic apprenticeship in the South American coffee belt, before he won world-wide fame in Belgium, under German occupation, by his efforts to save Nurse Edith Cavell. He later served at London, Paris and Washington, helped Mr. Hoover feed Central Europe, and, in 1919, became our first Minister to Poland. Five years later, as Minister to Switzerland, he began sitting on League disarmament conferences and has done so ever since. In 1927, at the age of forty-four, he became Ambassador to Belgium. He is renowned for his witty and sardonic sayings. He is a foe to all those former adornments of our Foreign Service whom he once described, to a Congressional Committee, as "the boys with the white spats; the tea drinkers and cookie pushers." He is our best-trained professional diplomat

VANITY FAIR

UNCORKING THE CONSTITUTION • BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ The pathetic attempt to distill the Methodist Amendment out of the Constitution by legal means is getting less and less pathetic. Ever since Hoover admitted that those who didn't believe in the immaculate conception of the Volstead Act had a right to agitate for its repeal, the wets have been reading into the record the ghastly conditions of corruption and crime which virtue-by-legislation has created.

The professional dry witch-doctors have been distinctly worried by the Prohibition hearings of the House Judiciary Committee and brought up their heaviest artillery. Carrie Chapman Catt—and Josephus Daniels—who deserves fame for not having interfered with the Navy during the War—gave tongue. George W. Wickersham spoke his piece. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, of Boston's Back Bay, stated that Prohibition was ever so good for the lower orders of society. Fielding H. Yost, who as a sociologist is a good football coach, agreed that booze never got a drop-kicker on his squad. Evangeline Booth said that in the old days more maidens were seduced in the back rooms of saloons than there are to-day on the back-seats of automobiles. Samuel Crowther, who abruptly became an economist when *The Ladies Home Journal* gave him a contract to write on what a success Prohibition had been for the cold cream advertisements, spoke up bravely on behalf of that singing tower of American magazines. Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, who is the inventor of the "india-rubber dollar" and who told us last fall that the Stock Market was going higher and higher, explained that the destruction of a flourishing billion dollar industry had added ten billion dollars a year to the national income. He did not say exactly how this economic miracle was accomplished. It is to be taken on faith like the story of Jonah and the Whale. And a Canadian statesman who had been defeated in Ontario on the dry ticket said that Canadian government control of liquor was a failure.

■ The dry forces opposed a complacent "'tain't so" to everything the wets had to offer. We can imagine just such a group of earnest pious Salem Puritans explaining with equal sincerity the moral and economic justifications for witch-burning. As a matter of fact, the drys were very careful to keep the Protestant clergy and churches out of their show and their prize exhibit was a tame Catholic from Kentucky who testified to the virtues of the Methodist masterpiece. Dr. McBride and Bishop Cannon are pretty cagey boys, and they know when to remain in the background even if they don't know when they're not wanted.

However, the wet side of the case had already shown that the dominant business and social groups of America are no longer a unit on Prohibition. The business world has great respect for Pierre S. DuPont and for General W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania railroad, both of whom came out on the wet side. The Rev. John A. Ryan opposed the dry millennium in the name of Catholicism. The decent women of America were represented by Mrs. Charles H. Sabin. Dry killings of more than 1,300 in a decade, 70,000 prohibition cases in the courts, increasing prison population, corruption and evasion and violation of the law nobody knows. Bootleg politics in cities. More drinking in the colleges. Ability to get a drink in any city, town or village in the United States, including Kansas. Carousing police officers. Violations of the bill of rights. . . . The old battle between human rights and administrative tyranny, a battle which is as old as human government.

■ The wet show was not as good as the dry show. It was not as expert nor as stereotyped. It was sincere. The wets were genuinely concerned over an appalling situation. The drys wanted to maintain that situation, so simply said that it was perfectly all right. The drys were confident and complacent, where the wets were unfamiliar with the arts of lobbying. The drys did the cry-baby act whenever they were cross-examined or pinned down to issues of fact. The drys spoke last—in itself a tremendous advantage. They started out by accusing the newspapers of bias and unfairness and the Committee of prejudice. They met facts with flat moral assertions and regarded corruption very casually. Their whole philosophy was summed up in the idea that the end justifies the means.

However, an astounding thing developed in the course of these hearings. The show had been designed to allow the wet scofflaws to blow off steam. It was like letting the prisoner in the dock say a few words before he is sentenced—a mere formality. Hoover had been elected by a great many votes and was dedicated to the "constructive" working out of a noble experiment. Borah had stampeded the Wickersham circus into rubber-stamping political Methodism. The Woolworth Act—five and ten—had made drinking a felony. As mild a little man as ever burned a heretic had been put in charge of the Department of Justice with a mandate to enforce the law for the other fellow. The Supreme Court had been carefully primed to declare the buyer of liquor as equally guilty with the seller of liquid happiness. It was an off year and it seemed to be safe to give the wets their day in court before going ahead with the serious business of re-electing the present Congress.

Something went wrong. It suddenly appeared that the tide had turned, that the American people were becoming tired of cramming abstinence down other people's throats, just as a decade after the Civil War they became tired of cramming the Fourteenth Amendment down Southern throats. The drys became alarmed, as the wets crashed through day after day on the popular side of the question. It became increasingly apparent that business men could no longer be sold on the stale old lie that Prohibition was responsible for prosperity, with the stock market gone sour and 5,000,000 men tramping the streets for work. It was also obvious that the only thing holding back the wets was their inability to agree on a programme. Light-wines-and-beers, higher percentages of legal exhilaration in the Volstead Act, total repeal, State Rights, local opinion, the Canadian System, legalized home brew? The wet majority is divided and the dry minority is united.

■ The Administration has become seriously alarmed. Desperate and unusual efforts were necessary to prevent the Senate from investigating prohibition enforcement. Senator Tydings of Maryland took his political life in his hands and sang a political Stein Song to Senator Brookhart. He showed that for ten years there had been an increase in arrests for drunkenness, that arrests of minors for drunkenness in the District of Columbia were 1,300% greater than before the war. He told how 872 prohibition agents had been discharged for corruption up to 1927 and 445 since then. He mentioned the fact that 1,365 people had been killed in the course of this "great social experiment." This is rather more than were disposed of by the Spanish Inquisition in a like period. And as these words are being written, word comes that Senator Robinson, of the Klan Belt, has broken the gentlemen's agreement to keep Prohibition away from Senate Committees. Robinson, annoyed by the revelations anent Claudius Huston's none too immaculate lobbying activities, cross-examined John J. Raskob on the latter's contribution to the wet fund. It will be difficult for the greatest engineer in politics to keep the lid on after this. (*Continued on page 108*)

Have you second sight?

Project these pictures on your wall!

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE SPECIALTY ADVERTISING COMPANY.

■ Here are five famous people—their identity a little dimmed, however, by the somewhat stark impressions of them on this page. Would you like to see them actually appear on your own walls? Would you like to see the familiar features of a famous actor glow distinctly before you, as you sit in your own armchair? Would you like to see a motion picture star emerge from a summer sky, or a figure of international fame rise slowly from a piece of white paper? Then follow these instructions:

■ Concentrate on one of the pictures, look steadily (without blinking, if possible) at *the dots on the nose*, and count slowly to fifty. Then look at a light wall—the whiter the better—at a white paper, or even at the sky; the picture will appear enlarged.

■ Close your eyes for a second, then open them again; the image will reappear—once or twice, perhaps several times.

■ Even better results may be obtained by cutting out of this page the picture which you have decided to concentrate on.

The doubters of the American Revolution

BY COREY FORD

The so-called temperance organizations of America are challenged to join the Anti-Speakeasy League

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Anti-Speakeasy League, whose organization was announced last month in these pages, met with such a huge and instantaneous response that it was forced to open offices in the National Press Building, Washington, D. C., where its national activities hereafter will be in charge of Mrs. E. C. Brant, chief of our Washington bureau. In the present article, Mr. Corey Ford, founder of the League, continues his discussion of the purposes and ideals of the new organization. A coupon will be found on page 99.)

Teacher: "Where does your lap go when you stand up?"

Johnny: "It just runs around behind you, and shows up under an assumed name."

—*Old Saw.*

■ Some years ago there was a great deal of hue and cry in this country about an ancient institution of vice and depravity known to those innocent times as The Saloon. Ministers denounced it. Decent-minded citizens agreed that it was very, very wicked. Reformers declared that it must go.

And so—because this cry is always the first refuge of the reformers—they set about to pass a law. They formed the Anti-Saloon League, a powerful and canny organization whose machinery of lobbying and bullying and espionage surpassed the heyday of the Wilhelmstrasse. They hired an organizer who soon rivaled in power the President of the United States. They induced other worthy organizations to join with them: the Women's Christian Temperance Union; the churches; the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals—this last always to be counted on when there is meddling with other people's business to be done. They worked tirelessly with hatchets, with petitions, with threats and with propaganda; and eventually they succeeded in adding the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America.

■ And the Saloon went. That is to say, it ceased to exist as a Saloon. The amiable pub of history, the sawdust floor, the swinging doors, the crêpe paper and puffs of cotton pasted onto the great mirror over the bar, all these disappeared. The foaming stein of lager, the free lunch, the singing waiters, the comfortable beer-gardens and other romantic institutions of our forefathers were no more. To all intents and purposes the Anti-Saloon League had achieved its noble purpose. Prohibition was a success.

Unfortunately, in their zeal, they had overlooked one tiny but terrible fact. In their eagerness to stamp out the Saloon, they had neglected to consider that very persistent quantity in us all known as Human Nature. They had secured Prohibition; but they had quite forgotten that the idea of Prohibition has always proved inimical to the idea of Temperance, and Temperance has been the only course that has ever proved ultimately successful, since the world began. Consequently, they had no sooner locked rum behind one door than it burst out the other. The Saloon, which they had worked so zealously to abolish, merely ran around behind them and showed up again under an assumed name. Where there had been a swinging-door, there was now a sliding-panel; in place of the former amicable pub and sawdust floor there was now a basement room, stuffy, overcrowded, coeducational; where there had been foaming steins of lager, there was now whiskey, cornlicker and gin. Under the Eighteenth Amendment, the course of Temperance has taken such tremendous strides that now, eleven years later, we are precisely where we started from.

And so today there is a great deal of hue and cry in this country about a modern institution of vice and depravity known to these sophisticated times as The Speakeasy. Ministers denounce it. Decent-minded citizens agree that it is very, very wicked. Reformers declare that it must go.

And so—because the Anti-Saloon League once succeeded so admirably with this very same method—the Anti-Speakeasy League has been formed.

■ Its purpose is very simple. Briefly, we desire to rid the country of these vicious and depraved Speakeasies, by uniting to work in every way toward the nullification and repeal of the Volstead Act and the Prohibition Law under which alone they can flourish. Just as our illustrious predecessors were shocked by those old-fashioned dens of iniquity, the Saloons, so we today are equally shocked by their modern prototypes, the far more iniquitous Speakeasies. And just as the Anti-Saloon League once found it necessary to *pass* the Eighteenth Amendment in order to get rid of these Saloons, *so we now find it quite as necessary, in order to get rid of these Speakeasies, to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment.*

Our ultimate cause is moderation. We are not fanatics. We only seek to fight fire with fire; to weigh down the other side of the scales so that, in the end, we may achieve the final balance of Temperance again. We have seen the Prohibition Law set back our cause a hundred years; and therefore we are roused to fight with the only weapon we have at hand. We shall not battle with hatchets, with lobbying or with ecclesiastic bullying—these customs have more or less gone out of favour with the demise of the Anti-Salooners—but we shall attack the new enemy no less violently at its source. We shall endeavour in every way to fight the Eighteenth Amendment, either to remove it or to render it impotent and useless; for it is only by killing the Volstead Act and the Prohibition Law that the Anti-Speakeasy League can accomplish its single and noble purpose.

And in all sincerity we hereby invite the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Anti-Saloon League, the Federated Council of Churches of Christ in America, the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement, the Federation of Women's Clubs of America, Bishop Cannon, Clarence True Wilson, Prof. Irving Fisher, Mr. Thomas Edison, Senators Brookhart and Borah and Jones and all the other avowed believers in temperance and sobriety and decency, to join with us in our organization and our Crusade.

■ I do not happen to see, for example, how the Women's Christian Temperance Union can very well refuse. To do otherwise would be a complete denial of the very name and purpose of their estimable organization. Our cause, we hope, is Christian; we are sure it is Temperate. If they were to ignore our appeal for help in this emergency, and thus by choosing to remain behind the Eighteenth Amendment, were to continue their practical support of the Speakeasy, they would thus acknowledge themselves at once the active enemy of the only course which is tolerant and sane and human; and their stand against Temperance—and Christianity—would stamp their organization instantly as an utter hypocrisy and sham.

Nor do I think I am over-optimistic if I feel that we may count likewise upon the former members of that gallant old war-horse of pre-Prohibition days, the Anti-Saloon League. It should be obvious to the most loyal of its supporters that the organization itself is now defunct. To admit otherwise would be a concession that it had failed; and no Anti-Saloon League member has ever admitted failure. The Saloon is gone; they have accomplished their purpose; and now they should be looking about for new worlds to conquer. Thus I have every hope that their militant members, spying this new common enemy, will unite with us in our fight against the Speakeasy and the Eighteenth Amendment, with just as much zest as they formerly attacked the Saloon. I hope to see them march over *en masse* to our camp, with their banners and their battle-cries, their enthusiasm and hates and holy relics, their unflagging fighting spirit that will admit no quarter. (*Continued on page 99*)

The theatrical year ends

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A noted dramatic critic finds the recent season was harder for critics than it was for theatre goers

■ The complaint that the theatrical season just concluded has been indistinguishable from an attack of pseudohypertrophic paralysis, complicated with ptomaine poisoning and trigeminal neuralgia, is heard chiefly from those gentlemen whose professional duty it is to see and review every play produced. To such poor souls, of whom I have the folly to be one, every season is more or less palling, for the same reason that, after unremitting association, a job in a candy store and a man's wife, whatever their sweet virtues, make a fellow sick. But to the more casual and hence more intelligent theatregoer the year has been a strangely interesting and commendable one. This more casual attendant upon stage revelations, if he exercised any discrimination whatsoever, has found much to edify him. Relieved by riches and a superior sagacity of the necessity of orderless playgoing, he has been able to pick and choose, and he has had little trouble in doing so.

While the critical boys were off earning their salt and, as Prof. Clayton Hamilton used optimistically to phrase it, insulting their intelligences at a succession of such tripe *plats* as *Virtue's Bed*, *Hotel Universe* and *They Never Grow Up*, the lay theatregoer could pleasure himself with such worthwhile exhibits as *The Green Pastures*, *The Last Mile* and Jed Harris' production of *Uncle Vanya*. While the critical boys were grinding their teeth sourly over *It Never Rains*, *Half-Gods* and *Gala Night*, the freeman could quietly profit his amusement impulses at *June Moon*, *Strictly Dishonorable* and *The Commodore Marries*. While the critical boys were indignantly howling over such trash as *House Afire*, *I Want My Wife* and *Phantoms*, the enviable amateur customer could enjoy things like *Veneer*, *Red Rust*, *Children of Darkness* and *Among the Married*. And, if he wasn't particular about acting, this lucky fellow could further treat himself at least to such manuscripts as *The Silver Tassie*, *The Playboy of the Western World* and *General John Regan*, to say nothing of a considerable amount of Shakespeare and such various other plays as *The Sea Gull*, *At the Bottom*, *The Living Corpse*, *La Locandiera* and *The Would-Be Gentleman*, the while the helpless professional critic was dying before such wham as *Scarlet Pages*, *Murder on the Second Floor*, *The Ghost Parade* and *The Unsophisticates*.

■ *Bird in Hand*, *Street Scene* and *Journey's End* were still playing as hold-overs from the previous season for the lay playgoer; *It's a Wise Child* was there to make him laugh; *Berkeley Square*, though I personally could see little in it, was on view for thousands who thought differently; St. John Ervine's *The First Mrs. Fraser* was amusing the intelligently humourous crowds; *Meteor* was, for part of its distance at least, entertaining fare; *Rope's End* and *Subway Express* were murder melodramas above the usual run; there was Shaw's *Apple Cart* for willy-nilly Shavians; there were Mei Lan-Fang and the Japanese Players; and there were more good musical shows than New York has had in many seasons: *Sweet Adeline*, *Sons o' Guns*, *Simple Simon*, *Strike Up the Band*, *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, *Flying High* and Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book* among them.

There was even a fair share of passable theatrical stuff on the lower dramatic levels. George Cohan's *Gambling* was converted into pretty good entertainment by Cohan's excellent work in it. *The Criminal Code*, inferior drama in my estimate, was so ably and beautifully produced that it caught the fancy of countless less sapient customers. *The Big Shot* was acted to the Queen's taste, and there was a revival of Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*. Strauss' evergreen *Fledermaus*, under the title *A Wonderful Night*, was brought back to the music stage, and Gillette revived the boyhood joy, *Sherlock Holmes*. Despite a wretched adaptation, some of the virtues of Casella's *Death Takes a Holiday* managed to make themselves periodically felt; *Rebound* proved lightly diverting pastime; and *Topaze* was fairly good fun in several spots.

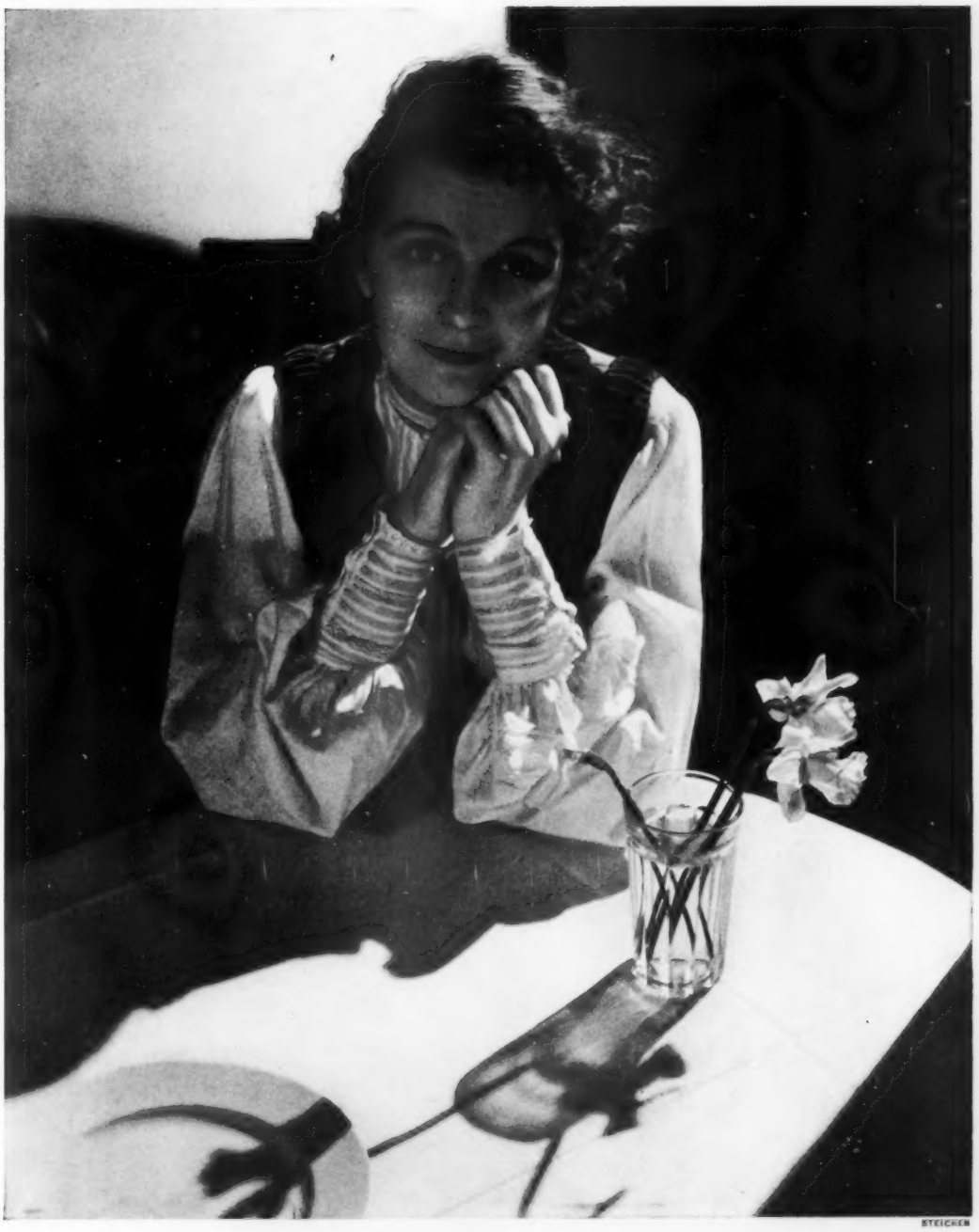
One of the skits in even *The International Revue*—the one about the waiters—had genuine humor in it, and two of the sketches in the *Scandals*, notably the one about the inaugural address of the Mexican president, touched happy satire. Evelyn Laye was charming in the childish *Bitter-Sweet*; Tilly Losch danced beautifully in *Wake Up and Dream*; the Minsky burlesque show at the Apollo in West 125th Street was never dirtier and funnier; and all kinds of good acting were unveiled in all kinds of plays.

It doesn't strike me as such a bad season.

■ The season's outstanding phenomenon—all things considered, a faint misuse of the word—was the collapse of the Theatre Guild. Displaying inexcusable judgment in the selection of plays and often sadly miscasting and further botching them, it presented itself in so sorry a light that even its staunchest friends have begun significantly to tap their heads when they allude to it. Unless very great improvement is shown by the organization next season the tiptoeing of undertakers will doubtless be heard in its corridors. *Karl and Anna*, its initial production of this past theatrical year, was a feeble German script riddled to stage death by some grossly incompetent acting. *The Game of Love and Death*, also, was badly acted, and was not only a poor selection from the Rolland shelf but a dreadful bore. *Meteor*, redeemed by Alfred Lunt's performance, was moderately interesting, but entirely too unimportant to be sponsored by an organization of the Guild's artistic pretensions. *The Apple Cart* required Shaw's name to get it even half-way by. (The Guild, without Shaw and O'Neill to come to its rescue in the last few years, would be in a difficult pass.) *A Month in the Country* was the kind of play selection that would have been made by a college boy faced with the impulse to do something from the Russian and, so far as its production went, bore the mark of the freshman class in comparison with Jed Harris' presentation of Chekhov. As for *Hotel Universe*, the Guild's concluding offering, nothing more completely hollow and absurd has been shown on the New York stage in years.

When one glances over this record and reflects on the Guild's record for the preceding year one may be forgiven a considerable measure of disturbed pause. In that preceding year it elected to divulge one of the dullest productions of *Faust* known to theatrical history, a rubber-stamp Shaw revival, the juvenile *Wings Over Europe*, a trivial little comedy from Austria that got by, once again, simply because Sure-Fire Lunt, plus more or less Sure-Fire Fontanne, played in it, the trashy and contemptible *Man's Estate* and equally trashy and even more contemptible *Camel Through the Needle's Eye*, and *Dynamo*, one of the usually safe O'Neill's biggest mistakes. In the meantime, while it has thus been making mock of its lofty claim to glory, the commercial theatre has been producing every soundly worth-while play that has come along, a number of these soundly worth-while plays having been rejected by the Guild in what would seem to be a steadily increasing mood of befuddlement and stupidity. It is to be noted that it was not the Guild that sponsored *The Green Pastures*, *The Last Mile*, *Street Scene*, *Journey's End* (whatever I personally may think of it), *Veneer*, *The Royal Family*, *The Front Page*, *Children of Darkness*, *Harlem* or any other such work. The Guild preferred to reject a number of these, as it long rejected O'Neill, and to produce in their stead some of the deadliest exhibits that patient subscribers were ever obliged to suffer.

■ What the Guild will do this coming season remains to be seen. Taking no more chances than are inevitable, it announces that it will re-open shop with Sure-Fire Lunt, plus more or less Sure-Fire Fontanne, in a play by Maxwell Anderson. Denying that it has sought to transfer its option on Paul Green's *The House of Connelly* to Paul Green's *Tread the Green Grass*, *(Continued on page 96)*



Edith Barrett

The heroine of "Michael and Mary", the successful and romantic play by the English author A. A. Milne

▪ In *Michael and Mary*, Mr. Milne, as a playwright, combines his talent for mystery melodrama with his undisputed gift for whimsical romance. The play is a story of young love in London lodgings, and of a girl and boy who find the path of romance dark with potential tragedy.

In the rôle of Mary, Edith Barrett, granddaughter of Lawrence Barrett, has contributed a portrait of charm and colour to New York's current theatrical season. Miss Barrett's stage career began in 1925, when she was one of the crowd that walked on and off the stage in Walter Hampden's production of *Cyrano*. Her method of walking on and off the stage had such distinction, however, that she was soon given a part, and subsequently played with Mr. Hampden for three seasons, in *Caponsacchi*, and as *Jessica* in *The Merchant of Venice*. She has also played the title rôles in *Mary Rose* and *Alice in Wonderland* with the Boston Repertory Company; and like all wise and ambitious young actresses, has spent several summers in stock with Jessie Bonstelle and the Rochester Stock Company

Hear the mellow wedding-bells . . .

DRAWING BY COVARRUBIAS

Reading from left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Goss, parents of the bridegroom—Mrs. Goss is the one who is wincing away from a Friend of the Bride's; Mr. Mishpin, the bride's father and a sentimental man, and Mrs. Mishpin, absorbed in seeing that the servants do right by the wedding cake. Next to her, the bridegroom has recently learned that his wife's parents have failed to provide champagne. We will pass with a sigh over the bride, who is happily in a daze, to what is probably the nastiest little page that ever poisoned a June day, and to his companion, the Flower Girl, whose pleasure—not duty—it will presently be to throw rosebuds in the waiters' faces. The bridesmaids are just trying to brazen it out

The ministering angel

BY THOMAS BURKE

An Oriental tells a tale of the curious devotion of a white woman to her often curious husband

■ When I first came to this country (said Ho Ling, as he sat enthroned on a tea-chest behind the counter of his store, one hand on his cash-register, the other holding the Book of Rewards and Punishments), when I first came to this country I was for a long time puzzled by many of your manners and customs. Not because they were strange to me, but because I had always heard that the white people were a reasonable people, and I failed to see in a number of these customs any inspiring reason. I particularly failed to see the reason behind the white man's slavish adoration of his women. I learned that your poets made profound phrases and sweet-smelling verses, hailing them as the perfection of the world of living creatures; but when I observed the ungainliness of the bodies of your women, whether clothed or unclothed, their empty faces, their cretinous conduct, and the dull clatter of their conversation—oh, chase me! (And pardon me).

But, like most casual observers, I was wrong, and I had been here scarcely a year when my closer observation taught me that the men of your country have every reason for their slavish obeisances. Yes, every reason; many of them based upon the first instincts of human nature. I saw that in the character of the white woman live many admirable qualities, such as persistence, endurance, fortitude under adversity, loyalty, fidelity to one idea; and this I noted in the highest as in the humblest.

And the story that I was about to tell you, when you interrupted with your unseemly remark about the waddling Duchess, is concerned with a woman who displayed these qualities on behalf of a worthless man in such profusion that even a wholesale fur-dealer's display of furs after the loss of his stock in a fire scarcely affords an adequate simile.

■ Constance Strood was her name, and she lived with her husband in a street that turns off the bottom of this Causeway. When I say that she lived with her husband, I speak, of course, in terms of social usage, for her husband was seldom available to be lived with, and when he was, it was scarcely possible for any normal person to live with him. (The English language is as finely expressive as a drum, and as musical.) Even breathing with him was at times difficult, so powerful and ready were his hands, and talking with him was as agreeable an entertainment as patting a lioness robbed of its whelps. But she had married him, and she maintained a home for him, and meekly endured, for many years, both his active and his passive cruelty. He lived a life, if it can be called that, that accorded solely with his own whims and fancies. Sometimes he would stay in their poor little house for four days at a time, and sometimes he would be away for three weeks. To any questions he gave only orders to shut her mouth.

Her days and nights with this man were such as to make one wonder whether the English priesthood have not derived their ideas of their religion's hell from personal observation of the earthly life about them. They had married, on her side, for something near to affection, but, from the man's behaviour, it appeared that he had married her as a life-long enemy upon whom he desired to work the uttermost vengeance. He gave her just as much money as he was inclined to give her, and often left her for weeks without a penny. He drank, and returned home with the drink within him and flames around him. He cultivated the society of other women, and spent money upon them. He frequented the lowest company. And he beat her. Not in the intimate, considered, personal way—which women can stand—but with the casual ferocity of the brute; with punches and kicks, and throttlings that just did not kill her.

■ He was not a jungle brute, for jungle brutes are clean and simple, and employ their brute powers only to the honest end of getting food. He was of the lowest order of the world of created things—a man who was not a man.

Yet, so marvellous and unsearchable is the heart of woman, this Constance Strood endured her travesty of life with him for twelve years. She complained often, cursed often, threatened often, but there was no change in her life; and although she could, by applying to your wise and humane justices, have secured a separation from him, she did not do so. Something impelled her to endure. It may have been personal pride, or an unwillingness to make public her wrongs, or it may have been something else. I only know that she did endure his desertions, his returns, his evil words and his evil treatment. Perhaps she hoped that by constant submission she might tame him and make him into her man. Perhaps she was merely weak—though I do not think so. Perhaps—for all things are possible with women—perhaps she still loved him and still wished to serve him. I do not know.

But I do know that, so far as one could see, she had no breaking-point, and her husband took full advantage of this. He treated her as though she were a woman of the streets, and used her with far less ceremony than he used in his dealings with these women.

But by his behavior he came at last to a bad end—to that bad end which all moralists foresee and which life, every now and then, makes fact. After many years he had come to frequent baser and baser company. In time, each group wearied of his abominable ways—even that group known as The Boys, among whom to eat peas with the knife is to mark oneself as what you call a sissy—and at last he fell into association with the lowest criminal class. What business he had pursued in the past, or what department of ill-doing he was then engaged in, she did not know, for, as I say, he had always refused to talk with her about his affairs, or about anything else, and spoke only to order her to do what he wanted done.

It was clear to her, however, that he was engaged in dark and lawless enterprises, so furtive had his manner become, so secret and nocturnal his arrivals and departures. She was not therefore surprised when, one evening, a police officer knocked at her door and, on being admitted, described to her how her husband had been arrested on a charge of burglary with violence. The description mentioned that he had been arrested at a house in the next street; had indeed been taken out of bed where he lay in company with a woman.

She heard the news quietly. Then, you will not be surprised to hear, she put on her hat and coat, and accompanied the officer to the station, to visit her husband in the cells and to do what she could to comfort him.

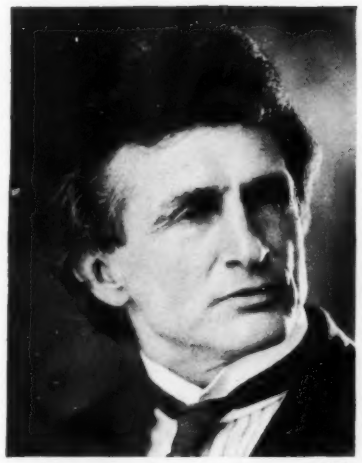
But he was ill-tempered, and he waved aside her gentle words and sympathy, and abruptly dismissed her, ordering the officers to see that he was not pestered by any —— women. None the less she condoled with him and begged him to be of good cheer.

■ Next morning he was charged at the police-court with his crime, and six weeks later he was charged in another court, and rewarded with two years hard labour.

And now the woman showed herself a very woman. Once a week there arrived at the prison where he was serving his sentence a letter for him—such a letter as only women know how to write. In her first letters she asked his pardon if their uneasy life together had been due to any fault of hers. The later letters were purely love-letters. In each of them she begged him not to lose heart under his cruel sentence, but to remember that whatever happened there was always one who would stand by him to the end—one to whom he could always return, assured of her love and of such help as she could give. When he came out, perhaps they might start life again. She would be all that she could to him, and, in the time of waiting, she would get work, and save what money she could, and try to have a nice home and a little cash waiting for him.

The Governor of the prison who had read many moving letters *(Continued on page 98)*

We nominate for oblivion



P. & A.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

P. & A.

REED SMOOT

P. & A.

SMITH W. BROOKHART

P. & A.

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON

KEYSTONE

RICHARD HALLIBURTON

because:

■ **BERNARR MACFADDEN** has made hygiene indecent; because his career has progressed logically from biceps exhibitionism to publishing the raciest stable of cheap magazines now on the news-stands; because he plays both ends against the middle by deploring pruriency and advocating Beautiful Nudity; because millions of shop-girls are promised Better Things by an assiduous reading of his *True Stories, et al.*; and because he is the biggest good clean laugh in the whole United States

■ **REED SMOOT,** of Utah, would "rather have a child of his use opium" than read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; because he is the better half of the title of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff, the most imbecile political feed-bag in economic history; because his chief qualifications for holding the position of Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee are that he is an Apostle in the Mormon Church of Utah and doesn't have to count on his fingers

■ **SENATOR BROOKHART,** of Iowa, has demonstrated that a Congressman has no legal obligation to be a gentleman; because he has made political capital out of snitching on those of his hosts who have served liquor; and because he is one of the most triumphantly provincial little boors in the U. S. Congress

■ **W. H. THOMPSON,** of Chicago, has seen racketeered into bankruptcy one of the richest cities in the richest country in the world; because he has made glad the hearthside of every gangster, bootlegger, grafter and pineapple-artist within his parish; because he kept the teachers, firemen and policemen of Chicago on the bread-line by trying to hamstring the efforts of private citizens to get the city solvent again; because he has given the adventure magazines their best bet since the cowboy; and because the unholy mysteries of Chicago politics may quite possibly re-elect him as Mayor of Chicago

■ **RICHARD HALLIBURTON** has made a glorious racket out of Dauntless Youth; because his books are marvellously readable, transparently bogus, extremely popular, and have made their author a millionaire; because his invariable picture of himself (patent pending) is that of a diffident, romantic boy; because he is the most popular ladies' club lecturer in America, and every knock *Vanity Fair* gives him is just a boost

DRAWING BY GEORGE BELCHER

A melodic phrase

Lady, listening-in: "You won't care about what they're playing now, Mrs. Green—'Ungarian Raspberries—you know, eyebrow music."

"Murder is the matter!"

BY EDMUND PEARSON

A mysterious encounter between a money lender and a dauntless British Major has evil results

■ Mr. Pickwick knew an old man who said that the rooms in the Inns of Court were "queer old places"—odd and lonely.

"Not a bit of it!" said a sceptical friend. Then the sceptic, who lived by himself in one of these rooms, died one morning of apoplexy, as he was about to open his door. Fell with his head in his own letter-box, and lay there for eighteen months. At last, as the rent was not being paid, the landlords had the door forced, "and a very dusty skeleton in a blue coat, black knee-shorts and silks, fell forward in the arms of the porter who opened the door."

Years after Mr. Pickwick's adventures had ended, entrance was one day forced into another queer old room in a London house, and, with a tremendous clatter, out tumbled another skeleton, of a still stranger sort.

The noise it made was not heard in America, since we were completely absorbed, that summer of 1861, in the first battle of Bull Run. The story would be forgotten in England today, were it not for the admirable essay published seven years ago by the late Sir John Hall, Bart. This gentleman is respected by all those who appreciate scholarly descriptions of curious events. It is probable, however, that of all who see my retelling of the tale, only experts like Messrs. Alexander Woollcott and S. S. Van Dine, will be familiar with Sir John Hall's work. And as it has been solemnly asserted, in print, that the names of both Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Van Dine are but pseudonyms for the one which stands at the head of this article, the circle is very much narrowed. So I feel moderately safe in going ahead, especially as I have unearthed one or two details on my own account, including the portrait which decorates this page.

Toward noon of a day in July, in that far-off year, Mr. Clay, the manager of the Catalonian Cork-Cutting Company, was in the rear of his premises in Northumberland Street, London. He heard two pistol shots from within the house; one shot following the other at a five-minute interval. He paid no attention, since he knew that one of the residents of the house had, for a month past, anticipated Sherlock Holmes in the eccentric custom of indoor pistol-practice.

After a few minutes, a rear window on the second floor was opened, and there appeared the hero of the story. His conduct, his accoutrement, and some of his speeches, have always recalled to me those half-demented and curious persons who flit through the novels of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. He was a man in his forties; wearing, I think, side-whiskers, and carrying in one hand an umbrella, in the other, half a pair of tongs. He put one foot on the sill, and seemed about to jump twenty feet or more into the yard.

This horrified the Catalonian cork-cutter, not only because the stranger's face was covered with blood, but because of the flag-stones and an area, with iron railings, directly below the window. He adjured the bearer of the umbrella, in the name of God, to do nothing desperate, but to tell him what was the matter.

"Murder is the matter!" replied the gory one, and continued his preparations for a desperate leap.

Mr. Clay sent one of his employees for the police, and ran indoors to try to get into the second-floor apartment. While he was banging at the locked doors, he heard glass breaking, and on looking out again, found that the mysterious person had jumped into the yard; fought off a workman who tried to stop him; clambered over a high wall into the next yard —still armed with the umbrella; gained an alley between the houses; and made his way into the street.

■ Here he was surrounded by a group of people who had come running from various directions. He complained that some one who lived at Number 16 had tried to murder him. One of the men in the street must have secured the umbrella—perhaps while the wounded man was adjusting his cravat, or brushing off his clothes—for the stranger asked for the umbrella again, and said that he must be getting to his office. This, in spite of the fact that he had lost his hat; had a terrible wound in the back of the neck; another, which was bleeding freely, on his cheek; and that both his hair and whiskers were singed.

Duty was evidently the keynote of his character. He was an officer and a gentleman, and to introduce him by name, he was Major William Murray, late of the 10th Hussars, but a total stranger to all in the street. As it will appear presently, deception was in his eyes a far more grievous offense than personal violence, and to him unsportsmanlike conduct seemed the blackest of sins.

A man in the crowd reasoned with him about going to his office.

"You are badly wounded," said this one.

"Am I?" replied the Major.

"Indeed, you are fearfully wounded."

Then the Major remarked:

"It's that damned fellow upstairs—Grey."

"There is nobody named Grey in that house," the man returned. "But if you mean the man I saw you go in with, about half an hour ago, *his* name is Roberts."

Then, at last, the Major allowed a faint note of bitterness to creep into his tone.

"He told me," he said, "he told me, that his name was Grey."

Meanwhile, much was going on in and about No. 16 Northumberland Street. The occupants of that and nearby houses had all heard the pistol shots, and one of them had heard other noises—as if someone were beating a mattress. But no one gave much thought to the reports, since they all knew the habit of their neighbour, Mr. Roberts, of amusing himself by target practice. Roberts was, by profession, a solicitor; actually he accommodated people by lending money. This he did at no great disadvantage to himself,—his idea of a proper rate of interest being 133 1/3%, per annum.

■ Inside the house, during the talk on the street, was a Mr. Preston-Lumb, an engineer. To him came young Mr. Roberts, son of the money-lender.

"Oh! Mr. Lumb," he cried,—forgetting, in his excitement, the glories of the hyphenated name, "Oh! Mr. Lumb, some one has been and murdered Father!"

Thus, at last, we learn the real origin of the remark which Miss Lizzie Borden called up the stairs to Bridget Sullivan, on another warm and sanguinary noon-day, many years afterward.

Meanwhile, the man in the crowd, and most of the crowd, too, were escorting the wounded Major, first to a *(Continued on page 94)*

Miss Anna Maria Moody left her family "to live under Major Murray's protection" and was called upon in court to explain strange things in Northumberland Street

CECIL BEATON

Kay Francis

A subtle contributor to the talking films, who most recently is appearing with "Let's Go Native"

■ A year or so ago, at the fashionable restaurants and first nights in New York, a young woman was pretty constantly seen sitting about and rather darkly and picturesquely doing nothing in particular. Inquiry—and there was always inquiry—proved her to be a lady named Kay Francis, who had toured in stock with Stuart Walker and appeared casually in several plays on Broadway; but it was not until she went to Hollywood and made her film début in *Gentlemen of the Press* that her career became one of importance. In *Dangerous Curves, Illusion* and *The Marriage Playground* she has won a definite place on the screen. Hollywood has bestowed its ultimate blessing upon her by proclaiming her "one of the best dressed women in America"

Mary Pickford

BY DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

A study of a famous stepmother, illustrated with a pen and ink drawing by the author

• EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of impressions of film stars, written and illustrated by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The first, a pensive portrait of Douglas Fairbanks by his son, was published in the May issue of *Vanity Fair*.

■ Sid Grauman, the producer and playboy of Hollywood, is the culprit who is generally held responsible for the naming of Mary Pickford as "America's Sweetheart." It was several years ago when Sidney (for short) was the manager of a theatre in San Francisco, that he was inspired to invent the phrase in connection with a film of Mary's which he was showing at the time. It has stuck with an unrelenting persistency ever since.

To one who knows her the title is rather inaccurate. She is much too austere for such a sentimental and sweeping description. It would be more appropriate (if a little blatant) to say that America is *her* sweetheart, for she has a great respect and an affection born of deepest gratitude for anything abstract or concrete that has in any way been of service to her ambitions. It has been said of her that she was the eternal little girl with the woman's mind. It is rather that she is the eternal woman with the little girl's heart.

■ She is at times embarrassingly frank in her opinions and is wholly without fear of the consequences. She dares anything. She has a most thorough mind and never leaves a subject until she has discussed every possible angle of it. She is wholly feminine in personality; yet she is, in business, the most masculine in action of any one of her associates.

She is always the dominating force of any meeting or consultation. She has the uncanny ability of being able to meet any emergency with the utmost poise and reserve. When called upon to make a speech she sees to it that it is thoroughly prepared and that each word means something. There is evident in everything that she does the desire to conserve energy, of which she has more than the average share.

She is at once a tremendously selfish and an exceedingly generous woman. She is selfish in a righteous way for a woman in her unparalleled position. Everything must bend to her will and, although no physical effort on her part is ever exerted, things *do* bend. When she is working there is nothing of greater importance during that time. She is completely engrossed in whatever direction her efforts lead her.

She scoffs at any self-conscious or affected mention of Art in the cinema, yet at the same moment she bends every ounce of her many talents toward the creation of that art. She sincerely thinks before she makes a picture, and while it is in production, that it is going to be a masterpiece, but when she is finished she is equally sincere in thinking it not good enough. She has been willing to sacrifice thousands of dollars and months of concentrated effort by destroying a film rather than release it for public consumption. However, her more mercenary associates usually discourage her from such wholesale gestures.

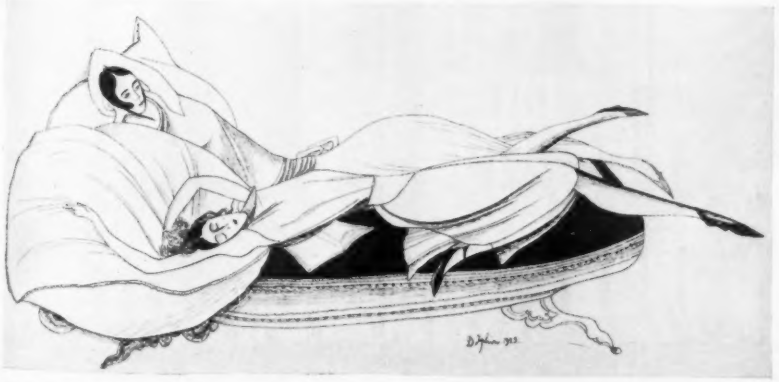
She is, unobtrusively, a great charitable personage. She is most admired for her great affection for her family. She is continually devising new schemes by which to make them happier. It is a great source of satisfaction to her. Beneath her exterior of stateliness there is always a suggestion of the small child away from her mother. That is only shown when she is with intimates. She loves secretly to appear just the slightest bit "bad."

She has a delicious sense of humour that is evident only at rare intervals. She adores the ridiculous. Although she appears shocked, one gets the idea faintly that she appreciates a story that is just slightly shaded. One dare not make it more so.

When she is tired she wastes no time on formalities, even when there are guests in the house. She simply excuses herself and goes to bed. Somehow no one is ever offended. She is the perfect diplomat by virtue of her impersonal demeanor together with the charm she displays in any embarrassing situation. She loves parlour games and invariably cheats herself at solitaire. She takes a great interest in all sorts of numerologists, horoscope readers, palmists, and other fortune tellers, without believing in any of them to any perceptible degree.

She speaks French fluently. She can dabble in almost any tongue. She laughs but seldom, but when she does it is a hearty, contagious laugh. Her voice when she is fatigued has a tendency toward throatiness. She is a valuable friend and a bitter enemy. She loves company. She is seldom, if ever, alone. She has what are termed "snobbish" tendencies but is the most democratic of people. She would like to smoke but the taste is sickening to her. She adores candy and men's perfumes. She chooses all her husband's for him. She has beautiful taste in decorating a home, and dresses herself conservatively and well. Occasionally she can be heard to envy some tall, willowy woman—but it is a casual, conversational envy. She knows the value, to herself, of being little. She always notices people's hands. People either like or dislike Mary immensely. This she knows, and she is gifted in making them feel toward her as she wills.

Many people think they know Mary well, but nobody really knows her. She, on the other hand, knows everyone in the first five minutes of an interview. She lends herself to confessions and confidences from other people without giving any herself. She wants to go down in history. And, since she has achieved through the force of her own effort everything she has ever wanted, I think she will.



"Are you going to marry him?"
"Oh, I suppose so. We are growing so tired of each other . . ."

The value of international parleys

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I am writing this on a day when the London Naval Conference has collapsed for the fifth or sixth time. For all I know it may really have collapsed finally and completely. At a distance of three thousand miles it is impossible to tell and I have attended enough international conferences in the last twelve years to know that a condition of chronic collapse is the normal state of conferences in which real interests are at stake. The perfectly smooth, the perfectly happy conference, is one in which nothing important is being discussed.

Therefore, even if the London Conference really collapses in whole or in part, even if, as is possible, it creates more problems than it solves, I do not intend to be cynical about the value of international conferences. The temptation may be very great. I am going to try to remember that in the perspective of fifty years what is almost certain to count is not the successes or failures of a particular negotiation but the sheer fact that in the decade after the World War the great powers tried again and again to adjust their real conflicts by the method of general consultation. In any view of history which is longer than the view of this morning's headlines that is a stupendous event. It will, I think, seem to the historian as something comparable to the birth of representative government, the development of the national state, the arrival of constitutional order. If I am right, then in the longer view, the details of one conference, its blunders and its selfishness, will seem as unimportant and will be as completely forgotten as the actual record of the first session of the Congress of the United States. There are few men living who know what the first American Congress did. The important thing now about the first Congress is that it met.

For more than four hundred years the drift of affairs has been in the direction of separate, arbitrary sovereignties. In these four hundred years we had almost lost the conception which Catholic Europe brought down from the Roman world, that there is some sort of common law for all civilized mankind. The loyalties of the ordinary man had become increasingly absorbed in isolated and competitive aggregations of power. In the Nineteenth Century the system was in continual disorder owing to the conflicts between strong states seeking imperial conquest and of weak states seeking to become free. The period culminated in the World War which was at once a gigantic clash of imperial alliances and an enormous eruption of submerged nationalities. The one indisputable lesson of the war was that a tolerable civilized life was impossible in a world where each national sovereignty used its power arbitrarily for its own ends.

The series of international conferences which have assembled since the Armistice all rest upon the premise, consciously or unconsciously realized, that the world is too small to contain fifty arbitrary and absolutely independent sovereignties. Independent and self-governing they may remain, but somehow they must march in some kind of order. They cannot be allowed to consult their own whims alone. There is a society of which each nation, however great, is only a member, and that society must in one way or another be embodied in human affairs. The succession of international conferences is the embodiment of the society in which each nation is only a member.

These long-winded affairs conducted in hotels and offices and occasionally in splendid halls, with their interminable production of memoranda, rumors, and equivocal announcements, their retinues of correspondents and homesick attachés and secretaries, their devastating dinners and resonant speeches, are the immediate actuality of what in the perspective of time will almost certainly appear like the resumption of the ecumenical ideal. Great things rarely seem great at the moment when they occur. The actuality has a way of being prosaic and tedious, and it is only by an effort of the imagination that the immediate spectator can feel the greatness of great events. Greatness is a quality which emerges in memory and reflection rather than in perception, and our first feeling of what is thrilling and stupendous is an entirely unreliable forecast of what we shall think of it later. For that reason we have cause to discount the fact that the people at large are rather thoroughly bored with international conferences. The youngest of them may live to see the day when they will boast about how in their youth mankind took the first practical steps to re-establish a universal human society. And they will almost certainly tell their grandchildren how with beating hearts and breathless interest they watched the unfolding of history.

I hope I have not given the impression that because the process of conference is so great a thing each conference and each move in a conference is entitled to unreserved enthusiasm. On the contrary no real progress is possible unless the public judgment on this historic novelty is at once extremely critical of the detail and imperturbably convinced and loyal to the principle. That is not an impossible combination of attitudes. Most men have achieved it in their judgment of domestic politics.

They look, for example, at the government of the United States, say at a Presidential election. No man who has ever seen how a campaign is actually conducted, how issues are posed, how speeches are concocted, how candidates are stage-managed, can retain any romantic illusion about the process of popular government. And yet the scene which ensues at Washington on March fourth when the largest political power on earth is peaceably transferred from one party to another is an enormous vindication of human dignity. The tranquil surrender of great power, the substitution of peace for civil war, is the wonderful outcome of a shabby and rather dishonest bawling match. It is unreasonable, therefore, to have a simple emotion about popular government: to be completely cynical because its detail is so sordid or to be completely exalted because the end is so great. It is not necessary to choose between deciding to admire the working of popular government and deciding to abolish it. It is not only perfectly possible, but in fact necessary, in a modern state, to look brutally at the immediate facts and to look affectionately at their ultimate significance.

Without some such mixture of emotions the citizen of a modern state would go completely off his head. How else, for example, could a citizen of Chicago contemplate Big Bill the Builder and still want to live in Chicago? In the immediate present William Hale Thompson and his gang are the government of Chicago. There are no words to express the indignity of that fact. Yet in another sense he is not the government of Chicago, for Chicago existed before Thompson and will exist after him, and it is to that Chicago that the decent man is loyal. *(Continued on page 98)*

THE NEW WALDORF

The old Waldorf-Astoria is only a legend now, but legends like that are known to pay dividends, and so the New Waldorf-Astoria is rising on Park Avenue between 49th and 50th Street. When completed in the autumn of 1931, it will tower 46 stories above the carriage trade. The old lobby promenade in which a nation ogled itself, the "Peacock Alley" of other days, will be not only preserved but trebled in dimensions. A strong bid will be made for the billionaire clientèle, since a private railroad siding off the New York Central tracks under the hotel will permit owners of railroad cars to disembark directly into a special Waldorf-Astoria elevator. The old Waldorf will be present in more than spirit, as the dining room from the old John Jacob Astor house, which was incorporated in the original Waldorf, will also be a part of the new in addition to *de luxe* suites with open fireplaces, "boudoir-baths", a four-story ball-room, a three-story roof-garden, and wiring for television. Oscar will once more be in charge of the cuisine of the Waldorf

STEICHEN

Keating the magician turns the hands of time

The suavest, the slickest, the surest of them all, darkly engaged with his famous clock illusion trick

▪ Here is a clock with no mechanism, with no tick-tocks (or shall we say trick-tocks?) of any kind whatever. Yet suspended, a clear, transparent sphere of mystery, from the occult hand of Fred Keating, it does what no clock has ever done before.

Its hands are motionless. Keating requests anyone in the audience to state at which hour the hands shall presently point. "Eleven-thirty-three!" someone calls. The hands spin around the dial, then quiver and rest, again motionless, at exactly eleven-thirty-three . . . or at whatever hour the members of the audience dictate.

Fred Keating emerged, full of tricks, from under the dark side of the moon at the age of fourteen, already a full-fledged boy magician. Joining the 101 Ranch circus outfit, he appeared as a magic and ballyhoo artist and, on the side, sold persuasive booklets on magic with such success that he soon headed a barnstorming show of his own which stormed its way right through the state of Oklahoma. What happened to the rest of the show is not clear, but Keating himself drifted inevitably to New York, where he soon gained prestige by being the only magician ever to be held over two weeks at the Palace Theatre in New York. He has since appeared (with his assistant, who is modestly known to the public as The Great Alexander) in one-man shows, in musical comedy, at Texas Guinan's Club and at the Club Casanova. Recently he has been playing at the Capitol Theatre, where the skeptical and credulous who alike thronged daily to watch his secret and stirring feats of magic eloquently proved that what is sorcerer for the goose is equally sorcerer for the gander

Dude ascending the staircase

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

In which the attainment of love waits at the top of the steps, and waits, and waits again

■ Hilda Parrish was growing rather bored with her newest young man when Jerry Farlow came over to their table for two. Dinner had reached the stage of coffee and cigarettes, and the smoke that drifted from Hilda's lips was the same faint colour as the shadows of boredom beneath her eyes.

Jerry came to her swiftly through narrow lanes of tables pointed with the brilliance of jewels and candle-light. It was the negative hour between dinner and dancing when, in New York restaurants, gardenias on a scented shoulder begin to turn a little ivory, and the orchestra plays softly through a pattern of smoke and talk.

"Hilda, I love you," said Jerry earnestly, when he had properly greeted the young man, whose name was Philip something. "Is there no hope of your marrying me fairly soon?"

Hilda looked at him with affection. He had proposed to her so many times, and in vain, that his love had achieved an engaging valiance in her eyes.

"No hope at all, darling," she told him now, but gently.

"Ah, well," said Jerry, and went to sit at another table, where he was welcomed with wine and acclaim.

Hilda watched him go, her eyes thoughtful upon his blond, attractive head, his quick hands and wide, curving mouth that carried laughter before him like a flame. "I wonder," she said to Philip, "why no one ever marries Jerry?"

Philip suggested that it was because Jerry was a young man addressed to disaster. He implied, carefully sipping his coffee, that it was because Jerry's life had notoriously been a series of minor catastrophes, of dramatic and crashing situations from whose pointed fragments Jerry's neat, attractive face could afterward be seen looking out with plaintive surprise, as if to say, "But I had no intention of anything like *this* happening!" And then he would brush himself off, and buy a new gardenia for his buttonhole, and his friends (there were thousands of them) would forget all about the crash and be fonder of him than ever—although they never ceased to realize, of course, that, fundamentally, he was a young man addressed to disaster.

Philip did not say all this in so many words. The way he put it was: "Jerry's such a crazy loon." And then, making his mouth into little bowknots of gravity as he talked, he told Hilda a story to illustrate the fact that Jerry, enchanting though he was, could never seriously command a woman's respectful attention.

■ It had happened in Paris (said Philip) on a Spring night two years before. Jerry came out of Zelli's a little after midnight with the warm wind of April on his brow and the wine in him, that had been laughing in swift currents to his brain, now drifting in melancholy tides to his heart, so that suddenly he felt very lonely. Behind him, the crowded café which he had deserted was spread like a fan of fire against the quiet night.

Jerry, walking down the *Rue Pigalle*, lifted his face wearily to the cool heavens, and the perfume of the night enveloped him until his mood, half sentimental, half alcoholic, seemed to him divine in its utter loneliness. He thought of another Spring in Paris, of other nights in April . . . and of Valerie. He had been thinking of Valerie all evening. Small, swift portraits of her had fitfully illumined his brain and now, in the exquisite melancholy of his loneliness, he reflected that there was no one like her—that he had never known a woman in whom French and American blood blended in such a flow of charm. When he had first known her, just after the War, she had already been married, widowed and divorced so many times that there had grown and flowered in her a consideration for men that was at once stimulating and touching. She had never once, in all the long, happy weeks they had spent together, been possessive; had never suggested shyly that he might take her back to America as his bride. When their love, which she had taken gaily for granted as an American woman takes love, had thinned inevitably to an amiable end, she had accepted that like a Frenchwoman, and had never, on the brief occasions of his subsequent visits to Paris, said *Do you remember?* until he had said it first.

■ Now, walking slowly in the scented dark, Jerry felt a thrilling renaissance of that ancient love; and he decided that Valerie was, after all, tremendously the sort of woman a man would want to see on a night in Paris when his mind and heart were coloured with moonlight and wine and laughter and loneliness and the smell of lilacs and warm grass.

He telephoned her from an *estaminet* on the corner. It was nearly one o'clock, but Valerie was not formal about hours. . . . There was, at first, a difficulty in reaching her, and the telephone number that he remembered had been changed. But at length he heard her voice, warm and rather sleepy over the wire.

"Jerry—dar-r*ling!*" The word was a quick little sound made of short vowels and a crisp double r, accented at the end like a hand flung upward in greeting. His own voice was casual as he told her that he had arrived in Paris the night before. Then he said, inadequately:

"What have you (*Continued on page 102*)

DRAWING BY HERMAN POST

"Do you think just one teentsy little one would show?"

Dangerous Livers

■ HUGO ZACCHINI of Ringling Brothers Circus likes being human cannon fodder. Twice a day he is hurtled through space from the booming jaws of the gun he invented

■ ALFORD WILLIAMS, dour ex-Navy crack stunt flyer, holds America's speed record—266.6 m.p.h. Now he seeks the world's record

■ SYDNEY FRANKLIN, ex-Brooklynite, the idol of Madrid's bull-fight fans, is the first non-Latin ever to enter the Spanish arenas of Blood and Sand, as a full-fledged Toreador

■ KAYE DON, Speed King, has not abandoned hope of breaking Seagrave's record of 231 miles, in his 4000 horsepower racing car

■ WILLIAM SEABROOK, author, has penetrated the fearful mysteries of Voodoo magic in Haiti, and is now risking his life deciphering the black secrets of Africa's jungles

■ ALAIN GERBAULT is the cook, the mate and the entire crew of the 30-foot sloop in which, alone, he has circled the globe

■ THE MARTIN JOHNSONS spend their days hunting the lordly lion and the tiger in the cannibal-infested jungles of the Dark Continent—to the profitable click of a camera

WIDE WORLD

P. & A.

HUGO ZACCHINI, THE HUMAN PROJECTILE

WIDE WORLD

P. & A.

ALFORD WILLIAMS AND "MERCURY II"

SYDNEY FRANKLIN, AMERICAN MATADOR

P. & A.

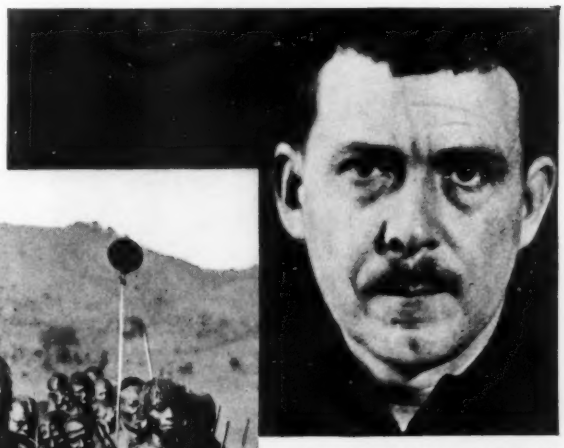
KAYE DON AND "THE SILVER BULLET"

WIDE WORLD

P. & A.

ALAIN GERBAULT, THE LONE PILOT

WIDE WORLD



WILLIAM SEABROOK, ADVENTURER

P. & A.

P. & A.

MR. & MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON, LION-HUNTERS

CECIL BEATON

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin

• With audiences still responding emotionally to the melodies of *With You*, and *There's Danger in Your Eyes, Chérie* from the film, *Puttin' On the Ritz*, Mr. Berlin is working on the score for a new picture called *Love In a Cottage*. But the theatre has not lost him; for after his return from California, he will begin rehearsals of the new Music Box Show, to be produced in New York in the Autumn. Mrs. Berlin, who both before her marriage as Ellin Mackay, and afterward, contributed to the earliest pages of the *New Yorker* those clever articles on society which, in the opinion of many, helped to establish that magazine as one of our wittiest journals

Elégie

BY CHARLES MAC ARTHUR

Funeral dirge, allegro furioso, is played with family overtones in the offices of an embalmer

■ Charlie Miller was having the time of his life. The beer was good, he liked everybody at the party, and Maizie showed signs of listening to reason. So when Louse-House Sprout called in that he was wanted at the door, Miller was more than annoyed.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

"He won't say. But it's important, he claims."

Miller disengaged himself from Maizie with a scowl that darkened when he saw the stranger, a wide young man whose foot rested ominously in the door.

"What's on your mind?" Miller asked.

"Plenty!" said the youth, with unpleasant emphasis.

"Well, let's hear it," said Miller. "And it better *be* important, too."

"It's important, all right," retorted the stranger. "It's about your wife."

Miller stiffened apprehensively.

"What are you—a process server?" His fists doubled and an angry red crept over his collar.

"No," said the stranger. "But if you think I'm going to hold the bag for your wife's bills, you're out of your mind. She's nothing to me!"

At the realization that he faced nothing more serious than censure, Miller relaxed.

"Listen, brother," he smiled. "I ain't seen my wife for fifteen years and if I don't see her for fifty more, it's good here, by which I mean that I ain't responsible for her bills. She's got a job, or so I hear. Let her pay her own debts!"

The visitor guffawed irrelevantly.

"That's pretty rich," he observed. "So she's got a job! Well, you tell that to the undertaker."

"What undertaker?" asked Miller, sharply. The color began to recede from his moon face.

"The undertaker that's got her!" replied the stranger, hotly. "The fellow that's blackjacking me for five hundred bucks! Where does he think I'm going to get five hundred bucks? And why should I hand it over if I had it? I never laid eyes on the woman until six months ago."

"Wait a minute," whispered Miller, now very pale. "Let me get this straight. You mean—she's dead?"

"What the hell did you think I said?"

"When—when did it all happen?"

"Yesterday."

"My God!" he murmured weakly. This seemed to anger his visitor.

"You can save that 'My God' stuff after the way *you* treated her! You got a lot to 'My God' about—I don't think!"

Miller rallied at this sudden attack and a note of dignity entered his voice.

"Just who do you think you are?" he enquired coldly.

"I'm your daughter's husband, that's all," replied the stranger, with spirit. "And I picked out a fine father-in-law, I must say! A fine bum!"

But events were coming too fast for Miller. He waved his hand weakly and stared.

"Just a *minute*, brother," he remonstrated. "*That's* no way to talk. At a time like this we ought to get together."

"Well, get together! And get some dough together, if you're a man! Or are you going to welsh?"

■ "Now!" reproached Miller, shocked. "Do I look like a fellow who would try and duck out on a thing like this?"

"Don't talk! Let's see the dough!" insisted the other.

"Keep your shirt on," said Miller, and then surrendered in consternation.

"My God!" he murmured. "You couldn't have caught me at a worse time, brother. I just lost my pants. Seven card stud."

"I don't want to hear any alibis."

"I'm not making any." The bereaved husband was stricken with fresh anxiety. "Where have you got her?"

"Cunningham's."

"Cunningham's!" Miller repeated, wildly.

"Why? What's the matter with them?"

"They're the biggest gyp artists in town, that's all! What the hell did you take her *there* for?"

"They were the first ones that came." Plainly Miller's son-in-law was on the defensive.

"Certainly! That's their game! And you fell for it!"

"Well," the visitor shrugged, "there's nothing to be done now."

■ "There's plenty to be done!" Miller announced, with vigor. "And I'm going to do it! If this Cunningham is pulling anything contrary to ethics, I'm going to report him to the Board of Health."

"He said that was the Minimum," demurred his relation.

"Why, you could bury a whole family for that!" cried Miller. "Wait till I get my hat and coat, and I'll show Mr. Cunningham! I'll get his license! You watch!"

He started off, then turned hospitably at the door.

"Come on in and meet the gang. It'll just take a second."

"Don't bring that mugg in without a dame!" warned Louse-House Sprout, as he caught sight of the new arrival. "We're a girl shy now!"

"I'm host here," said Stew Ribbon, firmly. "Bring him in."

"Make him take off his hat first," suggested one of the girls. "There's a few ladies present."

"I wish I thought so!" said Louse-House.

Miller waited out the guffaws that followed this witticism.

"This is my son-in-law, folks," he stated, with dignity. He addressed his companion in a solicitous undertone:

"Pardon me, but I didn't catch your name."

"I didn't say. It's Shinkle—Eugene Shinkle."

"Mr. Shingle, folks—"

"Shinkle, I said."

"Pardon *me*. Mr. *Shinkle*. My son-in-law. Meet Miss Buster La Rue and Miss Lola Baumes, of the stage. And over there is Stew Ribbon and Louse-House Sprout. My son-in-law, Mr. Shinkle."

All of the guests expressed their pleasure at meeting Mr. Shinkle and he was urged to have a chair. He was about to sit down when Miller shook his head and self-consciously addressed the company.

"I don't want to spoil your evening, folks," he began. "But Mr. Shinkle here has brought me some mighty sad news. Friends, my wife just passed away."

Although none of the little gathering knew that Miller was a married man, all were immensely moved at this announcement. Buster even wept a little. Stoically, Miller waved these garlands aside.

■ "That's the way it goes," he remarked. "Here today and gone tomorrow."

Fetching a deep sigh, he departed with his kinsman, Eugene.

In the taxicab, he occupied himself with the fortunes of his estranged family.

"So you married Mibs," he ventured.

"It looks like it." Evidently small talk was not Eugene's specialty. Miller bit the end of his cigar and smiled dreamily.

"Well, sir, you don't know how old that makes me feel," he said. "The last time I saw that kid she was knee high to a grasshopper."

"Yeah?"

"Now she's grown up and married!"

"Ummmm."

"Does she still wear glasses?"

"I'll say so."

"You know, I always told her mother all that eyeglass business was the bunk. These opticians are in cahoots with the schoolteachers as far as I can make out. Why, I was reading an article just the other day where this big doctor says glasses only make you blind. His theory is that all a person needs is a few exercises. It's the same with vaccination, too." *(Continued on page 88)*

Just a song at midnight

BY GILBERT W. GABRIEL

■ They say that every possible combination of notes has long since been used up, and that there'll never again be a truly original tune in all the world. All music will have henceforth to be derived from other, older music, and it will all depend on how deftly or dumbly the new composer derives it. They say that especially about popular music. They have always been saying it about poor popular music.

No musical comedy comes along whose score is not immediately suspected of having been born of Beethoven, bred in Rimsky-Korsakoff and graduated from Tschaikowsky. The gentlemen and scholars who made haste to parse *Yes, We Have No Bananas* and discover in it unmistakable vestiges of Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* and Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl* were only beginning the dirty work all over again. Long before their time a popular young composer named Sullivan was being similarly parsed and pulled apart and found guilty of deriving from ancient Italian churchmen.

Now the craze is at its height. Now every fondest theme-song and favourite of the radio-crooners has been traced to a Chopin nocturne, Chinese temple-bell trimmings or a counter-rhythmic edition of the strawberry-picking song from *Eugène Onegin*. No popular song is safe from accusation. Perhaps, after all, none deserves to be.

Once, while still hot and damp from a ten years' soaking in the classics and grand operas, I used to rush feverishly home from every new musical comedy, pull out a dozen scores to prove my suspicions right, yell with righteous indignation when I knew for sure that *Kiss Me, Cuddles* was just a cheeky swipe from Ignace Immeresco's *Adagio Funerale*, or that *Gimme Good 'n' Plenty* used the same whole-tone coloring as Olie Eilson's *concerto grosso for two piccoli, snaredrum and orchestra, opus 118, number 4*. Once, I confess, I used to feel like that and do such things.

I've long since degenerated into a more philosophic attitude about popular music. I can still grow a bit black-mouthed, of course, and cranky when I hear a particularly brazen steal, something badly lifted and shifted, something ungracefully and unapologetically redaubed. I can still go Berserk over one of those saxophonetic versions of the *Lohengrin vorspiel* which are supposed to be art for hoof's sake. But not as a rule. As a rule it is not worth the frown. As a rule—fatal effect of five or six years of musical-comedy-going—I like nothing better than popular music.

I don't think, for that matter, that our popular music could be so vastly much better. Popular music never has been, anywhere or when.

Yes, there was Arne and there was Mozart. And there were Offenbach and Sir Arthur Sullivan, *ipse*. And there was Johann Strauss, Jr., the waltz king of the not so blue Danube. All of these wrote charming and more or less original scores to merry librettos, and all of them were idols of their days' operetta-goers.

But for every one of these glorious and ever memorable exceptions I shall not have to go to much trouble to pick out twenty-five of their contemporaries who composed equally light and popular commonplaces, equivalents of our most profitable musical comedies, whose music was—and, if you get it out and try it on your own piano, still is—fatally facile, unconscionably insincere; comfortable plagiarism, fodder for the dance-floors, frankest and laziest truck for the *bierstube* and the seaside promenade.

Let's be done with the bathos of distance. Let's get over the superstitions that every old minuet is a masterpiece because it is a minuet, that every *rund-und-rund* Viennese *valse* has bluest *Wienerblut* in its veins, that every sarabande is a marvel of Eighteenth-Century exquisiteness, and that all is great aria which hits high-C. Let's not flee the fact that, long before jazz began, there was plenty of light music, unimportant music, uninspired and fearfully perishable music, music meant for nothing except song and dance, which is duller music than a great deal of our dullest jazz.

■ I hear the mighty voice of Ernest Newman, begging America to ship no more jazz abroad. I can sympathize. I hold no brief, I wave no flag. Jazz does grow monotonous. It screws into the ear and drives its hearers as mad as Heine writes he was driven when he heard all the butcher-boys and his best friends singing, humming, whistling a song from that new rage, *Der Freischütz*. But that song, you'll agree, was not jazz. Until ten years ago none of the maddeningly popular songs or ballets could have been jazz—or, at least, none could be called jazz.

I wonder, has the Unconscious Newman ever recollected what popular music there was before the jazz age? And how that music, too, was everywhere played and dinned and danced to and worn thin? And whether it was really any better music than today's?

Did he, let's say, ever have to hear all the operettes of Lehár besides *The Merry Widow?* Did he ever have to outlast a siege of Waldteufel and Strauss, senior, waltzes? Did he so infinitely prefer the pre-jazz beauties of *Salut d'Amour* and Tosti's *Goodbye*, and the shoe-leather crunchings of John Philip Sousa? Would he still rather sit through an evening of Planchette than an evening of Gershwin?

The measure of importance of any frog-pond is the size of the biggest bull-frog it contains. The measure of any popular musical movement is the size of the one or two composers grown big in it and strong enough to climb up out of mere popularity. We've all given George Gershwin the bull-frog's salute—some of us foolishly with air-rifles aimed in his direction—and all called our jazz days good because of his large, lively voice in them.

As for the littler fellows, they don't pretend to do much more than croak along. The littler fellows never have done much more in any such musical mass. But that is no reason for turning a classic ear against all jazz, only because all jazz composers can not raise it to concert pitch. And that is no reason for poisoning the whole pondful.

For all its blares and pranks and thick insistences, jazz happens to be a most essentially humble sort of music. It is a national inferiority complex doubling in brass. The efforts of Milhaud and Casella and other foreign professors to press its evils out of it and deliver it back to us studiously pure show how little they understand of the whole necessitous jollity, vulgarity, humility of jazz.

■ They tell me that jazz is dead, and that all it now needs is an epitaph. I doubt that. I don't think it has really died, but just suffered a rich C-minor change. It has quieted and softened and turned tender, reached its sentimental stage, its sere and sundown, its time of toothlessness and Rudy Vallée sighs and dear old stomachic rumbles. It is pensive where it once was mad. It is brooding where it once was altogether brash. It sits in the Amen Corner and remembers its flaming youth. But I'm sorry to report from seeing so many current musi- *(Continued on page 92)*

A LITHOGRAPH BY HENRI MATISSE

THE PERSIAN

One of forty lithographs of odalisques by Henri Matisse, who will visit America, in October

The wittiest man in the world—

BY JIM TULLY

What the Sage of Adelphi Terrace had to say about pugilism when visited by an American literary man

■ When the day arrived for our appointment with George Bernard Shaw, my charming companion rose earlier than usual.

"Just think," she said, "we're going to meet the wittiest man in the world."

"And he's Irish," I added.

Shaw's manner of twisting everything about appealed to Thomas Cook, Jr.'s rare sense of humour.

Somewhere she had read Shaw's account of his early struggles, and how he had depended on his mother. She repeated his words with mock grandiloquence.

"I did not throw myself into the struggle for life: I threw my mother into it. I was not a staff to my father's old age: I hung onto my father's coat tails. I steadily wrote my five pages a day, and made a man of myself at my mother's expense, instead of a slave."

For many reasons I wanted to meet Shaw, and not the least of them was that he, like myself, had eaten bitter bread.

We arrived at Whitehall Court ten minutes ahead of time. An apartment hotel, a vast structure, the reception hall and the interior were subdued. It lacked the usual garishness of such buildings in America.

■ Never had Thomas Cook, Jr., spoken more proudly than when she stepped toward the clerk and said, "We wish to see Mr. George Bernard Shaw—we have an *appointment*."

The clerk bowed.

"The name please."

He did not telephone. He merely said, "Step this way."

Miss Blanche Patch, Shaw's secretary, met us at the door.

We stepped into the room, on a heavy, quiet-toned carpet.

Seated on the very edge of a chair, a tall man was leaning half over a large desk which faced a window much larger, and which filled the room with dazzling light.

I was amazed that any man could work with such a strong light in his eyes.

His secretary's desk was quite close to his.

In the room were all the paraphernalia of the writer's trade.

The man remained absorbed in thought, his elbow on the desk, his fingers tangled in fading auburn hair.

Miss Patch, an intuitive woman, did not disturb him. Neither did we talk for a moment.

The view of the Thames from the window was enchanting. An electric sign, advertising an American chewing gum, was all that marred the scene.

At the proper moment, Miss Patch announced us.

He rose, faced us quickly, smiling contagiously.

I remembered reading that Chesterton had called him a man of awful elegance. It was a stunning description.

Tall and slight, and full of life, Shaw's manner was charming beyond words. He extended us each a hand, and spoke with the softest of Irish brogues.

"From far America—well—well!" he said, after the greeting was over.

Miss Patch invited us to be seated. Shaw pulled his chair quickly from the desk, and we formed a circle.

Miss Patch is in the late thirties; Shaw in the early seventies. She watched him with solicitude.

■ I wanted to talk about Shaw. He wanted to talk of pugilism, of me, of America. And when Shaw talks, he talks.

I watched him for a moment—highly nervous, fingers long and slender, hands, incessantly moving. His face is lined with wrinkles of laughter, his teeth are large, his lips full, his mouth generous. His eyes are soft blue and quizzical.

Miss Patch later said that in nearly twenty years of work with him she had never seen him in an ill humour.

He dresses carelessly and well.

Many people, opposed to Socialism, talk of Shaw's wealth. It is known in London that he gives half his vast income to the indigent and "the cause."

When awarded the Nobel Prize for literature several years ago, he turned the money—nearly forty thousand dollars—over to the Anglo-Swedish Foundation, whose aim it is to spread a knowledge of Scandinavian literature in English-speaking countries.

He talked earnestly of Socialism.

"Do you admire Ramsay MacDonald?" I asked quickly.

As quickly came the answer. "Yes. Years ago I had occasion to censure him. I wrote him a sharp letter. He replied with dignity, and made his point correctly. I folded the letter, and said to myself, 'This man will go far!'"

He had recently spent some time with Gene Tunney, the ex-heavyweight pugilist, whom I knew well. I made all the adroit advances possible to draw an opinion from him concerning the pugilist. Shaw's eyes danced, but his tongue remained nimble with generalities.

I told him that when Tunney stuck to what he knew—the prize ring—he was, like many pugilists, a direct and forceful conversationalist. Shaw was all attention.

When I had finished, he again talked of pugilistic generalities. His opinions were of no importance. I shifted with "Why did you happen to begin to write?"

"To avoid honest work," he smiled benignly.

"So did I."

He laughed merrily.

"And now," I said, "your plays are known all over the world."

"Yes—unfortunately."

"Why do you never come to America?" I asked.

Laughter gathered on his face as he answered, his voice slightly higher, "Why should I wish to go there? All the interesting Americans come to me."

"But I don't like to do all the traveling."

Shaw put his hands on his knees, laughing heartily.

Thomas Cook, Jr., told him of a California woman who had promised her son that she would see the witty Irishman in London and return to America with an autographed photograph for him.

Shaw listened politely until she had finished.

"Oh, those people never get in to see me," he said with assurance.

"Yes, but she *did*," returned Thomas Cook, Jr., telling him of the incident, while Shaw chuckled at the joke on himself.

His face lit up.

"Oh, yes, I remember. After I gave her the picture, she told me how to write dramas. It was very gratifying."

Then I asked him for a photograph. Miss Patch brought a score of them to him. It could easily be seen that he enjoyed looking at his own pictures. He is a splendid photographic subject.

Of the one which I selected, Shaw said, "Here I show remorse for a misspent life."

Glancing at the chosen photograph, I said, "You should pose for a sculptor."

"Oh, I have." His voice was raised in childish joy.

■ "A sculptor once sought me in sorrow. His wife had just died. He perhaps wanted something intricate to do. To take his mind off his many troubles, I posed for him. In twenty minutes, he had forgotten about his wife. So powerful is a good subject."

"You did a good job reporting the Beckett-Carpentier fight," I said to him.

He liked the compliment. Right away everything was again forgotten but pugilism.

He sat on the edge of his chair, his hands making the motions of a pugilist in battle.

"Carpentier was a tiger—no waste motion—lithe, strong, inevitable as a dagger he went to the heart of Beckett, and he fell like an ox—the pride of stolid British manhood humbled by a lighter man."

Although Shaw was never a strong man physically, he was *(Continued on page 94)*

Tully vs. Shaw; Mr. Tunney referees

Ave atque Vallée

BY JOHN RIDDELL

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the authentic autobiography of Riddy Vallée, and has been entirely written by himself. In addition, one or two of the facts contained in this autobiography are said to be based on actual incidents in the author's own life.*)

Dedicated to
the one person whose unflagging
admiration, sympathy and encouragement
have made me what I am today:
Riddy Vallée

■ I am generally admitted to be the most popular young man in America. While this fact does not seem particularly strange to me, nevertheless it seems to have caused certain persons, usually jealous husbands or boy-friends of young ladies who have succumbed helplessly to my charms, to express a certain vague wonder at my fatal power over women. One or two have even gone so far as to ask me the secret of how I captured the feminine heart so completely today.

My answer is simple: hard work!

Hard work, stick-to-itiveness, character, sobriety, truth, courage, faith, hope, charity. Get on the job early. Don't watch the clock. Honesty is the best policy. Don't envy the other fellow; maybe he is envying you. Hit the line. Never say die. Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today. Make hay while the sun shines. Love your work. With these qualities, and my singing voice, you too can be a Riddy Vallée. In fact, if you have the voice, the rest of the qualities don't matter.

■ Ever since I first achieved the popularity which meets me on every hand today, I have been the envy of other men. They have begrudged me the adulation of prostrate females, the orchids and the bouquets, the passionate letters on scented note-paper, the offers of marriage, the applause and embraces and kisses which have been, alas! my lot. They have sneered when I stirred all flapperdom

The parody memoirs of our own Riddy in the manner of "Vagabond Dreams Come True"

as it has never been stirred before. They mocked my title of Vagabond Lover—America's Dream Come True!

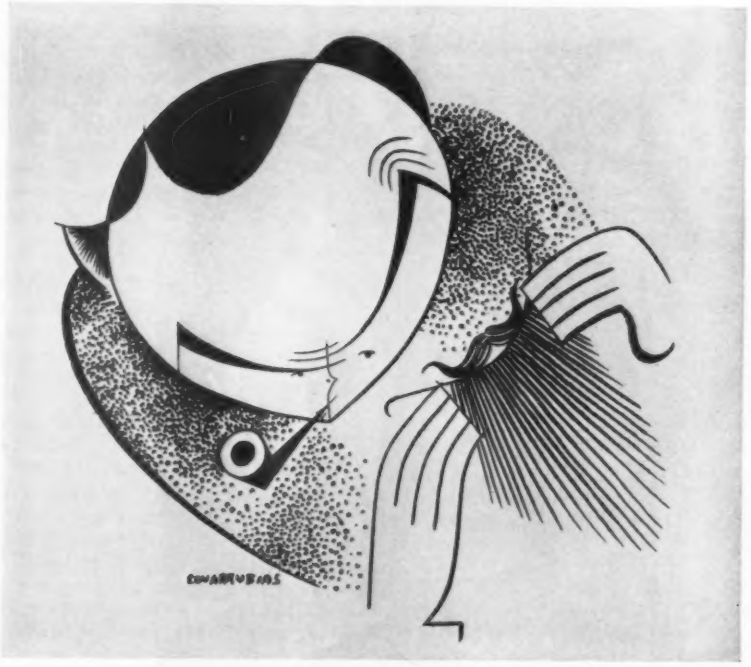
Yet little do these husbands and boy-friends, who regard me so enviously, realize that in my heart lurks a tragedy beside which their own petty jealousies fade into nothingness. Little do they reck the canker in my bosom. For the first time I can reveal the secret disappointment which has sorrowed my whole life.

I have never heard my own voice!

How can my eager listeners, sitting in rapt attention before their radios each evening while I sing, realize the pang and heartache which is mine? Lucky souls! they have but to twist a dial to hear my clear voice, so full of magnetism, of pathos, and of life; but I, on the other end, must stand all night, crooning through my microphone into space, witnessing my golden tones whisked away relentlessly into the ether, forever deprived of that priceless opportunity which is the privilege of the meanest of my followers. The tragedy of the blind Milton, the deaf Beethoven, the star quarterback with Athlete's Foot, all these fade in comparison. In vain I try to listen to my voice when I am performing; the sound of my own singing invariably drowns it out. In vain I cease suddenly, hoping to capture at least a tiny lingering syllable; but the voice stops as suddenly as I. Truly the great American public little realizes the sacrifices which its heroes must make in order to carry on their work.

Yet the reader must not assume from this intimate confession that I do not love my work. On the contrary, I enjoy every minute of my day, and every new job that I tackle is a fresh source of pleasure to me. If it were not for this eternal spirit of ebullient youth, I fear I should be unable to maintain the boyish zest and enthusiasm which wrings so many feminine hearts. I think that love of one's work is the greatest thing in the world.

■ Yet the reader must not assume from the fact that I love my work, that my path to success has been an easy one. On the other hand it has only been by patience, diligent application, and steady plugging that I have been enabled to conquer almost insuperable odds and achieve my place at the head of my profession today. My *(Continued on page 104)*



John Riddell—an impression by Covarrubias

■ Readers of *Vanity Fair* may recognize for the first time the quizzical features of our coruscative parodist, John Riddell, peering out slyly from behind his famous set of false whiskers. The reason for this public unveiling is the forthcoming appearance of his parodies in a collection entitled *The John Riddell Murder Case*, illustrated by Covarrubias, to be published by Scribner's late in June

Frank Morgan in "Topaze"

A character study of the actor as he appears currently in a dual rôle of professor and crook

■ Frank Morgan began his career as a choir boy, singing soprano at Holy Trinity and at St. Thomas' in New York. He then went to Cornell, and later became a cattle-puncher for a year in the West before selecting the stage as his ultimate profession. Four summers with Jessie Bonstelle's stock company, and a brief excursion into the films as Anita Stewart's leading man led to the rôle of the officer in *Seventh Heaven*, and subsequently to a long list of quietly distinguished performances in *The Firebrand*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and *Tenth Avenue*. His current play is *Topaze*, by Marcel Pagnol —the drama of an honest professor who, double-crossed, is forced into double-crossing. While playing in *Topaze* nightly, Mr. Morgan spends all but matinée days making his first talking picture, *Queen High*

Toga! Toga!

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

DOROTHY REVIER

■ The U. S. Senate is like an old watering-place that has outlived its vogue:—the best people don't go there any more. Or to put it musically, the Senate is like a blind fife-and-drum corps trying to lead the national parade, without quite realizing that the procession is headed somewhere else. I could fetch you a dozen more similes for the Senate, but they would all be depressing and faded, like the tunes Amy Lowell used to play on her harpsichord. (You know those melancholy airs—reminiscent of the stuffed partridges and mounted mackerel one used to see in the parlors of parochial road-houses.)

Alice Longworth once said that the Senate is something the President consents to, and takes advice about. But to resume: the Senate consists of 96 members, chiefly from Alabama and Idaho. Florida also has a Senator, but then California has one too, so they cancel each other with practically no expense to anyone but consumers of citrus fruit and travel literature. It is also rumored that New York sends representatives to the Upper House, but this is merely a low *canard*. True, we used to have Senators, but that was long, long ago. I was only a child at the time, but I shall never forget how Jim Wadsworth and dear old Roscoe Conkling used to mail us free envelopes of giant-hibiscus seeds every year. But one year the seeds stopped coming, and for the past decade there has been only silence. If perchance there *be* a Senator from New York, let him know that all will be forgiven if he will send us our arrears of hibiscus seed, and a copy of the *Congressional Record* in which his speech appeared.

JOAN PEERS

■ Preposterous as it now seems, the toga of a U. S. Senator was once held in general esteem as a wrap of some distinction. That was before the Senate became a popularly elective mob—before the 17th Amendment pulled the Upper House down to the Lower's level. Prior to 1913 it was possible to find an occasional gentleman and scholar (judiciously selected by a state legislature) occupying a nice seat on the aisle. In those days an elegantly whiskered customer like Henry Cabot Lodge could retain his frozen codfish manner and still be a power in national life. A literary blood like Albert J. Beveridge could, and did, write most of his *Life of Lincoln* during those classic debates on the Panama Canal—never dreaming of the glamorous uses to which that same canal would be put by Richard (Hellespont) Halliburton. It was in this august forum that Chauncey Depew immortalized himself as one of the most venerable figures in the history of American anecdotage. It was here that Nelson B. Aldrich (tutor to our own Joe Grundy) rammed through his famous tariff in behalf of the embattled manufacturers, and fired the protective shot heard round the world. Ah, those were the days when a Senator was wrapped in a toga of appointive dignity, and didn't have to scurry around for votes like a Tammany top-sergeant. But democracy, always eager to blast away the last suspicion of elegance and aristocratic repose, has put the Senate on an elective basis—and since that time the old rooms have never looked quite the same.

Sartorially, spiritually, socially, the Senate is a job-lot—a job-lot in which handsome, well-dressed, and humanly engaging specimens are as scarce as advertisements in the *New Freeman*. Bingham of Connecticut, Harrison of Missouri, Morrow of New Jersey—these are three colourful dabs in a pitifully grey canvas, three twinkling points in a dark-brown senatorial sky. But they are not major luminaries, and even if they were, I doubt if they could light up the thick fog of mediocrity that settles over the Chamber. It would take a whole galaxy of billion-watt stars to do that. It would take the glitter of a Sheridan's Begum Speech to offset the peevish orotundities of a Borah harangue . . . and this particular Senate has no Sheridan. It has no Platt, no Crane, no Root. It has no LaFollette the Elder, and no Wadsworth the Younger. It has only a Simmons (N. C.), a Keyes (N. H.) and a Hatfield (W. Va.). And who ever heard of them or ever will, or ever wants to?

As our senior law-makers sit slumped in their chairs, with their pudgy hands folded pathetically over paunchy vests,—and with a reasonable quantity of dandruff sprinkling their toga-collars—they resemble nothing so much as the small depositors of a defunct savings-bank, who have long ago given up all hope of getting more than three cents on the dollar. Or, from another angle in the press gallery, they remind me of a lot of aggrieved school-boys being kept after hours to recite their lessons. Not bad boys, not lazy boys,—but just a lot of nondescript dunderheaded boys, rather puzzled and terribly bored by the lessons they never will be able to master.

P-sst!—one of them is rising to speak a piece. His name is Simeon—Simeon D. Fess, and he was the acknowledged "teacher's pet" of the Harding administration. Evidently Simeon has spoken the same piece before, because all the brethren who are not already in a state of coma now prepare to curl up their toes for a nice Senatorial nap. But Mr. Fess, who looks like an itinerant parson living off the crumbs of a hardscrabble congregation,

JEAN ARTHUR HELEN TWELVETREES ARMIDA SALLY EILERS

"If I had a talking picture of you-u-u"

speaks on. Ah, he is key-noting, as usual. Given a key-note, Parson Fess can pipe on it by the hour, *repetando al fine*, until the original note is woven into a smiling fugue of prohibition and prosperity. You wouldn't believe that so much lardy optimism could be squeezed from that bony frame, but under the admiring glances of Ella Boole of the W. C. T. U., the Senator can cook up a mighty savoury mess of red-herring oratory. It is rumored that if he can pick up fifty pounds somehow, he can probably get his name mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency in 1932.

■ That other figure is Sam Shortridge, the second-greatest Senator from California. But why does he look so lugubrious? Well, partly because he wears his clothes like a mortician, but chiefly because he has recently committed a blunder that is inexcusable even in a Senator. Briefly, he threw some patronage-bones into the wrong kennel. It seems that Mr. Shortridge asked the President to confer a juicy Federal bone on a dear Republican friend in San Francisco. Now many tongues were watering for this particular bone, and it was important that it be crunched by exactly the right jaws. Of course the President took the Senator's word for it, and the bone was all wrapped up for delivery—when suddenly the Senator's friend turned out to be a resident of Maryland! "Stupid!" hissed the jobdolers, snatching back the marrow-bone; "Agreed" echoed the California voters. And ever since then Mr. Shortridge has appeared to be a little bit disgruntled.

Step up, step up, step up! This way to the Wildman. Ladies and gentlemen, this shaggy creature is Smith Wildman Brookhart (Wildman is actually his middle name)—the mealy-mouthed orator from Ioway. Mr. Brookhart's fame rests on two exploits, both of them dubious. The Senator from Iowa once attended an intimate banquet, gouged heartily into his host's provisions, sniffed the contents of the cheering bowl—and then went out and told! So perhaps it's his conscience that makes him wild. More recently, the wild-eyed Senator discovered that real gin cocktails were being served at a prominent New York club. Aghast, he reported the find to his constituents, who in their corn-distilled innocence imagined their Senator had uncovered something. But if the Wildman really wants to get a story that will practically assure his re-election let him discover a prominent New York club where gin cocktails are *not* being served.

Once every four years the State of Maine emerges from penumbral darkness and shows the nation how the presidential election is going to turn out. Then she sinks back into the shadows of her (*Continued on page 92*)

■ Motion picture producers who had talking pictures of these seven decorative young women all found themselves proud sponsors of promising new players with bright prospects of becoming next season's equivalent of such luminous stars as Greta Garbo

■ Joan Peers, in *Applause* showed an ability that placed her in the very front rank of our younger actresses

■ Maureen O'Sullivan was imported from Ireland to play in *Song o' My Heart* with most gratifying results

■ Dorothy Revier has given very charming performances this year in *The Murder on the Roof* and *Vengeance*

■ Jean Arthur is one of the prettiest of the talented newcomers, and has had great success in several recent films

■ Helen Twelvetrees has already risen to a leading rôle in *Swing High*

■ Armida, in *General Crack* shared the honours with John Barrymore

■ Sally Eilers, who has been giving consistently fine performances on the screen, now appears in *Roaring Ranch*

Modern French Sculptors

BY PAUL MORAND

PORTRAIT IN MARBLE BY BRANCUSI

■ The Nineteenth Century was a catastrophic period for sculpture. During the years which witnessed the degeneration of many branches of the arts, (notably architecture) France alone gave birth to sculptors of imagination and originality.

The English studios were only able to produce a scattering of insignificant sculptors, and Germany, since the Reformation, had limited itself to an unimportant and inglorious rôle in this art. Almost the last to abandon the struggle, Spain eventually expired in the throes of the Chirrugueresque style. And even Italy, after producing innumerable legions of masterpieces, was ultimately corrupted by the formal elegances of Canova's style. He was the feeble exponent of a cold and mechanical school, a veritable art factory for the "Campo Santo," which had long since accomplished nothing worth mentioning. Only in France the fountains of inspiration and expression did not run dry. While clumsy imitators, and second-rate clay modellers were vying to outdo one another in mediocrity and banality, in this corner of Europe some strange, prolific source fed the inspiration of a group of sturdy and original artists.

Throughout this century, France made progress. Rude, the author of the most spirited of the bas-reliefs on the *Arc de Triomphe* was a veritable Titan. The beautiful modelling (at least in many of his medallions) showed a new gusto and vehemence. France also produced David d'Angers, the sculptor of the Romanticists; Barye, the greatest modeller of animals since the Renaissance; Carpeaux (a pupil of Rude) whose work was an extraordinary blend of grace and strength; and, finally, (but less important than these other masters) Dalou, certain of whose busts and statuettes (that of Eugène Delacroix, for example) more than his monumental conceptions, vibrate with passionate life.

There was no doubt that an age of mediocrity had arrived, in which pathos supplanted grandeur and facility replaced craftmanship and the study of form. Studio recipes were used to conceal a widespread poverty of taste and a woeful lack of originality. Was France about to suffer in turn the disgrace of an artistic collapse which until then it had been spared? Frémiet only succeeded in making the Paris squares and salons ugly; as for Bartholdi, the Alsatian, he sought safety in flight . . . to America.

At the end of the Nineteenth Century Rodin appeared, to save an art on the point of expiring. His intervention literally put new blood into anaemic bodies. This determined, thankless, and bitter labour was undertaken without respite, in isolation, by a man who was encouraged by none. He began by having his work refused three times in succession by exhibitions of the *École des Beaux Arts*. In spite of everything he overcame each obstacle, and won a difficult, seemingly hopeless battle. Twenty years afterwards the false gods crumbled into dust. And Rodin who, like Pasteur, had long been treated as an imposter—Rodin, the revolutionary "who did not know how to draw" became in the eyes of the world, the representative of true classical art.

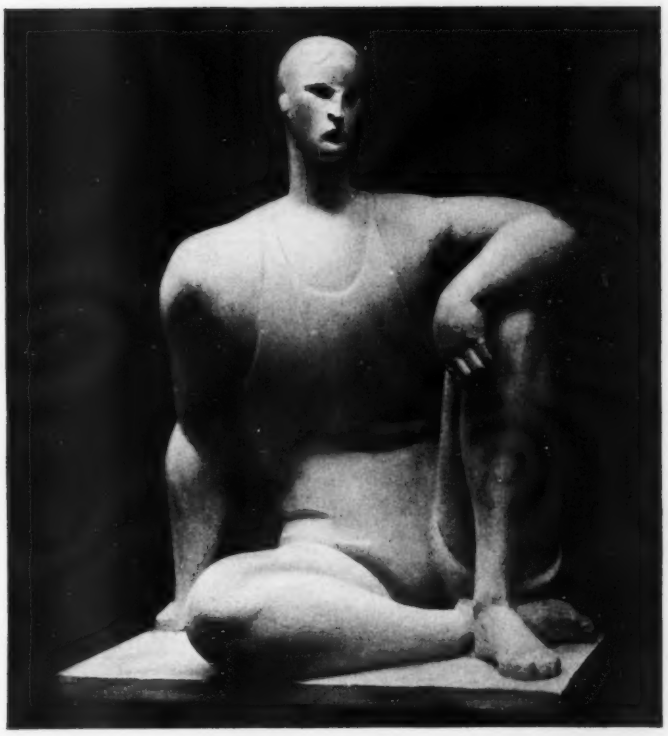
■ When the master of Meudon died in 1917, he left no artistic posterity, unless one excepts Mlle. Claudel, sister of the French Ambassador to America, who was early deviated from her artistic career through tragic circumstances. In reality Rodin, who breathed new life into sculpture and led it from the beaten track of worn-out convention, was not a fore-runner, but the last representative of a particular mood. Of all who have followed him not one claims or cares to claim himself as Rodin's successor.

Rodin made the entire latter-day movement possible. But while he is still its inspiration, he is no longer its guide. The flowering of an unique genius, Rodin's art is an analytical one which unites the most diverse tendencies of Romanticism and Naturalism. Full of impetuous inexactitudes, unrelated, exaggerated, formless, Rodin's work is merely a series of magnificent fragments. Each one is separately and independently alive, but nevertheless it remains purely fragmentary. This is chiefly perceptible in Rodin's great compositions such as *Porte de l'Enfer* the uncompleted *Tour*, the *Travail*. These conceptions, gigantic and moving though they are, are totally unrelated in spirit.

■ Bourdelle, on the contrary, brings us to the beginning of a synthetic art which deliberately breaks with Rodin's sensitive realism. Rodin's nudes, merged in passionate movement, remained nevertheless isolated figures, while in Bourdelle's work the freest gestures and the most distorted figures remain within the framework of the general composition. The inter-relationship of planes is conditioned in Bourdelle's conception by the intention of the monument itself, resulting in a complete and harmonious architecture. A particular form while remaining free is nevertheless so constructed in relation to the mass that it does not detach itself from it, or break itself up into disordered lyricism. Bourdelle constructs where Rodin suggests. The logic of sculptural form meant more to him than Rodin's exclusive preoccupation with light which the latter too often practised to the detriment of his volumes. Nevertheless Bourdelle's art is related in certain aspects to Rodin's by its literary implications. This explains, perhaps, why Bourdelle, exalted and profoundly admired as he was by all his imitators and disciples (*Continued on page 106*)

RECLINING FIGURE (IN TERRA-COTTA) BY MAILLOL

VIRGIN AND CHILD BY BOURDELLE (STONE)



THE BATHER (BRONZE FIGURE) BY CHANA ORLOFF

THE ATHLETE (LIFE-SIZE BRONZE STATUE) BY RODIN

DIANE. BRONZE SCULPTURE BY DESPIAU

CECIL BEATON

Beatrice Lillie

The volatile comedienne will appear in "Are You There?" her first full-length talking picture

The beautiful devil

BY GEORGE WITHERS

A brief drama in which the erotic theme goes Berserk with a fine and final fireworks display

■ EDITOR'S NOTE: We want to assure the reader that this article is absolutely authentic and that, except for cutting, we have published it exactly as Mr. Withers sent it to us. We are particularly anxious to have it understood that the MS. was *not* conveyed to us by means of spirit writing, nor bestowed upon us by a bolt of lightning. It came, unsolicited, through the United States mails as demurely as though it were not the provocative, the inspiring challenge to contemporary drama that it is. For we believe that, in *The Beautiful Devil*, all the alarums and excursions that have marked the changing drama in the past ten years have reached their utmost intensity.

In this playlet—brief though it is—Mr. Withers has suggested all the occult quality of an e. e. cummings, but with a passionate directness that far outdistances the elusive cummings; the author has here mastered the art of soul-revealing dialogue as Eugene O'Neill never mastered it. He has taken Wedekind, Ernst Toller, John Howard Lawson, Michael Gold—all the humming galaxy of revolutionary playwrights in his stride; and to an era of the theatre still struggling to present and, in a measure, to solve the deeper problems of love and passion, he has brought a contribution which is, in the author's own words, "the last word on sex."

Again in Mr. Withers' own words, "This piece is no mere hors d'oeuvres for the literary parvenue, but a modernistic and realistic portrayal of the erotic theme. For Art is nothing if not didactic, and as for morality, as I am pointing out in this playlet—let aestheticism be its guide."

■ PERSONAE

Romney Gordon . . . the beautiful devil
Rose Sophil . . . . . Le courtesan
Aurora Leigh . . . . . the lovely lady

SCENE 1.

N. Y. C. A chaise-lounge in a smart apartment whose environs effect to incite the erotic. A young man and maid seated thereon evidently prelimming as it were are engaged in talk with eager interest. The girl, a dark jewess—of the very voluptuous type—is dressed in the accentuated and very alluring fashion of her profession, and her gruff personality betrays an educative lack. Whilst the male, possessing a rather handsome figure and attired in the modern mode (handsome lines) seems of unusual culture and refinement of being, yet withal intensely human. His sensitive intelligent eyes and incisive precipitation of speech proclaim the broad intellectual personality. Their very intimate position on the aforesaid lounge under the dimly shaded lamp is surpassed only by their own utmost and mutual familiarity.

ROMNEY—Your body is beautiful, isn't it?

ROSE—What! this fat clumsy thing. No.

ROMNEY—But doesn't it evoke beautiful feelings when I—caress you?

ROSE (*Confines her assent to a facial expression*)

ROMNEY—Tell me, do you think men are beastly selfish? I do.

ROSE—No. They're only human and natural.

ROMNEY (*attempting to kiss her, but she moody, is disinclined*) Why? What is wrong with a kiss. Surely its more than physical. Its a sort of affectionate symbol. Hasn't anyone ever kissed you with their—heart?

ROSE—No.

ROMNEY—You've only known the physical then. How is that?

ROSE (*resignedly*)—Oh! I suppose it's because I'm not pretty like the blondes.

ROMNEY—So you stooped to conquer.

ROSE (*punishing him with a slap*)—Gee, girls have spoiled you. It's that technique of yours.

ROMNEY—What do you mean technique?

ROSE—Oh! the nice way you do things.

ROMNEY—That's not mere technique. That's personality.

ROSE—I see.

ROMNEY (*oratorically*)—And, that is what women are very susceptible to in men, not, of course, excluding good looks. To them brilliance of mind is nothing. For a man with these personal endowments which I have just mentioned will go as far with women as their ingrained womanly chastity will allow them.

ROSE—Yes, I know. But, why do you prefer these blondes.

ROMNEY—Because I love beauty, and consider carnality alone animalistic.

ROSE—What did you mean by sending me that poem?

ROMNEY—What poem?

ROSE—That one about you and I.

ROMNEY—Oh, this one. (*and as he recites, letting himself go.*)

Just you and I to pass away
rapturous hours in disarray
to fuller live our exquisite dreams
with the allure of such delightful things.

To have you in my arms and say
words of desire as I lay
enticed by your exotic face
that seems more binding than your embrace.

Oh! to fulfill my desire in your arms
would be the zenith of all earth's charms
For oh what rapture! how so divine
do you inspire in this body of mine.

(*He sighs*) The song is ended, but the memory lingers on.

ROSE—Idea, nothing. You mean you've got a new jane on hand.

ROMNEY—Put it that way if you wish.

ROSE (*scarcely perturbed*)—I knew there was something. Is she blonde?

ROMNEY—What if she is?

ROSE—Nothing. Only I guess it'll be no time before you'll be kissing and connubialing with her, eh?

ROMNEY—Precisely.

ROSE (*pleading*)—But you'll stay with me, won't you.

ROMNEY—Frankly, I don't care to any longer.

ROSE (*smartly*)—And I thought you were a free lover.

ROMNEY—I am. But one woman at a time, please.

ROSE—Well, anyway let's have a dance. I'll turn the radio on.

ROMNEY—Why?

ROSE—Because I love to dance with you. You do it so beautifully.

ROMNEY—You imagine so.

ROSE—No. I call it so.

ROMNEY—Oh, all right. I can't refuse you that. (*and as the soft rhythmic melody from the radio wafts thru the atmosphere they dance gracefully to and fro the dance of L....., pausing now and then to drink in the kisses of passion with mad embraces.*)

ROMNEY (*at dance's end*)—I'm going then.

ROSE—Where to?

ROMNEY—Haven't I told you before?

ROSE (*sneeringly*)—So it's no then.

ROMNEY (*with smiling, villainous invective*)—Well, you don't have to be angry about it.

(He departs. And Miss Sophil after putting her hands to her face at his last words, slams the door in his rear and turns toward her room with calm, if not with entire indifference, *as the curtain is lowered.*)

SCENE 2.

Moments later. A similar apartment, though more elegant. A youthful lady of bounteous personal charm both in face and form, and clad in feminine finery, is absorbed in novel-reading. And when the apartment-bell rings she bounds from her couch with joyous expectation, but is distinctly dismayed (she is evidently expecting someone) when it means only the arrival of the package boy who hands his burden to her with the usual procedure. And laying it on the table, she muses distractedly for a moment. Now in this short escapade, we glimpse her in a charming light. She seems so buoyant, so nice, so beautiful—even beyond words. And hers is no mere fleshly beauty for one discerns (who can) exuding from her eyes, her breath, from her being, her pores, and her psychic inner self—a human soul—as beautiful as the body, but immortal. And lounging there in her own fashion one reincarnates in her a sort of prima donnic Juliet permeating the atmosphere like the soft warm breeze of a summer morn when all the world seems shorn of all but beautiful gladness.

(Continued on page 102)

We nominate for the Hall of Fame

HELÈNE SARDEAU STEICHEN

MARC CONNELLY GOLDBERG

STEFAN ZWEIG

JOHN McCORMACK STRAUSS PEYTON

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES BACHRACH

because:

■ **HELÈNE SARDEAU** is an artist of French parentage whose sculpture has been exhibited in Paris and in New York; because she is a talented landscape painter; because her portrait dolls are an original and delightful form of art; and finally because she designed all the masks for the Eschylus revival at Delphi in May

■ **MARC CONNELLY** collaborated in writing *Dulcy* and *Beggar on Horseback;* because he is in London directing a new play by William Bolitho; because he is a clever actor and has appeared in short films; and finally because he wrote *The Green Pastures,* one of the finest and most successful plays in recent years

■ **STEFAN ZWEIG** is an originator of the modern short novel and a best-seller in Germany; because his play, *Volpone,* was produced here by the Theatre Guild; because he is a celebrated critic; because this portrait is by Henri LaFauconnier; and finally because two of his books were just published in America

■ **JOHN McCORMACK** is the greatest living singer of ballads; because his concerts are invariably crowded to the doors; because his recitals are national events to radio fans; because he is an Irishman; and finally because he has added to his great popularity by appearing in a talking picture, *Song o' My Heart*

■ **OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES** is a justice of the Supreme Court; because he was noted as an officer during the Civil War, as a lawyer, and as a professor at Harvard; because he is the son of the famous novelist and poet; and finally because he is one of the most distinguished men in public office to-day

Those wretched royalties

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

The plaintive penalties, social and official, and occasionally sartorial of having to be a King

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is particularly appropriate that this article about kings should be written by Harold Nicolson for, in the past twenty years, Mr. Nicolson has been constantly active in those diplomatic circles which revolve agreeably about the actual or implied presence of royalty. There is probably no man in Europe who has more habitually lunched, dined, travelled and talked with crowned heads of many countries.

Entering the British foreign office in 1909 Mr. Nicolson was appointed successively to the British Embassies at Madrid and at Constantinople and, in 1919, attended the Peace Conference as a delegate from Great Britain. More recently he has served as Counsellor of His Majesty's Legation at Teheran, Persia, and—until a few months ago—was Secretary of the British Embassy in Berlin.

■ I am glad, when I come to think of it, that I am not a King. The functions of monarchy seem to combine in an unending sequence all the horrors to which his human life is apt to be exposed. There are all those clothes, for instance:—and not clothes only but uniforms red, white and green. There are ribbons around one's chest and stars and chains that scratch and dangle. Even on the most informal occasions one is obliged to be very tidily dressed. A stiff collar, even in the country, and with it those little clips which prevent the tie mounting upwards, and with it those other little clips that prevent the tie from creeping sideways. And things to keep the trousers up, and things to keep the shirt down, and things to keep one's socks from falling loosely over one's ankles; hats there would be of every shape and size, and walking sticks given one by other Kings, and umbrellas for every form of rain, and shooting sticks which open out into seats, and seats which close up into shooting sticks,—and a great many different coloured gaiters to go over one's shoes. If I were a King I should take a positive dislike to my wardrobe. My clothes would not be *my* clothes, but just clothes: it would not be "Put out my blue suit", it would be "One of the reefer suitings": it would not be "My 1908 flannels (God bless their baggy souls)" but it would be "A flannel suit, I think, today". One's clothes would be robbed of personality, as if a wine were robbed of vintage, as if *Haut Biron* 1895 just became "A bottle of red wine". Life would assume a dull monochrome of tidiness.

Then, were I a King, I should mind not having luggage. No really nice King has ever had any luggage which he recognises as his own. Never does he experience the pleasure at the end of a long journey of saying to the porter, "There! That's mine—the crumpled little box with a handle off." I doubt whether the King of England, for instance, would recognise his luggage even if he met it face to face. He knows that such things exist, but impersonally only. His valets do the rest. Those leather boxes are packed in the hush of night and secretly, and in the cold dawn they are carried to the hooded wagons which are to transport them to the station. Nor is this luggage ever labelled. A King can never know the joy of finding Detroit, Beirut, and Yokohama meeting together on the surface of his hat box. And nothing ever among his varied accoutrements becomes soiled or torn or any of the pleasant things which give to one's possessions the familiarity from which love springs.

■ Then, if you were King, would come for you long hours of the day when you were not allowed to smoke a pipe, and long hours of the night when you had to stand erect being polite to people whom you desired never in your whole existence to see again. You would have to memorize these people's faces, their silly booby faces, so that when meeting them again you would say brightly, and with evident pleasure, "Oh Mr. Tumblittle, we have not met, I think, since January of 1927." At which the pulses of Mr. Tumblittle would race with conscious pride. No, it must not be amusing to be continually confronted "With Smiths thrice happy if you call them Jones". For that, as you are doubtless aware, is a quotation from Kipling.

Think also of the crushing burden of your engagement book. For were you King you would have engagement books upon your table, not for this year only but for 1931 and 1932 and 1933 and 1934. Your hand would stretch lethargically to the last volume. "March 15" you would read, "1934. Opening of the Agricultural Hall at Birmingham. 2:45. p.m." The grim picture, the terribly forecasted phantasm, of that event, would swim before your eyes. You would see it all across the gulf of four unending dutiful years. There would be the drive to the station. You would sit in the little front seat of the motor and the equerry and Lord in Waiting would be sitting behind. One sits on the little front seat when one is a King as it is easier to get out first. Besides if one sat in the back seat the people sitting in front would turn their backs, which is disrespectful and not allowed. So there behind you would be your Lord in Waiting. "Oh Lord!" you would be thinking, "who on earth will be my Lord in Waiting in 1934? Not Lord X., of course, he is hardly good for another two years. And Lord Y. also does not take that care of his health which his medical advisor would recommend. But there will be Lord Z., inevitably. Lord Z. is always inevitable: there he will be, four years stouter, four years more asthmatic: and as usual he will blow down the back of my neck." You would then picture idly, toying with the engagement book, the arrival at the station. You would be received by the manager and two of the Directors of the Central Line. The niece of the Director (an idiotic little girl)—for indeed all Railway Directors have nieces who simper idiotically—would present the Queen with a bouquet. You would then pass on to the platform over red carpets, and the Band of the Royal Engineers would play that ghastly reiteration which to others sounds as a national anthem but to your self is the torture-motif of many an excruciating ordeal. The Prime Minister and the Minister of Agriculture would be there beside the train, and you would have to speak to them with amity and interest, and they to you with courtesy and pleasure. Slowly the train would draw out from the platform—an hour or so respite—and then the platform at Birmingham and the whole ghastly business all over again. Would you enjoy such a prospect? No, you would not enjoy it.

There must be moments when a King finds life intolerable, but, unlike you or me, he is unable to resign. On he goes till death claims him, and even his funeral is a ceremony. "Everything to lose, nothing to gain" thus would I groan to myself if I were King,—and the thought of such a position would send the hot tears coursing down my cheek.

And yet, and yet. . . . Well at least if I *were* a King I should like to be an important one. No potty little monarchy for me. And then, were I condemned to being a Royalty, I should on the whole prefer to be a King than a King's aunt or even nephew. The life of a minor Royalty is destructive of all human dignity. I knew a minor Royalty once who was so minor that one forgot he was a Royalty at all. At which he would get huffy and stand up very straight and say to one, "Would you like to sit down?" A question which it was rude to answer with—"But I *am* sitting down!"

■ I have heard people say, of course, that Royalties get it all back when they travel; that it is almost worth while being a Royalty in order to avoid customs and passports and waiting in queues. I have my doubts as to this. I asked a Royalty the question once but he thought I was being impertinent and stared at me with the blank eyes of Royalty when it becomes indignant. A stone wall is as nothing to the blank stare of an Archduke when he thinks you are being impertinent. But I once asked an ex-Viceroy the same question, meeting him by chance lined up to show his passport at Pontarlier. It was perhaps not a very fair moment to have put the question since he and I were at the time wedged in between two peasants who were crossing the frontier with large parcels of what I took (probably rightly) to be cheese. This circumstance, however, renders his answer all the more effective and convincing. *(Continued on page 114)*

Enter backgammon

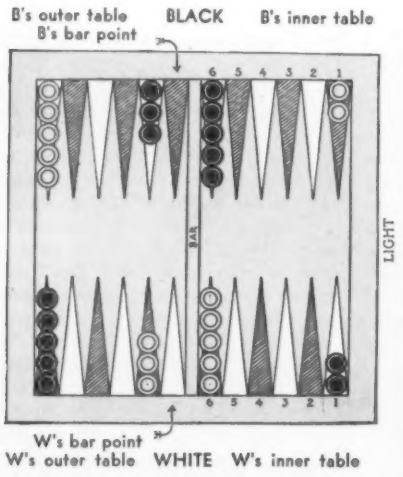
BY GROSVENOR NICHOLAS

Some practical advice on opening moves in the new form of an old game now a dread rival of Contract

■ To those who accept the view that there is nothing new under the sun, the recent remarkable revival of backgammon will seem to be merely a revival. It is, however, more than that. It is an elaboration or development of what is perhaps the oldest game in the world, and the result is something extremely novel.

This new backgammon is said to have made its first appearance in Paris. It came to this country only a few years ago and then from Park Avenue and Long Island spread rapidly to Newport, Palm Beach, Tuxedo and Aiken, and is now sweeping the country, threatening to rival Contract Bridge in popularity.

This ancient game, known in England as backgammon and upon the Continent as tric-trac, has existed for centuries. Chaucer referred to it as "tables," and there can be little doubt that it was the *ludus duodecim scriptorum*, or twelve line game, of the Roman Empire. But the actual origin of backgammon must have been far more remote. From the tomb of Tutankhamen, Mr. Howard Carter recently has brought to light a game played in a similar way with primitive dice, while in Mesopotamia, in Chaldean tombs of even greater antiquity, there have been found highly decorated boards, dice and playing pieces.



THE BACKGAMMON BOARD

But it is the new backgammon with its recent spirited development of "doubling" that is taking the country by storm. Backgammon has been always peculiarly a game in which the advantage shifts suddenly and frequently. By giving the players the right alternately to double the stake there has been added to the game the possibility of an increase of the stake in an unlimited geometrical progression. A game of poker offers no more exciting possibilities. At the same time the players retain the right to surrender, or decline any proffered double. Therefore even the most conservative player is afforded perfect protection.

Furthermore, this new backgammon is no longer limited to two persons. "Chouette," another elaboration of the game, has made it possible for three, four or any reasonable number to play at the same board. In this, the thrower of the highest dice plays *la chouette* or is "in the box," and in turn plays each of the others until he is dislodged and succeeded "in the box" by his conqueror.

Gammons or double games are preserved so that a fortunate player of "chouette" may, while "in the box" win double the amount of the stake, which may have been already doubled and redoubled several times. He wins this, moreover, from each of his opponents. And while the total of such winnings may amount to a large sum there is no possibility of a prolonged unfortunate experience, such as one might have at roulette with a run of bad luck. In "chouette," after each defeat "the box" changes hands.

It is difficult to realize with what rapidity the stake may mount after the initial doubles. One to two, or two to four are by no means unusual. The progression then proceeds with astonishing rapidity. In fact twenty successive doubles (which though possible, are decidedly improbable) would exceed a million!

Furthermore, this game as it is now played includes the possibility of even another double, known as the "automatic double" that occurs on the initial throw which determines who shall play first. When both players throw the same number and are accordingly obliged to throw again, the stake doubles automatically. This may occur, of course, more than once and, as there is theoretically no limit to the number of doubles which might happen in this way, many players place upon these "automatic doubles" an arbitrary limit of three.

Of course, luck is a factor of tremendous importance in backgammon. But it does not follow that skill is not equally important. Certainly if the skill of two players is equal, luck does become the deciding factor, but the slightest preponderance of skill will, in the long run give the experienced player an advantage over a luckier but less skillful opponent.

It is assumed that our readers possess an elementary knowledge of the game, that the expressions "blots," "blocks" and, "making points" are familiar to them, that they know the two "bar points," and the numbering of the other points upon the two inner and outer tables.

Beginners should always think of the two numbers thrown as two distinct numbers, not as the sum of the two dice, unless, of course, they are doublets, in which case they should be thought of as four. They should also familiarize themselves with the thirty-six possible throws with two dice, six of doublets and fifteen of two different numbers which (as they may be made in either one of two ways —as, for example, 6 and 5, or 5 and 6—) amount to thirty. From these thirty-six possible throws it is a simple matter to ascertain the chances of getting a particular throw in backgammon. However, while a knowledge of chances is important and interesting, in practical play, the dice so frequently disregard mathematical probability that it is unwise to place too much reliance upon this knowledge.

The game is begun by the highest thrower playing the total count of the two dice originally thrown to determine who shall play first.

While the game is primarily a race of the draughtsmen in opposite directions, it is a race in which, because of inevitable future blots, blocks and points, victory is by no means always to the swift. In general, position is of more importance than speed, and while there are four distinct strategies, or methods of play, it is never advisable to attempt to determine in advance which one of these shall be employed. Furthermore, even after one strategy or method of play has been commenced, it is frequently advisable when the game has reached a certain point to shift to one of the others.

Accordingly the player must be always an opportunist, adopting the strategy for which the dice afford the best opportunity, and changing it whenever the situation makes a change advisable.

The best opening throws in backgammon are three-and-one and six-and-one. The three-and-one is always played to make the five point in the thrower's inner table, while the six-and-one is played to make his own bar point.

The five point and the bar point are the most advantageous points in the game and, while there is a difference of opinion as to which is the better, the five point is usually preferred by experts. The bar point, it is true, blocks the opponent's possible six and, as that is the largest single number the opponent can throw, it is a most effective block. Also a six-and-one is, of course, larger than a three-and-one and the result of the play is, therefore, not only greater progress, but also one more man, or "builder," available for filling one's inner table. This last is important, for "builders" are excellent reserve ammunition.

Nevertheless, the five point is preferable, as the bar point loses most of its importance whenever the ad- *(Continued on page 90)*

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

Sue Carol

A lady tourist turned actress in the films whose latest picture is "The Golden Calf"

■ All the little girls who grow misty-eyed at the mention of a motion picture camera may well brood upon the case of Sue Carol, who visited Hollywood, some two years ago, with no thought of going into the moving pictures. Miss Carol was nevertheless invited to take a screen test and was immediately given a small part in *Is Zat So?* Since then she has appeared in *The Fox Movietone Follies*, *The Lone Star Ranger* and *The Big Party* —and not so long ago, achieved the ultimate romantic gesture in her marriage with Nick Stuart, another popular screen player

The Babe Ruth of golf

BY TOMMY ARMOUR

One of golf's outstanding stars discusses C. W. Gamber, the longest driver who ever lived

■ The theory that a man will lie harder and more fluently about the length and weight of the fish he does, or does not, catch than about any other matter on earth, was pretty definitely exploded when wooden golf clubs were first invented, for, since that time, an average man will lie oftener and lie longer in regard to the length of his drives than he ever thought of lying about a fish.

Such liars are everywhere. Hardly a Country Club but has a pet Goliath who, they will tell you, drives 300 yards. Such romancers are difficult to unmask because, behind a good wind, down a good hill, and on a well baked fairway, miracles of driving are certainly and often accomplished.

But now the line of long drivers, reaching from the redoubtable Ted Blackwell down, has been capped by C. W. (Killer) Gamber, the young American pro who, for the past two years or so, has been affiliated with the Forest Lake Club in Detroit. Gamber is 27 years old, stands 5 ft. 11 inches, and weighs 200 pounds, without a bathing suit. I believe that he is the longest driver who ever lived.

His feats with his wooden clubs have been more and more discussed in golfing circles, but when tales are told of them, mention is also made of his apparent lack of control over them. We usually hear that, playing in Florida or on Long Island, he is likely, after his drive, to be not only on a wrong fairway but on an entirely wrong golf course.

A man who drives 330 yards is naturally enough a good deal oftener in the rough than a man who drives 230 yards, for the reason that a very slight deviation in the direction of a drive may not cause trouble at 230 yards, but if carried another hundred yards, trouble almost automatically ensues.

But more and more, during the past year or so, Gamber has been making himself into a steady player and a hitter with control. His length with the wood has enabled him to rank with the best of our Americans, while his control of his irons and putter has also advanced him among our outstanding players.

In March of this year, paired with Cyril Walker, Gamber won the International Four Ball Tournament at Miami, he and Walker getting first money against thirty-two selected pros from coast to coast. His drives, not only in that tournament but at Pinehurst, La Gorce and Boca Raton, have been sensational features of the current golfing season.

A few of his feats which I happened to witness stand out conspicuously in my memory. For instance, at Pine Valley in April, while playing in competition, he hit a drive on the eighteenth hole that has never even been approached there before. The shot actually carried (not rolled) into the rough in front of the water, and this from the extreme back tee, without wind—a clean carry of more than 300 yards. At Pinehurst, in March, on the eighteenth tee of the number 2 course, I saw him drive a ball from the extreme back tee to within five yards of the bunkers in front of the green—a distance which Grantland Rice described as being a little more than a mile and a half, but which actually measured 360 yards, a little uphill. At Oakmont, on the 612 yards twelfth, he was on the green with a drive and a number 2 iron.

At Boca Raton, during the winter, he lined out some drives that I have never seen equalled. The first hole at Boca Raton is 385 yards. I saw him, on two occasions, drive to within twenty-five yards of the green. On the third hole, his ball carried a bunker which by actual measurement was 290 yards from the tee. Again, at Pine Valley, on the 570 yard hole, uphill, he was hole high with a drive and a spoon. But the greatest drive I ever saw him make was at Tam O'Shanter, in Detroit, at the thirteenth hole. He carried a ditch there which no man before had ever reached —carry and run combined, and this includes Hagen, Horton Smith, Von Elm, Watrous, and a lot of the good ones.

Another interesting fact is that he gets his great length, not once in a while, but almost every time. He isn't a driver who misses a dozen and then gets a whale of a shot on his thirteenth try. In a round of eighteen holes sixteen of them will be long.

I once saw him play a round with a pro who is considered one of the very long drivers in America. The man had just driven one of his best tee shots. "Pass that one, you big bum," he said playfully while handing his driver to Gamber. "Never mind the driver, give me your spoon," said Gamber, and, with the other man's spoon, *carried* a little further than his adversary's ball, carry and run combined.

This lad is some day going to make a very great golfer. In fact I don't see how he can be stopped. He is young, powerful, has a fine eye, all the courage in the world and a wonderful temperament. He is a product of Detroit and entirely self-taught. His steel-shafted driver is 43 inches long and weighs 16 ounces.

Put down on your pads, ladies and gentlemen, that the Open Championship will one day nestle in Clarence Gamber's pocket.

TOMMY ARMOUR
AUTHOR OF THIS PAPER

GAMBER AT THE TOP OF A FULL SWING

A golfing pioneer

BY BERNARD DARWIN

■ Only a very conscientious American student of our British newspapers may possibly have noticed the death of a certain Mr. William Thomas Linskill. Even in Scotland he was not well known to golfers, except at St. Andrews, where he had lived for the last thirty years of his life. The papers for the most part had just a colourless, discreet little statement that he had been the founder of the Cambridge University Golf Club, that the captain of the Royal and Ancient had attended his funeral and that the Silver Club, to which each captain has from time immemorial hung his silver ball, was carried in the funeral procession. Yet I want to try to say something about him because here was a figure that ought not to be allowed to depart in silence.

It always seemed to me that he was not so much a living character as a character created by Dickens. He was so wildly, tempestuously improbable that only Dickens would have dared to create him.

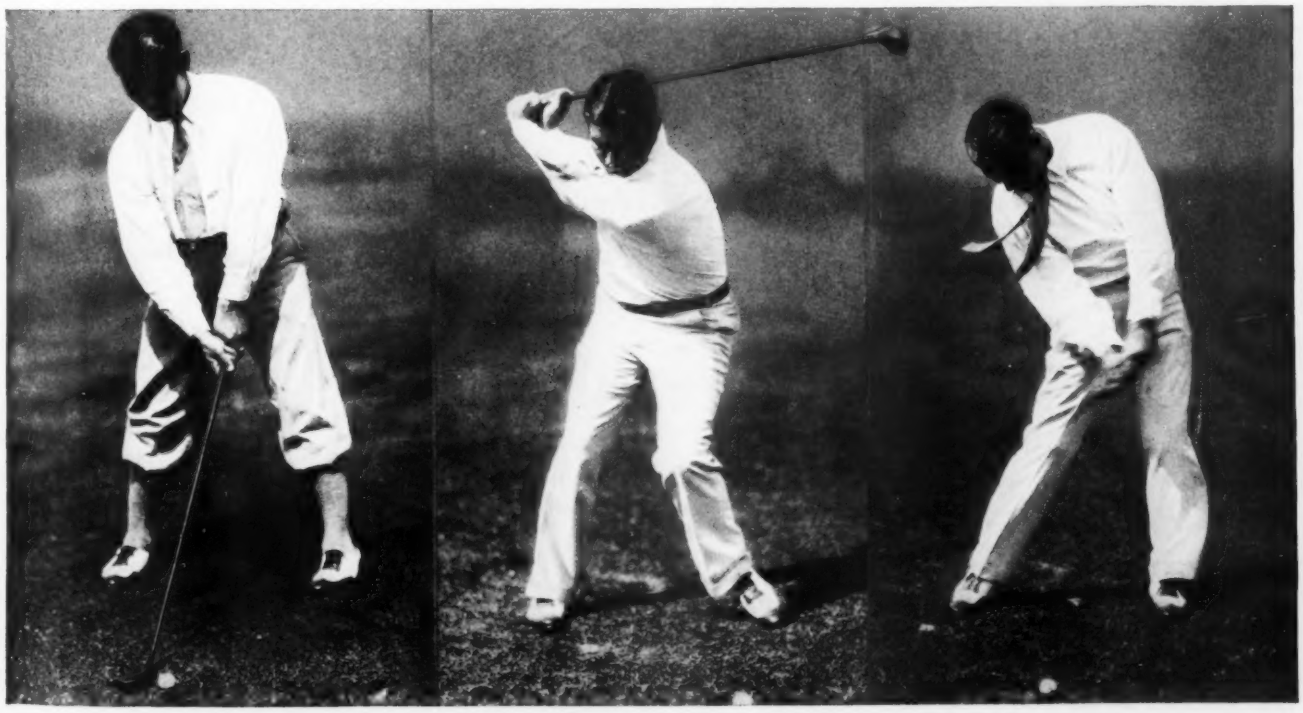
It was in the seventies that as a boy Mr. Linskill visited St. Andrews and it was the thrilling memories of it that made of Mr. Linskill one of the pioneers of the Oxford and Cambridge match.

He went up to Jesus College about 1875. It was always said of him—I do not know if this was defamatory—that he never passed the "Little Go," which is the earliest of University examinations, but the authorities were easy going in those days and he stayed. Mr. Linskill did not trouble his head about his examinations but he made many strenuous efforts to find a golf course in the Cambridgeshire mud. At first he tried Coe Fen, well described by its name; then he found a flat, desolate, muddy, marshy spot called Coldham Common, on the outskirts of the Cambridge slums, and there he founded the club. That was in the later seventies; but nearly twenty years afterwards, when I went up to Cambridge in 1894, he was still there as honorary secretary, patron saint, dry nurse and Grand Panjandrum of the club, and it is as he was then that I can see him.

As I said, there was something of Dickensian exaggeration about him and everything to do with him. He was never seen in anything but knickerbockers and with them he wore a peculiar and unique form of gigantic spats. As his spats were longer than anyone else's, so was his weeping moustache. And his voice was louder. It was deep and thunderous with a blare in it that could carry from end to end of the course. The language in which he could on occasion address the golf ball was on a par with his voice. Dull, prosaic people might say that it was not respectable. Perhaps strictly speaking, it was not, but it *(Continued on page 100)*

CLARENCE W. GAMBER

A CLOSE-UP OF GAMBER'S GRIP



THREE STAGES OF GAMBER'S SWING—THE ADDRESS; JUST STARTING DOWN; AND JUST BEFORE IMPACT

How good are you at Bridge?

BY LELIA HATTERSLEY

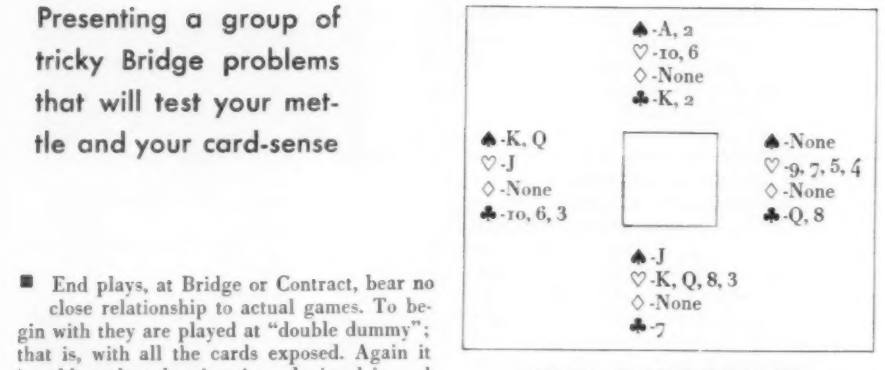
Presenting a group of tricky Bridge problems that will test your mettle and your card-sense

■ End plays, at Bridge or Contract, bear no close relationship to actual games. To begin with they are played at "double dummy"; that is, with all the cards exposed. Again it is seldom that the situations depicted in end plays could have been reached by any logical process of bidding and play. Confronted with the galaxy of Aces, Kings and Queens to which North and South, East and West have clung with such tenacity throughout the play, we feel constrained to ask "How do these hands get that way?" But, it will be interesting to test your wits on the problems—always with the cards laid out before you. You might even construct some problems of your own, just to annoy your friends. The solving of end play problems calls for the exercise of much card-sense. These little puzzles are really fascinating.

In the play of the following hands, for instance, remember that all the cards are exposed.

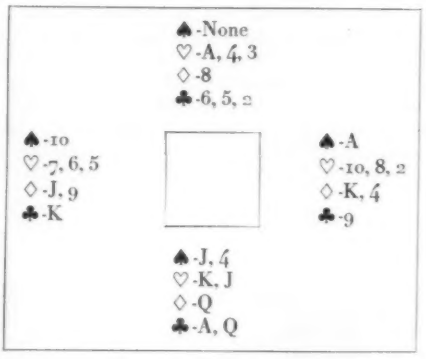
South's necessary tricks must be won against a *perfect defense*, that is, against any possible defense which his opponents can muster. If these problems seem at first to be easy to solve, I suggest that you try them again with different defenses on the part of the adversaries. A surprise may await you.

The correct answers to these problems will be published in the July issue of *Vanity Fair* in connection with the article to be devoted, in that issue, to bridge.



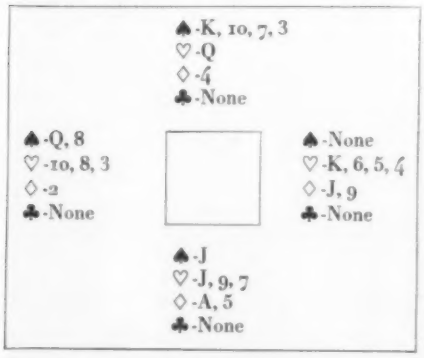
NO. 2 A TRICKY NO-TRUMPER

The hand is played at No Trump. South leads. North and South must take all six of the tricks against any defense.



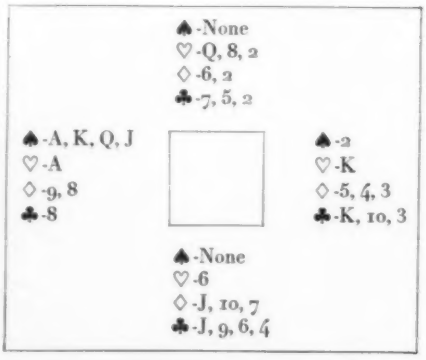
NO. 3 NOT SO DIFFICULT?

Diamonds are trumps. South leads. North and South must try desperately to take six of the seven tricks against any defense.



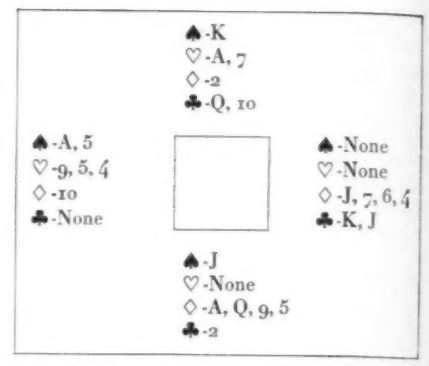
NO. 1 A LITTLE NO-TRUMPER

No Trump has won the bid. South leads. North and South are supposed to take four tricks against any defense.



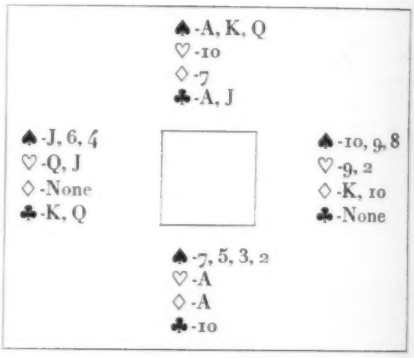
NO. 4 TO LOSE ONLY TWO TRICKS

Clubs are trumps. South has the lead. North and South must manage to take six of the eight tricks against any possible defense.



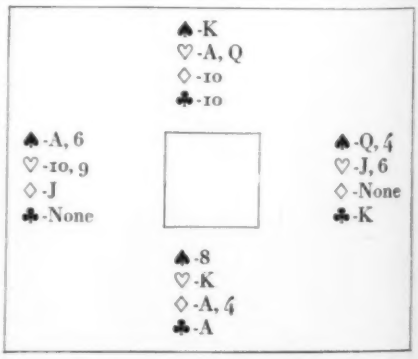
NO. 5 A REALLY ANNOYING HAND

Spades are trumps. South has the lead. North and South must together take four of the tricks against any defense.



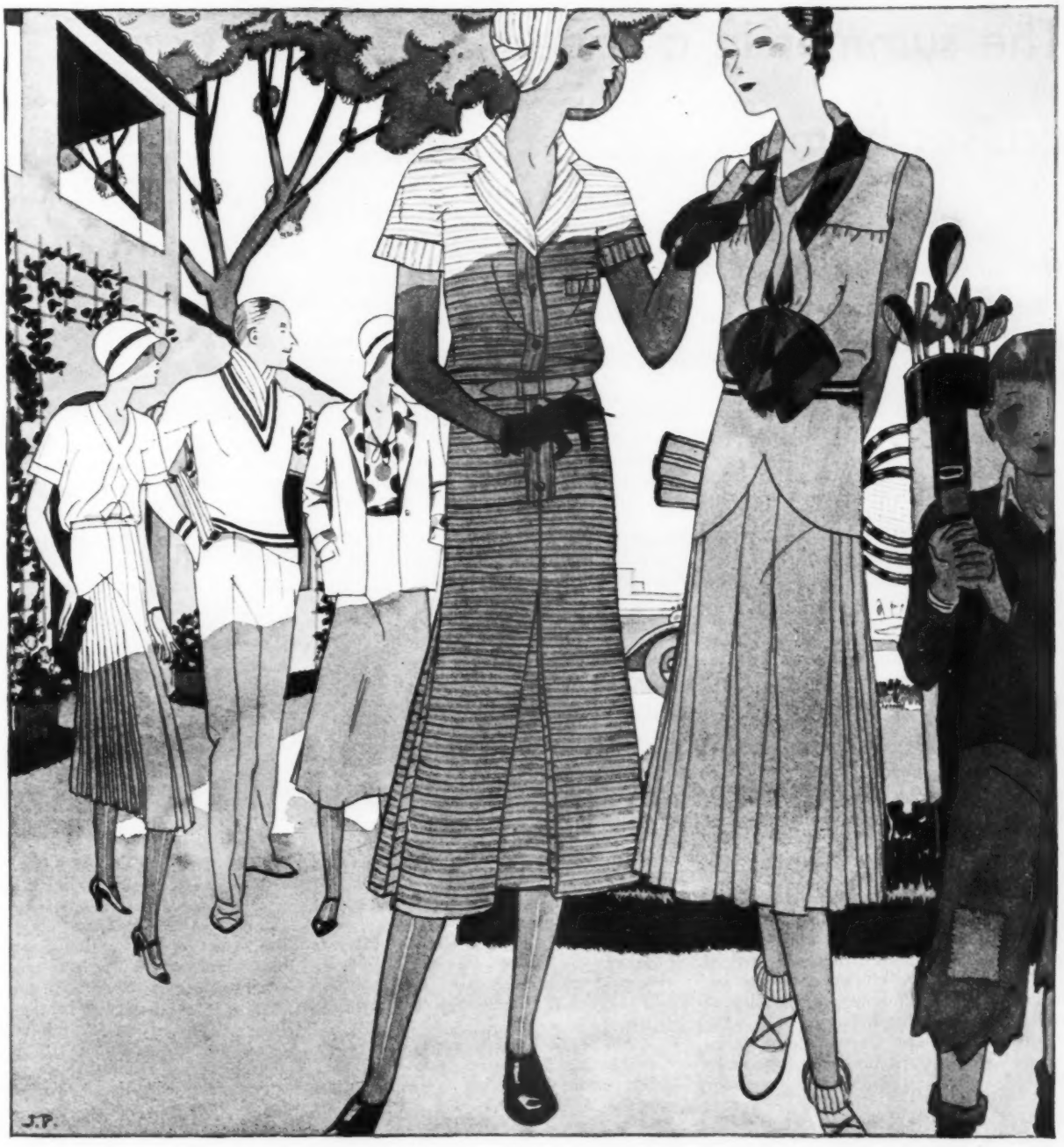
NO. 6 A SEVEN CARD PUZZLER

Hearts are trumps. South has the lead. North and South must somehow manage to take five tricks against any defense.



NO. 7 ONLY THREE TRICKS NEEDED

Spades are trumps. South has the lead. North and South must manage to take three tricks against any defense by the adversaries.



The summer week-end wardrobe

From Friday to Monday the well-dressed woman finds that these four costumes are necessary

▪ In planning a wardrobe for summer week-end visits, the smart woman will need a semi-formal crêpe de Chine dress for Sunday or to wear when she is not planning an afternoon of sport. At the left in the sketch is a charming dress for this purpose in one of Patou's new delicate shades of pink. Its bolero back and short polo sleeves are new features; from Saks-Fifth Avenue

Next to the left is a Chanel suit of oyster-white rajah. The blouse and lapels of the jacket are of printed shantung in shades of orange; Jay-Thorpe

An active sportswoman will surely need one or both of the dresses at the right in the sketch. An ideal hot-weather golfing costume of washable men's shirting silk in white with grey and pink stripes. Short sleeves and wide pleats in the skirt give plenty of freedom; from Best

For tennis, Maggy Rouff has designed the sleeveless white crêpe de Chine dress shown at the right. The belt and scarf, which can be removed for playing, are in red, white, and blue striped silk; from Bonwit Teller

The summer in a speedy cruiser-home

The surprisingly low cost of living aboard a motor-boat cruiser in the summer months

made of vacation time and the glorious summer months a period of hurry and worry, has also provided the remedy for the very condition to which it gave birth.

■ Motor-boat cruising is this pleasant remedy. Motor boating provides a haven of forgetfulness from the many interruptions, annoyances and boring acquaintances that beset the average family in this maelstrom of modern life. Of all the many types of motor boating, now brought to such a high degree of perfection, motor boat cruising is by far the most enjoyable, the most economical, the most healthful and the most sensible escape from the nerve-wracking tension of 1930.

There are many men who would like to own boats but have the impression that they cannot afford it. Many of these men have a great deal of money and still feel that the ownership of a boat is financially beyond their reach. Where this impression came from is a mystery, for it is surely a fallacy that motor boating is a luxury only for those possessing a large surplus of money. And this is not at all the case as we shall immediately show.

A SEA LYON "45" OPEN RUNABOUT AND A HACKER CRAFT CABIN CRUISER COMMUTER

■ One of man's most predominate peculiarities is the alternate yearnings which overwhelm him for solitude and for agreeable companionship. But modern life appears to be so organized that the man who would be occasionally alone, free from the jangling of telephone bells, the solicitation of over-zealous friends and the encroachments of undesired visitors, must perforce isolate himself in the woods or mountains. This is sometimes an impractical solution for the man with a family. Moreover, as we have said above, his yearning for solitude is alternated with an equalling strong desire for cheerful company.

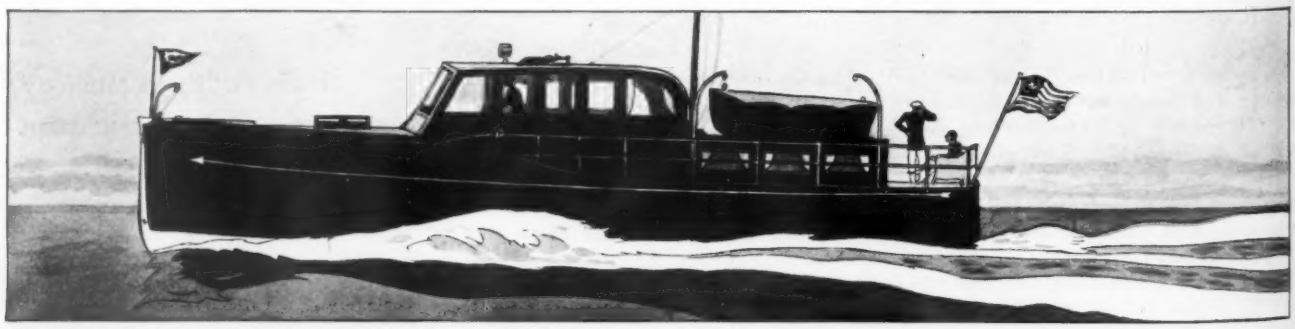
However, this state of affairs is by no means an impasse. Modern life, which has seemingly robbed the average family of all opportunity of combining relaxation with amusement and rest with enjoyment; which seems to have

■ The newspapers are full of stories of motor-boat racing. To the participator and the onlooker, motor-boat racing is thrilling, and enjoyable, but it is receiving in the public mind a great deal more attention than its importance in the sport of motor boating warrants. Racing is only an incidental thrill in motor boating. The essential appeal of motor boating is not racing—nor is it fishing nor picnicking nor commuting, nor just dashing about from place to place in a motor boat. Motor boating is more than all of these things. It is a definite form of life and its real reason for existing is motor-boat cruising.

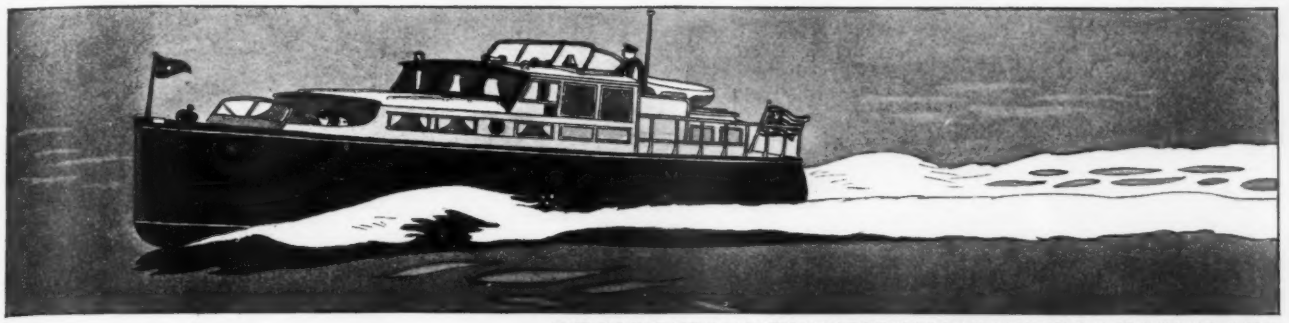
Motor-boat cruising means actually living on a motor boat for a week-end, or a week, or an entire season, as many thousands of American families are doing right now. A motor-boat cruiser is a cabin boat, with one or more cabins, containing complete living, sleeping, eating, toilet and lounging facilities for from four people up to thirty or more. The average family cruiser is from 26 to 50 feet and has accommodations for from four to eight people.

The reason that many people consider motor boating expensive is that they insist on comparing motor-boat cruisers with automobiles. This is a decided fallacy. A motor-boat cruiser should be compared with a summer cottage which is exactly what it is. You can not live in your automobile, but you can live, and very delightfully, too, on your motor-boat cruiser. The cost of these boats ranges from $2800 up. Practically all of them may be purchased on time payments. Life aboard a boat of this type is particularly easy on the family budget. There are any number of families who rent their city apartments or suburban homes furnished for the summer, for double what they would pay to spend their entire summer on the water. Housekeeping on a motor-boat is not difficult.

Let us look for a few minutes at the life of a family on, say, a 35-foot cruiser. Suppose we are a typical New York family—man, wife, son, daughter. We have rented our city apart-



THE NEW DODGE 45-FOOT EXPRESS CRUISER FOR EIGHT PEOPLE



ONE OF THE NEW MAHOGANY EXPRESS CRUISERS OF THE CHRIS-CRAFT FLEET

ment from May until October and we have purchased a little 35-foot floating home which has two cabins with comfortable beds for six people and a large cockpit, or porch, which can be curtained in to provide an excellent dining room or extra bedroom. In other words, we have a two-room marine apartment with kitchenette, shower bath and other facilities. The kitchen, or galley, is cleverly arranged for handiness and safety. It has an alcohol vapor stove or one operated by bottled gas or gasoline with a zinc-lined cover to fold over it when not in use. At the forward end of the cockpit there is a very big icebox which is filled from the outside, which also opens inside the galley. There is plenty of cupboard and shelf space for dishes, food supplies, pots and pans and other paraphernalia.

■ Now, we select the town where we shall spend the first month. Let's go to New Rochelle. New Rochelle has an excellent harbor, several yacht clubs which we may join, or to which we may procure visitors' cards. We buy a monthly commutation ticket and the men of the family commute to business every day. Parked on the public dock is an automobile which mother and the children use for shopping, visiting, movie-going and for transporting the business man of the family to and from the railroad station. Ice, groceries and other supplies are delivered at the dock and are taken aboard our little ship in the small outboard tender which we also use as a miniature ferry boat and for bathing and fishing purposes. Drinking water, gasoline, oil and other necessary things we secure from the yacht club or from big boats which most of the oil companies maintain in our popular harbors.

■ At the end of the month we move over to Port Washington, Long Island, to resume our marine life and spend a delightful month swimming, fishing, playing about and getting healthier by the minute. The following month we move up to Greenwich, or across the Sound to Oyster Bay or Huntington Harbor.

During the summer we attend, in our own movable little grand stand, such stirring events as the Yale-Harvard rowing races, the Gold Cup Motor Boat Regatta, the Newport Regatta, Larchmont race week and the cruise of the New York Yacht Club down East.

At the end of the summer we are brown as berries; our muscles are hard; our digestions are perfect and we have learned how to exercise and sleep. And we have done it less expensively than if we had lived at home ashore and for infinitely less than if we had gone to a summer hotel or rented a cottage.

At the end of the summer we find that our boat has a resale value of between 80 and 90 per cent of its original cost; moreover it is ready to take us to Florida if we can so arrange our time that we can add this glorious 1500 mile trip through protected waterways to the winter playground of America.

Entertaining aboard a motor-boat cruiser is easy and always highly successful. You may meet your friends at the club dock in your small tender, and later take them for a delightful, cool run up the Sound, or to the regattas or races that are being held in the vicinity. The galley facilities are large enough to permit you to serve them a well-cooked dinner or light luncheon, and throughout the long, sunny day they can either swim offshore, rest, listen to the radio, or play cards on deck.

What is true about motor-boat cruising is equally true concerning the ownership of a motor-boat runabout. You cannot live very comfortably on a motor-boat runabout, but you may use it for a thousand enjoyments in connection with a summer house near the water or by joining one of the many dozens of yacht clubs available in this vicinity and keeping your boat there.

■ The equipment of the modern motor boat, especially the family cruiser, is astonishingly complete. On a moderate sized double cabin cruiser you can have two bedrooms, servants quarters and a sleeping porch. Most of the new boats are fitted with radio, the reception of which is as good and often better on the water as on the land. Running hot and cold water, shower baths, comfortable beds, easy chairs, complete electric lighting, electric cigar lighters and countless other home conveniences are available to the cruising family at moderate cost.

In every way motor-boat types are constantly and rapidly improving. Do not worry that cruising may soon become too popular for comfort. It will be many, many years before there is any such traffic congestion on the water as that which tears our nerves to shreds on the over-motorized highways of today.

A DIESEL-MOTORED YACHT BY COX AND STEVENS FOR SIR RICHARD COOPER

For the well-dressed man

The hat box is from Brooks; shoe case, fitted over-night case and toilet case, made to order by Arthur Gilmore

Directly above, the golfer's wardrobe trunk, hand wardrobe case and duffle bag all are from Philip Hall, Inc.

The three flat cases, club bag and duffle bag constitute a matched set of small luggage; from Saks-Fifth Avenue

■ There is a very varied assortment of luggage for men, so varied that it becomes a problem to know just what pieces to select in replenishing one's own collection which always seems in need of replenishing whenever a new trip is contemplated. Whether we decide to have cases built specially to meet our own particular requirements, or whether we select from the many different types ready built, the difficulties are the same, for, as our wardrobes, and the many things we take with us in addition to clothes, increase in number from year to year, so our cases of various sorts multiply in number until we need a small army of porters to carry our equipment when we travel from place to place.

The illustrations for this article attempt to give an assortment of cases from which a man may choose, and at the same time to cover the requirements for ordinary travel, whether for a week-end or for a trip of many weeks.

It is impossible to select three or four pieces from the many which are available and say that these are adequate, and likewise is it impossible to say that every man must have at least thirty different cases, but it is possible and entirely within reason to draw a few general rules and outline in no uncertain terms the types of cases that a well-dressed man must have to travel with.

■ No man with any thought for his clothes would think of putting his hats, shoes, dress shirts and clothes in one suitcase, unless it were a very ingenious case indeed. For light traveling, in addition to a suitcase, he must have a box for his hats and another for his shoes, especially in the summer when he takes, for example, a pair of white buck country shoes, a pair of tennis shoes or golf shoes, or both, besides his dress shoes and a pair of town shoes. No matter how well shoes are groomed they should not be packed with other clothes, for there is always the risk of soiling the things with which they are packed. A small bag for each shoe is an excellent idea, whether they are packed in their own separate case or not. And hats, of course, even the hardest hunting bowler, should be protected from crushing and require a special case. Toilet things must have their own case. The small case (shown above) was made especially to hold one man's personal things compactly.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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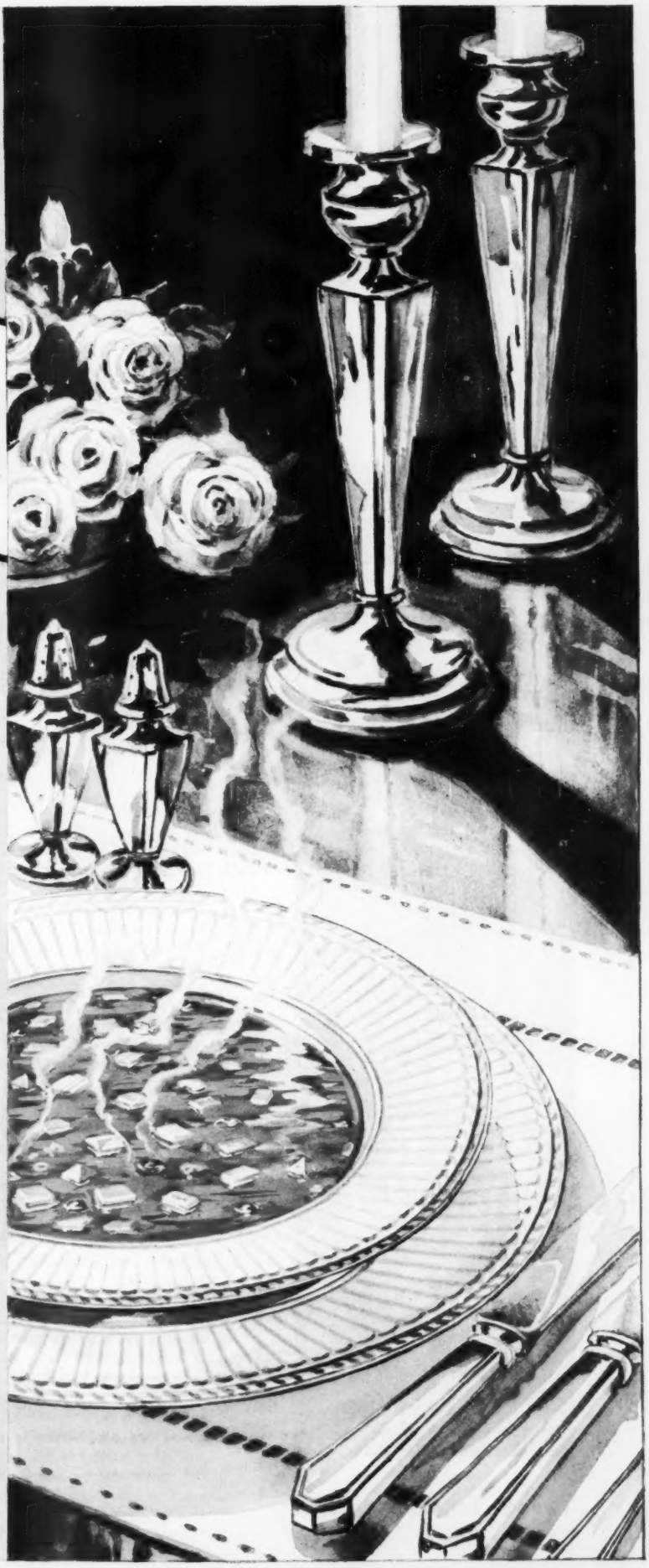

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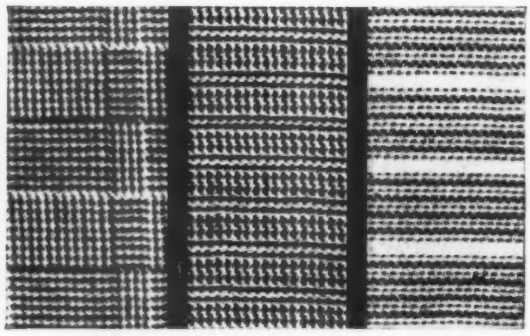
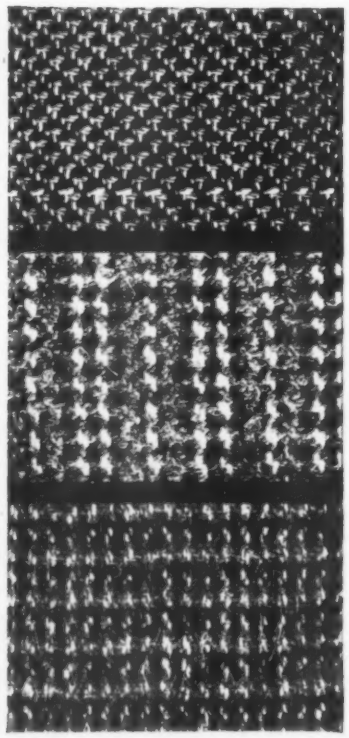
MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Our London letter

Country things including a knitted woollen set



New flannel shirt materials



Tweeds for country suits

■ Sports clothes are always more interesting in England than anywhere else for the very natural reason that there is more attention given to sport in England than elsewhere. And for that reason London excels in sports clothes. Another reason for sports clothes being particularly interesting just now is that, since all town clothes are so conventional, the novelties in sport clothes make a contrast to the relatively sober-looking town wardrobe.

Until this season, the rough materials of which sports suits were made were almost all in large patterns with large plaids or cross stripes definitely suggested in the weave. Now these are out of fashion, and in their place stripes and mixed materials have come which are plain by comparison.

Incidentally, the newer silks for neckties are woven in mixtures which so closely resemble the colours and weaves of these woollen materials that they almost match them and are quite different from the small clear geometrical designs made famous by the Spitalfields silks.

Flannel shirts of very light weight, warmer but no heavier than Oxford shirting, are universally worn for sports, made with or without collars attached, and with both cuffs that button and those made for links. Many of these flannels are in patterns representing tweeds and very much of the same colouring. There are also silks for neckties exactly in the same patterns and colours as these flannel materials for shirts, and they are very smart when worn together because the difference in texture of the two materials makes the tie and the shirt just a little different, though on second glance you realize they are the same in colour and design.

■ Even the knitted accessories like golf stockings, heavy socks, sweaters and mufflers are woven in patterns like the mixed tweeds and are as indefinite in pattern. One of the smartest of these is in black-and-white or black-and-grey and comes from Munroe. There is a knitted tie to match and this is the first evidence of the return of knitted ties which have not been in fashion for a long time past. This combination of sweater, tie, muffler and socks, in black-and-grey, worn with a grey flannel suit, with a single-breasted jacket, looks very smart in the country at any time of the year. A sketch illustrates this set. In England, flannel is a material that is worn all the year round in the country for it is much warmer than any of the lighter materials made now and considered suitable for winter wear. Flannel is too hot for really hot weather and even for town wear, in any other colour but the traditional light grey, it is good for any time of the year.

■ A golf shoe, though only comparatively new (shown in a sketch) has suddenly become very popular. An example of this comes from Tuczek. It is made in heavy brown buckskin and fastens with a strap. It has either a leather or crêpe rubber sole and is very practical because it only needs to be brushed to be cleaned, instead of polished with cream. It is seen in all the bootmakers' windows.

Why do dogs love tweeds?

It cannot be that dogs have any liking for tweeds as fabrics. It must be that they like the type of men who *wear* tweeds—that with their more-than-human wisdom they sense that such men love horses, rods, guns—and dogs.

There is a warm, friendly feeling to the touch in rough tweeds. They seem to belong on men who live and play outdoors as if something of the clean air of the moors, the smell of wet bracken, where grouse hide, or the faint odor of peat smoke in some inexplicable way had become interwoven in the cloth itself.

We have spent years tailoring tweeds, with an affection that is literally better than reason in dealing with them. They are hard to manage by any tailor who has not made them his major life work.

And if you happen to be hard to fit with a standard-sized suit or coat, our custom department will welcome the task of fitting you perfectly.

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MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET

New York

Elégie

(Continued from page 61)

A genteel pause followed. Miller coughed, and enquired with the utmost delicacy:

"Was she—sick long?"

"Two days."

"That's merciful. I always say, if I've got to die, I want to die all at once. It's this hanging around that gets on everybody's nerves."

"I know," said Eugene, with surprising warmth. "It took my old man two years to kick off. Angela Pectoris. I never seen anybody in such agony. My old lady used to run in the bathroom and lock the door so's she wouldn't hear him yell. That's where the word 'Angela' comes from. It means agony."

"Is that right!" Miller seemed astonished. He proceeded almost tenderly:

"Just what seemed to be the matter with Mrs. M.?"

"Acute indigestion. She ate nearly a pound of peanut brittle and it swole up in her."

"Well, her god was her stomach," sighed Miller. "You know, I've seen her eat a whole box of cookies at one sitting. Anything sweet! I always told her she would get sick."

"Well, she did."

Miller shook his head sadly and indulged in a moment's reverie.

"Poor Gussie," he said. "She always *tried* to be a good wife—you'll have to hand her that. . . . I was thinking just now how we used to chew the fat about which one of us would die first. It used to get my goat. Morbid. But she seemed to enjoy it, somehow."

Eugene had no comment to make on this foible of the deceased. As if with an effort, Miller shook off his gloom.

"But let's talk about something pleasant," he boomed. "How is married life?"

"What makes you think that's pleasant?"

"Oh, now, now, you shouldn't say that! A young fellow like you? How long you been married, anyhow?"

"Six months."

"Why, that's no time, at all. Six months after I was married, we were billing and cooing like turtle doves. We would probably have been hitting it off yet if it hadn't been—"

He stopped uncomfortably.

"Oh, well," he decided. "Let bygones be bye-gones. She's gone now, and I hope she's happy."

"That's pretty white of you, after all you done to her," Eugene sneered suddenly. With a mild stare, Miller laid his hand on Eugene's knee.

"Now, listen, son. There's two sides to every question. Between you and me and the lamp post, if I had of stayed with Mrs. M. a day longer, I would have gone nuts, I mean *really* nuts. That's all I'll say about my side of the matter. *Some* things are sacred. But if you have any imagination you can guess."

"I ain't interested," said Eugene, "in anything but my own troubles."

In the silence that followed this *riposte* the taxicab drew up in front of Cunningham's Funeral Home. Miller surveyed its rich façade, the glittering plate glass and sumptuous interior beyond with mysterious anger.

"I'm supposed to pay for all that front," he observed. "Well, watch my smoke!"

Eugene indicated a young woman with her back to the window, tearfully receiving the ministrations of the undertaker.

"There's Mibs now," he remarked with feeling. "And bawling again."

"I can see that I'm going to get rattled," said Miller. "If there's anything I hate, it's tears."

He started toward the door.

"Don't get so rattled that you forget to pay the cab," prompted Eugene.

"Papa!" sobbed Mrs. Shinkle, when she had identified her parent. Miller patted her absently and then wheeled on Mr. Cunningham.

"Listen, Jesse James!" he began. "What's the big idea?"

"Sir?"

"You heard me! I want to know right here and now who gave you license to bring that body here."

The undertaker drew himself up coldly.

"Mrs. Miller was brought here at the wish of the nearest relatives," he said. "It is quite the usual procedure."

"Is that so! Well, *I'm* her nearest relative! How do you like that! And I'm responsible for all arrangements!"

"He admits he's responsible! You're a witness!" interrupted Eugene wildly.

Miller was somewhat confused at this construction of his remarks.

"I'm not saying anything one way or another on that subject," he hedged, advancing on Mr. Cunningham. "But if you gools think you can gyp *me* out of five hundred bucks, you're nuts!"

The undertaker, about to reply, cast a nervous glance at the window and waited until a pedestrian, evidently a window shopper, had moved on.

"This is an ethical concern," he assured Miller with dignity. "And your first expense is your last expense. The five hundred dollars include everything: the casket, rough box, embalming, use of chapel, proper clothing, cosmetics, a hearse and two limousines. That's pretty close to rock bottom, my friend. I doubt if we make twenty dollars out of the entire transaction—"

"Don't make me laugh!" Miller interrupted. "I know something about the undertaking game. I ought to—I roomed with an embalmer for two years. Babe Wetmore. Know him?"

"No." Mr. Cunningham was very cold. "But I do know what good service costs. And Cunningham service is a hall mark—as much as sterling on silver—"

"Yeah? Well, maybe I know all about that, too. Figures don't lie."

Miller seized a pad of paper from the desk and itemized briskly:

"Eighteen dollars for the casket. Juice, eight dollars a gallon—at the outside. That makes it twenty-six. One assistant, at five dollars a day—"

"Now, I *beg* your pardon," interposed the undertaker. "For every female client we have two *lady* embalmers at *ten* dollars a day."

Miller smiled incredulously.

"Doing what?" he asked. "Embroidery?" At this Mibs screamed and faint-

(*Continued on page 110*)

L U X U R I O U S T R A N S P O R T A T I O N

The trained and richly saddled mounts, which carried the fine flower of medieval nobility in the royal sport of Falconry, spelled supreme luxury in open-air travel of the middle ages

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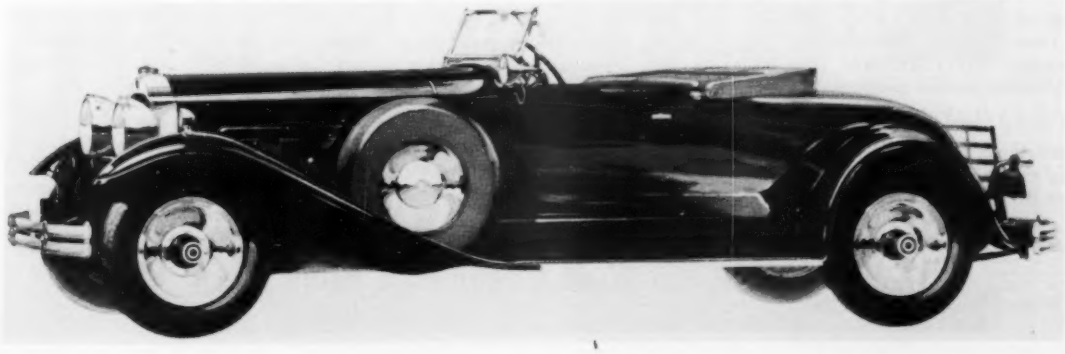
Pictured below is the Packard Roadster on the DeLuxe chassis. It is also available in the Custom line and in the increasingly popular line of Packard Standard Eights—with a wide selection of colors, gay or modest, as you prefer.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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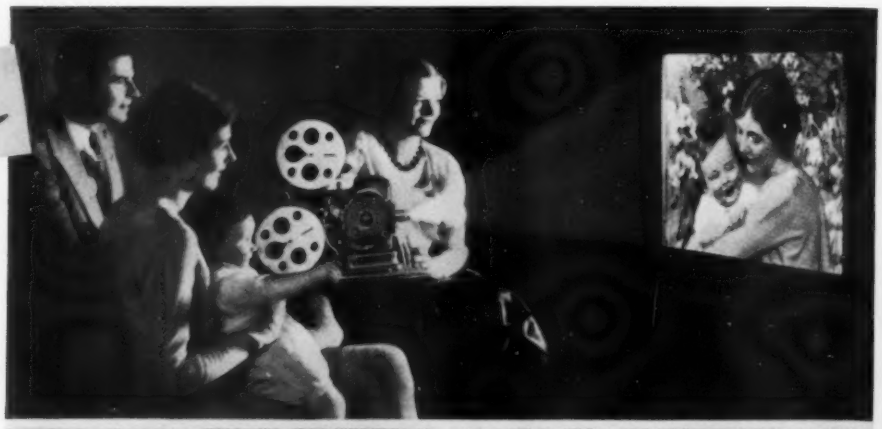

See them at Ciné-Kodak Dealers' any day this month

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Movies in full color . . . taken as easily as you make an ordinary snapshot!

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If you can afford even the smaller nice things of today, you can afford the Ciné-Kodak. See the exhibition of Kodacolor that is being presented this month by Ciné-Kodak dealers. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Nothing that this page can say or show can fully reveal the startling beauty of home movies in color, made with Ciné-Kodak. For Kodacolor is admittedly the greatest single triumph in the history of photography. See for yourself. Visit the exhibition this month at Ciné-Kodak dealers'. You are certain to find it interesting.

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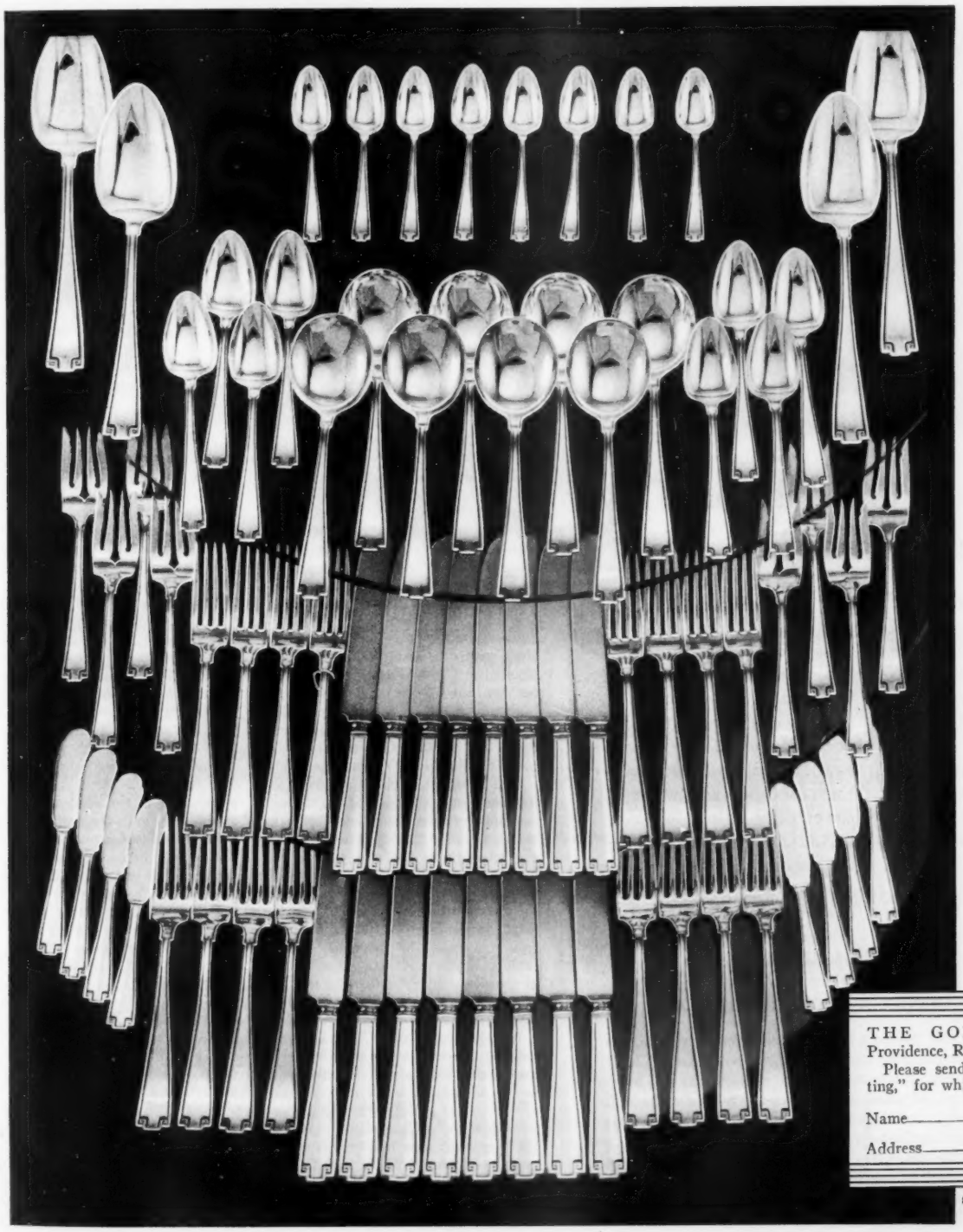

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Every day is graduation day at our factory. Every day we send out Oshkosh Trunks to the near and far corners of the earth.

And in one respect we have a comfortable advantage over most college presidents. We *know* that every one of our graduates is going to be an unqualified success.

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The descriptive booklet, "Your Home Away From Home," is interesting and helpful. For a copy, address the Oshkosh Trunk Company, 464 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Enter backgammon

(Continued from page 76)

versary advances to make points within one's inner table, and is of no importance at all after he has moved out. The five point blocks an opponent's four, prevents a man that has been taken up from reëntering with a five and also makes it impossible for the adversary to make this point. This last is of great importance for, when the adversary is established upon one's five point he commands every open point of one's outer table in which blots are frequently unavoidable.

Furthermore, when the two men in the adversary's inner table are advanced to his five point it is difficult for him to block them effectively and they can rarely become the victims of a perfect block, or "side prime."

However, without regard to the relative merits of these three points, they are all so advantageous that, at the commencement of a game, the possession of any two of them, unless the adversary's position is equally strong, is a sufficient advantage to justify an immediate double of the stake. Other possible throws, which enable the player to make one of these three points are double sixes, double fours, double threes and double twos.

An excellent illustration of the superiority of position to speed is in the throw of double aces. Although this is one of the smallest throws, it is the best in backgammon, and it is always played to make the five point in the thrower's inner table and the bar point in his outer table.

Double sixes is always played to make one's own bar point and it is usually played to make the adversary's bar point as well. The value of this last point is always dubious. When one is ahead, excepting with the aid of another doublet, it is a position from which it is impossible to move with absolute safety. On the other hand, when one is behind, it is a source of embarrassment to the adversary.

Double fours is played by bringing over two men from the adversary's outer table and advancing them both eight points to make one's five point. This throw is also played by advancing the two men in the adversary's inner table to make the adversary's five point, and then bringing two men over from the adversary's outer table to make a point in one's own outer table.

Double threes is played to make the five point in one's inner table, the two remaining threes being used to make the three point in one's inner table or else to advance the two men in the adversary's inner table where they will command most of the open points in the adversary's outer table. Double threes is also played by bringing over two men from the adversary's outer table to make one's bar point. Which of these two plays will prove the better, the future throws of the dice alone can determine.

Double twos may be played by advancing the two men in the adversary's inner table to establish the five point in the adversary's inner table. As this is one of the points which has been described as an immediate objective, the play is an excellent one. However, many good players prefer to utilize this throw to make the four point in their inner table and then to bring over two men from the adversary's side, making an additional point in their outer table.

In the beginning of a game the seven throws described are the best. None of the others enables one to make any of the three principal points immediately. Some of the remaining throws, however, are by no means bad for they can be played to accomplish results which, although not of the first importance, are nevertheless helpful.

Double fives are always played by advancing two men ten points from the adversary's outer table to make one's three-point. Four-and-two is always played to make one's four point, while six-and-five is invariably employed to accomplish the escape of one of the two hindmost men which is moved across the board to safety. This last play is sometimes described as "the lover's leap."

The other possible throws, when considered independently of throws which may follow, are all either indifferent or bad. With a six-and-four, a three-and-four and also probably with a five-and-four one should advance one of the hindmost men as far as it will go. These plays leave a blot in the adversary's outer table but, as it is exposed to only one number, the chances are against its being hit. Five-and-two is generally played by bringing two men over from the adversary's outer table and many prefer to play a five-and-four in this way also.

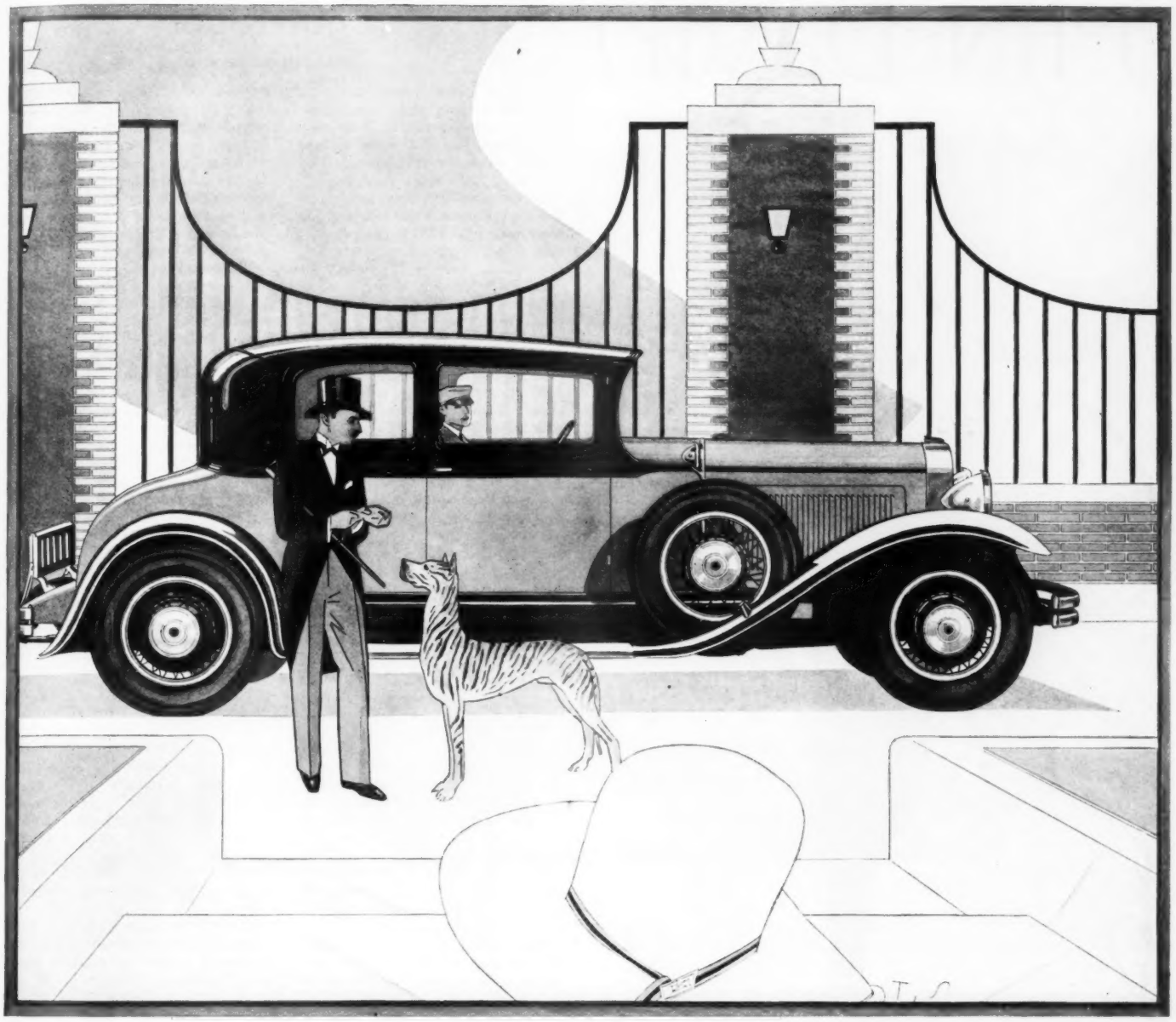
There remain for consideration the five-and-three, four-and-three, six-and-two, five-and-one, four-and-one, two-and-three and two-and-one. These seven throws, while in themselves bad, may all be used in conjunction with throws which may follow to make one of the principal points and especially the five point. This can only be done by voluntarily exposing a blot in the hope that, upon the next throw, it may be covered and the point secured.

In this method of play the hazard is considerably increased for, while after most of these seven throws, blots are inevitable, they can all be played so that the blots, when unavoidable are only exposed in one's outer table, (where they can only be hit with a combination of numbers); or else in the adversary's inner table, (where, if hit, they may be reëntered with very little effect upon one's progress).

This voluntary exposure of blots, for the purpose of strengthening one's position upon the next throw, is advisable only in the beginning of a game when the adversary's table is open. While this method of play is advantageous, it is one which should not be attempted by beginners.

Beginners, for example, should play a five-and-three to make the three point in their inner table, although that point is too far advanced to be of much value and the men are practically put out of play, giving the adversary, in effective playing pieces, a numerical advantage. Beginners should also play the remainder of the seven throws, described in this article, with as little risk as possible.

More experienced players often find it to their advantage, when definitely behind, or in order to achieve decisive results, to run greater risks. This subject and the various strategies of backgammon will be taken up in next month's article.



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BROADWAY AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET
And Other Easily Reached Stores Throughout New York

Toga! Toga!

(Continued from page 69)

tall timbers, and we forget our debt of gratitude to this plain little State. But she keeps on sending Senators to Washington just the same, and although no one ever hears of them, they go quietly about their business of representing Maine and incidentally the paper-makers. Right now a plucky chap named Gould is fighting Maine's paper battles in the Senate. His home is in Presque Isle, where the chief use of paper is in the manufacture of paper collars. Until Mr. Gould entered the Chamber he had always thought that collars of paper were quite the caper, but he was painfully disabused of this notion by glancing at the gentlemen from Arizona and Louisiana. One of them was wearing a celluloid collar, and the other was wearing no collar at all. This so confused Senator Gould that he voted for a criminally high tariff on a certain important clay, much prized by manufacturers of glossy-coated papers. Whereupon the Maine pulp-magnates descended upon Mr. Gould with a barrage of invective hot enough to wilt a horse-collar. And even though the Senator from Maine should change at once to linen chokers, he is not a promising prospect for the 1931 elections. . . .

Now we are reaching the real exhibits. The Senator poring over the books is Reed Smoot (R.) Utah, and the books over which the Senator pores are obscene books, full of traditional pictures and information. The material was old stuff to the Greeks, and is pretty well known to most modern seminary students. But apparently it is all news, tingling, naughty news to the Latter Day Senator. He begged the books from the customs officials in order to pick out the choicer morsels to read to his colleagues. Yes, and they actually woke up to listen.

Who cracks the whip nowadays? Watson from Indiana has the unenviable name of being the Republican leader, but actually he is as much a Republican leader as Arthur Brisbane is a critic of literature. When he was only a Congressman, Mr. Watson used to be a shrewd ringmaster; but his whip handle has lost its cunning, and he can no longer put the Senators through their hoops. He finds that his wheel-horses have been transformed into insurgent geese, forever cackling about their own private goose-eggs.

Well, what are we going to do about it? If we were really sensitive about these matters, and not paralyzed by a philosophy of indifferentism, we would invoke the spirit of Guy Fawkes, that peremptory settler of parliamentary squabbles. We would loan him a nice big barrel of trinitrotoluol; we would lead him down into the Senate cellar and advise him to go through with his original plan. In this way our Senatorial muddle could be cleaned up at a single blast, and the columns of our newspapers could be devoted to constructive news about Marcus Garvey, the latest French Cabinet, and the unbonded Chicago debt.

But for those who dislike violence there is still an alternative. It is pretty well agreed that the country gets along somehow, no matter what the Senate does, or does not do. It is a cheering thought that love, bridge, novel-writing and backgammon go on anyway, even without the advice and consent of the Senate. So why not frankly recognize the situation, and turn it to everyone's advantage? How? Merely by isolating the Upper House on a little island somewhere, preferably in the Bering seal hatcheries, and by letting it convene, probe, debate, rebunk, obfuscate, and snore, until the seals object. The President could then take the net result of the year's activity, place it in a pint flask, and throw it into the ocean.

Or stay—we have already a better idea. Is there a taxidermist in the audience? If there is, won't he please step forward and volunteer to stuff and mount the Senate just as she stands?

Just a song at midnight

(Continued from page 63)

cal comedies, it is still with us. So stop kicking grandpa around. Time enough when he is officially dead.

There happens to be some perfectly good dance music embedded in some of the shows of this season; plenty of neatly fitted songs which, while they make no effort to start moral revolutions or musical schools, are twice as lively and quite as clever as the general run of popular music ever has been . . . and as most popular music ever can be.

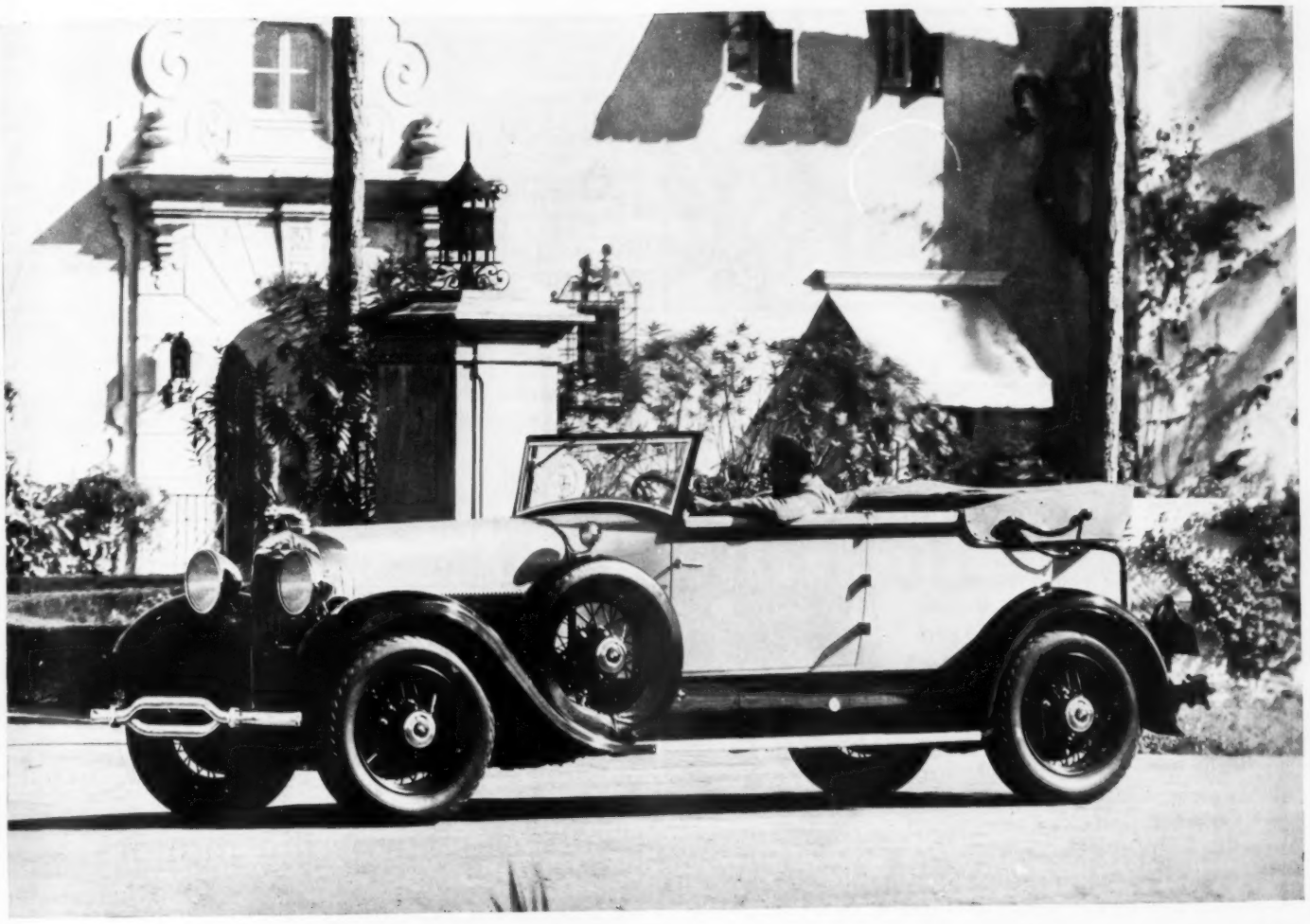
For instance, every major song from *Sweet Adeline;* the marching song which gives Gershwin's *Strike Up the Band* its title; that heart-tossing thing called *Soon* from the same satirical jamboree; Cole Porter's *Primitive Man* from *Fifty Million Frenchmen,* and *She's Such a Comfort to Me* from *Wake Up and Dream; Keys to Your Heart* and *International Rhythm* from Lew Leslie's latest and most lavish mess. And, for instance—that very plain, crackling, inelegantly grinning tune from the popular musical show, *Flying High* called *Thank Your Father.*

There is precious little aristocracy about any of these examples. Sometimes there is less than little originality. But there is popularity—and my point is that it is popularity inevitable, popularity deserved.

Their manufacture is constant, their consumption massy. They are written to purse a huge public's lips, shake a nation's ankles. The marvel is that they can continue to be, year in and out, as lusty and juicy and cleverly simple as they are.

Popular music has never needed or bothered to set up any elaborate defense. I am only contending that, good, bad or unbearable as the popular music of our jazz age has been, it could never be worse than the large run of popular music of any other age. And, for all its swipes, its crude raids on folk-song, on synagogue and Jimtown, on *Tosca* and *Sadko* and God knows what other obvious treasure-houses for its themes, not a single bit less original than popular music has ever claimed to be.

THE LINCOLN



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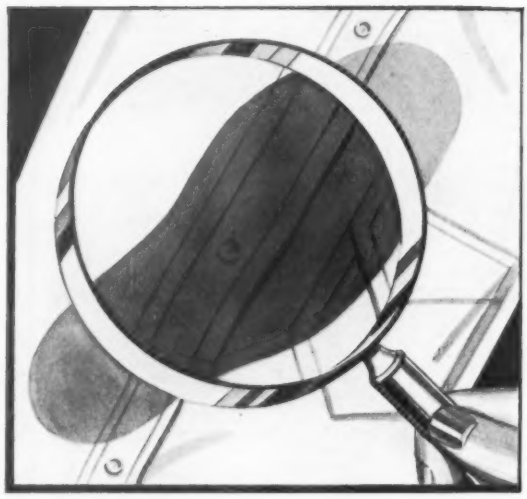

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● Madame will also want TECS. Tell her to ask for size A and the new dainty color combinations.

TECS

SMART NEW JACKETS FOR SHOES

The wittiest man in the world—

(Continued from page 64)

one who gave all phases of life high and alert attention. I could understand his interest in the art of bruising. He asked me many questions concerning the American prize ring.

"Your interest in life is very keen, Mr. Shaw."

He answered, "I came in close contact with much of life in my early days here—the high and the low. I learned to think by being heckled by the London crowds. Those were happy days. Henry James once said to me, 'My dear George, is it true that you once collected a crowd on the Victoria Embankment and addressed them on the great merits of Socialism?' I admitted the charge.

"James shook his head ponderously, and said, 'I could never do that'."

I remarked on the view of the Thames from his window.

He took me to the balcony and stood with his hand upon my shoulder.

"You love this river," I said.

"Oh, yes, though I live more and more in the country as I grow older. On your return from Ireland you must come to see me there."

We looked in the direction of Adelphi Terrace, where he had been a resident so long. He shook his head. "I lived there thirty-one years before I realized how uncomfortable I was. Then I moved."

I pointed to the electric sign advertising an American chewing gum, and said, "It reminds me of the United States."

His eyes squinted across the river. "Oh, yes. It's very lovely at night. It makes the water glow."

Somewhere he had remarked that the last names of the three greatest English writers began with Sh—Shakespeare, Shelley, and Shaw. I recalled it to his mind. He smiled broadly, his hand leaning heavily on my shoulder.

"Yes, indeed. I've often wondered why I mentioned the other two. But I was younger then."

The wind began to rise. Afraid that he might catch cold, I took him by the arm and re-entered the apartment.

"I was just saying," said Miss Patch, "that the reporters would have been delighted with the picture of you two on the balcony."

Shaw snapped his fingers, smiling. "An oversight. We should have telephoned them to come."

Shaw said he had but recently returned from Italy.

Italian inspectors, upon learning who he was, did not consider it necessary to open his luggage. The incident pleased him a great deal.

It was in Italy that he had met Gene Tunney. He was to remain a few days, but finding that Tunney's wife was ill, and the pugilist in a low mental state Shaw remained with him two weeks.

As we rose to go, Shaw walked with Thomas Cook, Jr. to the elevator. His hands moved constantly, and he talked earnestly. Miss Patch walked with me.

"It is the most successful interview Mr. Shaw has had in years!" she said.

As we stepped into the elevator, he bowed politely to Thomas Cook, Jr., then turning to me with a happy smile said, "Give my love to Ireland."

"Murder is the matter!"

(Continued from page 51)

chemist's for immediate relief, and then to a bed in the 'Charing Cross hospital.

The police, by means of ladders, at last effected an entrance to the rooms of Mr. Roberts. The officers looked at an amazing sight. The rooms were elaborately over-furnished in the French style of the period of Louis Philippe. Brackets and shelves were ornamented with statuettes and bric-à-brac, under glass covers. The floor space was crowded with ormolu tables and boule cabinets. Everything in the room was filthy with dirt and dust—the thick, black encrustation which follows years of neglect.

In the front room the ornate and dirty furniture was little disarranged, but the other room showed the marks of a terrific fight. There were splashes of blood on the walls, and a shower of drops of blood on the glass covers over the ornaments. In places, the room looked "as if a bloody mop had been trundled round and round."

Near the wall in the front room, his head a shocking mass of wounds, lay the owner of all this: Roberts, the money-lender. He had a dozen or twenty injuries, any one of which looked as if it alone should have been fatal.

He, also, was taken to the hospital, where, to the astonishment of the surgeons, he lived for six days.

Young Roberts was brought to see Major Murray, but his name meant nothing.

"What Roberts?" said the Major.

"Why, the son of the Roberts who shot you," was the reply.

Then the exasperation of Major Murray burst forth again.

"Why, damn him," he said, "he ought to be hanged for shooting a man on the ground!"

To the sporting Major, especially at a time of the year when the thoughts of all Englishmen were dwelling upon the approach of the grouse season, it was scandalous that Roberts had not flushed him before firing.

Since Roberts died without giving any reason for the fight, and since it was a mystery to Major Murray, the police continued to search the rooms for an explanation. At last, as in a detective story, they believed they had found it in a few marks on a blood-stained sheet of blotting paper. Holding this to the mirror, they deciphered the name "Mrs. Murray".

The inquest was held ten days after the fight. The so-called Mrs. Murray appeared, heavily veiled. When she lifted this veil, she disclosed "the features of a remarkably pretty woman" of about twenty-five. Her name was Anna Maria Moody. Seven or eight years earlier, she had left her family "to live under Major Murray's protec-

(Continued on page 100)

Recognition

The completion of one of the finest hat factories in the world at Norwalk, Connecticut, to manufacture Flanul Felt Hats is *recognition* of the quality and styling that have always been integral parts of this headwear. ¶ The high calibre of the Shops throughout the United States that sell Flanul Felts is further *recognition* of the excellence of these hats. ¶ The group of smartly turned-out men who insist on Flanul Felts is *recognition* that only crowns a superior product. ¶ This *recognition* of success that has attended Flanul Felts is a result of the conscientious efforts of a group of the world's foremost hat stylists and manufacturers to produce fine headwear that is styled correctly according to the dictates of good taste and correct fashion. The leadership of Hodshon-Berg products is exemplified by the way the entire hat industry has accepted the new blue shades this Spring, after Flanul Felts were introduced in a complete range of nine Coventry Blues. ¶ Hodshon-Berg, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York and Norwalk, Connecticut. Manufacturers of Flanul Felts, Sunfast Hats, Hodshon Hats, Berg Crest Hats and Berg Hats . . . . felt hats, stiff hats, caps, straw hats, panamas, silk hats, opera hats and berets.

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Hartmann Wardrobe Trunks hold from 5 to 20 suits or costume changes plus all accessories . . . $35 to $400.

The theatrical year ends

(Continued from page 44)

it further says that it will show that play. A Shakespearian revival is also on the list, and—mindful of the money that *Journey's End* has made—the Guild is cabling desperately as I write these words for a London war play, similarly without a woman in the cast, called *Suspense*. It has announced Donnay's admirably humourous version of *Lysistrata*, but my secret police inform me that it is beginning to lose its nerve over it. Let us hope that it will stiffen its weak spine and come to some decision by the time this gets into type. From what I know of the slow progress O'Neill is making on his new play, I doubt that it will be ready for the Guild this next season, certainly not until very late in the season if at all. And I privilege myself to speculate as to when the Guild will decide to produce it even if and when it gets it. The additional Guild announcements of its plans are for the most part pretty vague, involving—save in the case of a play already completed by Lynn Riggs, an untried playwright—plays which I am told have not yet been written.

The season just ended brings forth Jed Harris as the American theatre's most talented and most promising producer. His remarkably fine work in the production of *Uncle Vanya* not only proves that his gifts have been hitherto underestimated—chiefly because he has devoted himself largely to melodrama and dramatic journalism, both, however, of high grade in their especial way—but also that no one hereabouts compares with him in the translation, script preparation and general direction of the better grade of drama. Among other things, he is to give us this coming season a play of Shakespeare's as he thinks Shakespeare should be done; if his work proves to be as excellent as in the Chekhov presentation the professional art groups will have to do a lot of shamefaced blushing.

Arthur Hopkins did nothing worthy of his talents during the year but *The Commodore Marries*; the rest of the plays he elected to produce were trivial. Gilbert Miller put on *Berkeley Square*, a revamping of the old cut-back dramatic idea salted with an allusion to Einstein and hence swallowed by the boobs as something very important. Also *Dishonored Lady*, a cheap yellow-back turned into box office stuff by placing Katharine Cornell at stage centre, and a bit of fluff from the German called *Candle-Light*, completely insignificant. Eva Le Gallienne's company, together with Miss Le Gallienne herself, belongs in the amateur class. Winthrop Ames has retired and is no longer producing. Belasco devotes himself to piffle. So it would seem, as I have hinted, to be up to Harris.

Pursuing the year's biography, we behold the dismay of the critical professors at the blowing-up of many of their idols, the great majority of whom never in the first place showed much of anything to warrant the opinion the aforementioned professors held of them. Martin Flavin, whose undergraduate essay in Ibsen-Strindbergism, *Children of the Moon*, brought the professors to an excited flapping of their ears and howls of commendation, turned out *Cross Roads*, a conventional younger generation gin-and-sex affair, *Broken Dishes*, a slice of stereotyped yokel hokum, and *The Criminal Code*, an obvious melodrama artfully masked by William Harris, Jr., as problem drama. And the professors, though they worked up a few self-consoling if somewhat strained cheers for the last named play, began doubtfully to scratch their heads. George Kelly produced *Maggie, the Magnificent* and the head-scratching took on even more energy. Sidney Howard turned out an evening of connubial juvenilia called *Half-Gods* and the scratching could be heard blocks away. Philip Barry came along with *Hotel Universe*, one of the drollest attempts at profundity ever committed to paper, and the scratching got to be so deep that it drew blood. Elmer Rice followed up *Street Scene* with *See Naples and Die*, and the scratching pulled handfuls of hair out of the professors' heads. Edward Sheldon, long the professors' pet, did his collaborative share on *Jenny*, a very juicy lemon, and on *Dishonored Lady*, a miserable piece of emotional clap-trap, and the scratching became so vigorous that the boys broke their finger-nails.

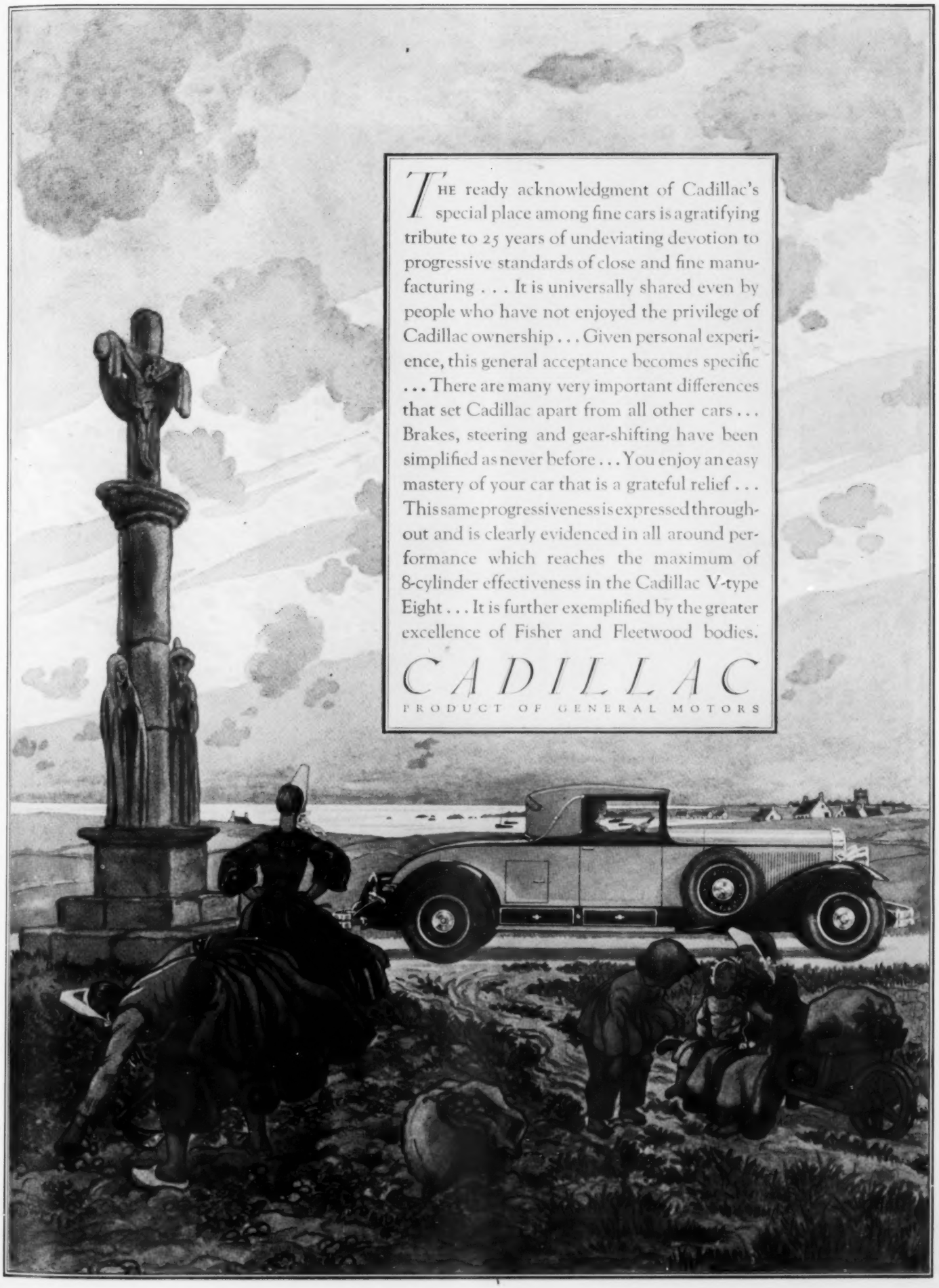
Some of the more recent pets of the critical lads similarly brought a worried distress to their endorsing papas. Preston Sturges' *Recapture* started his critical eulogists to wondering just who had written *Strictly Dishonorable*, to which Sturges' name had been signed. Noël Coward's *Bitter-Sweet*, with its book a stale rehash of the *Romance* kind of tale and its music wearing a child's-size shoe, gave the lads some trouble in the matter of the designation "genius" that they had been applying to him. George Abbott and Philip Dunning, who wrote *Broadway* or at least made a name for themselves with the play that Jed Harris eventually showed us under that title, came forth with *Those We Love* and *Sweet Land of Liberty* respectively and made their erstwhile champions conjecture how much of them, after all, must have been Harris. Only Marc Connelly and G. S. Kaufman didn't disappoint the boys. The former, in *The Green Pastures*, did a job surprisingly superior to any he had previously tackled—the earlier jobs, truth to tell, amounting to little, despite the discharges of critical grease. And the latter once again did his skilful share in the gay farce, *June Moon*.

In conclusion, I nominate the following ten as the most interesting new plays produced during the season:

The Silver Tassie.
The Green Pastures.
Among the Married.
The Last Mile.
Veneer.
Red Rust.
June Moon.
The Commodore Marries.
Children of Darkness.
Strictly Dishonorable.

As the best production of a play: Jed Harris' *Uncle Vanya*.

And as the best musical comedy, *Sweet Adeline*.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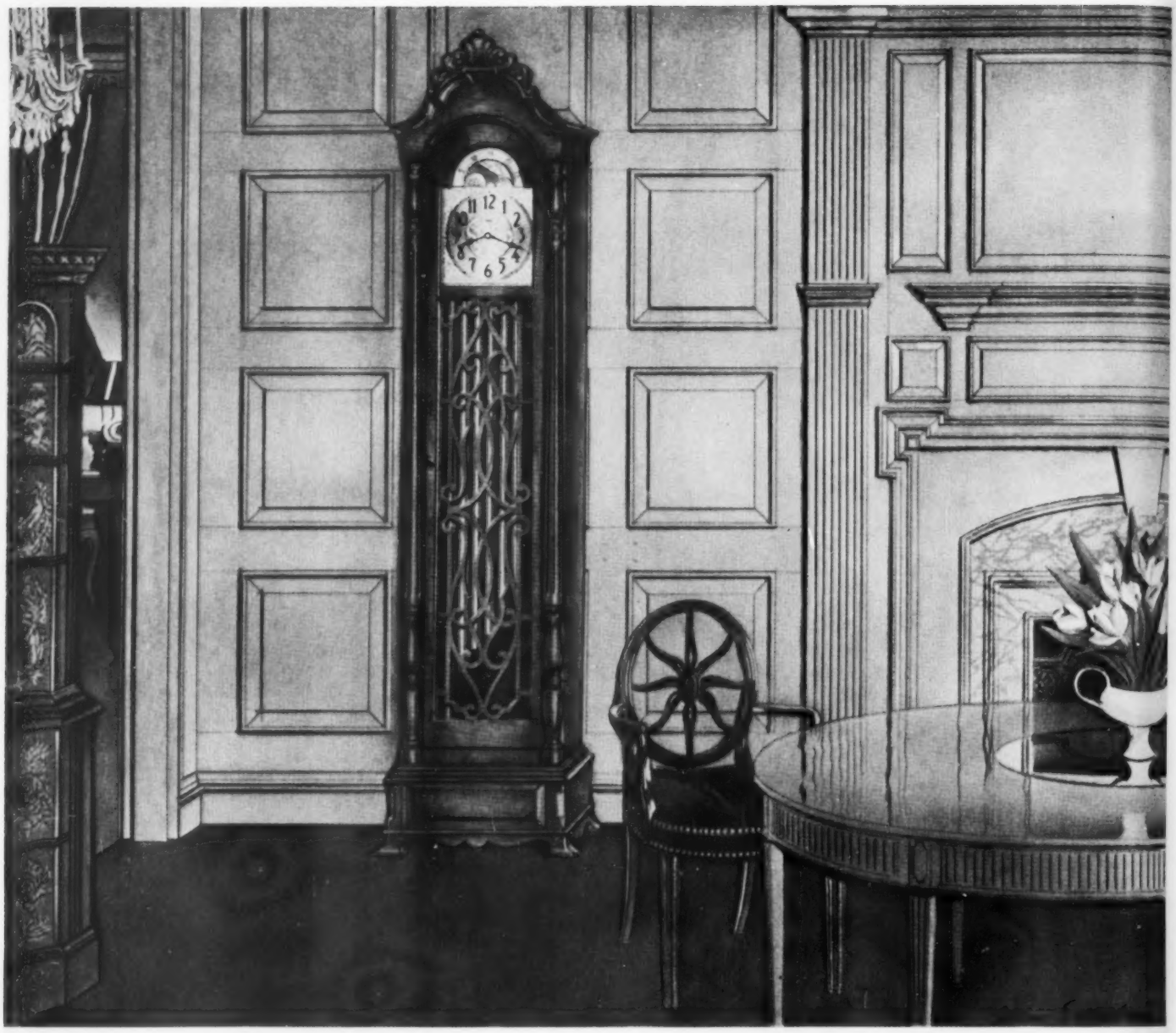

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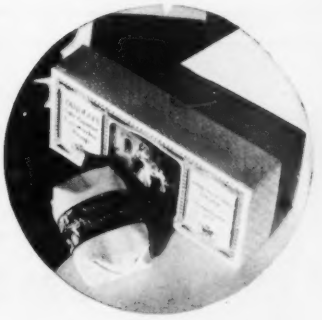

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The ministering angel

(Continued from page 48)

from the women of his prisoners, said that he had never read such pitiful and beautiful letters. He had heard of the life they had led together, and he marvelled again at the devotion of women. He urged the husband to profit by them; to keep up his heart for the sake of this strong and splendid woman, and to try to be a better man and to be worthy of her. And the husband, rendered markedly docile by his first taste of prison, said that he would. And he said it sincerely. Prison was giving him time to think, and time to look clearly at this woman; time to recast the life she had led with him, and to see it from her side, and to wonder at the unselfish and untiring affection that she still had for him. Prison had made him docile; the letters made him humble. He began to be what he had never been before—something like a man. The Governor noted the change, and, on one of the wife's permitted visits to her husband, he complimented her on her attitude, and urged her to continue the letters, since they were working wonders on what at first had been regarded as a bad case. She did. Each week there was a letter for him—a letter full of protestations of boundless love for him and belief in his natural goodness. In each she spoke of the time drawing near when he should be free. She spoke of the changes she was making in their home, of the work she was doing, of the wonderful dinner she would have ready for him that morning; and always she urged him to remember that he need only be himself to be a better man than most, and that somebody was waiting to help him to do it.

They had their effect. He became a model prisoner and a likeable man, and his ferocious bravado was changed into quiet courage and a sort of bemused gentleness. He was obedient to the most trivial law of the prison, and was always seeking occasion to do little services for other prisoners.

Well, he served his term, and upon a certain morning he was passed through the prison gates. Outside the gates stood his wife. She came towards him with a smile, holding out a little sprig of white flowers for his buttonhole. He greeted her awkwardly, yet with some touch of a dignity he had never before had. They went away together, to the home she had been keeping neat and clean for him. They spoke little on the way. She had said all she had to say in her letters, and he could find no words for what he wanted to say. They reached home, and she welcomed him into it, and set a chair by the fire, and asked if he was hungry. He said he was, and she set about preparing the meal.

While she was preparing it, she sought to interest him by bright chatter of trivialities of the day. She kept away from the deep matters of her letters, speaking only of this and of that—of the sunshine, and the flowers, and of the dog that belonged to the people next door, and of the price of sausages, and of a horse that people said was to win that year's Derby.

Then the meal was ready, and she told him to pull his chair to the table. He did, and sniffed at the savoury odour of the dishes she had made for them, and his eye glistened. And here she made the first intimate gesture she had made since meeting him at the prison-gates. She stood over his chair, and bent to him, and said: "Are you happy?" And he looked up and said "Yes, gel. Yes," and she looked down and said, "Well, I never was."

And then, looking into her eyes, he knew why men make so much of their women. And if the eyes didn't tell him, her next words did.

"I never was. You had two years. I had twelve. And then . . . in bed with that woman. That's why I wrote those letters—to be sure that you'd come to me when you came out. There's yer nice dinner. Look at it—'cos you're never going to eat it." Her voice became a scream. "You're never going to eat it, you dirty, blasted, black-hearted swine!"

He saw a carving-knife in the air; and that was the last thing he saw. The next second he felt a burning pain in the neck; and that was the last thing he felt.

The value of international parleys

(Continued from page 55)

In any long view of international affairs the truest measure of progress is the degree in which the nations accept the principle of consultation. There are many different kinds of machinery for preserving the peace. They are all more or less debatable. Some prefer the League and some the Kellogg Pact, some prefer this treaty and some that one. The essence of the matter lies, I think, elsewhere. It lies in the acceptance of the idea, in the establishment of the assumption, in the growth of the habit, of resorting to conference in order to settle the conflicts of nations. Covenants and pacts derive whatever value they may have from the underlying will to consult. Without that will to consult the whole grandiose machinery is either empty piety or a snare and a delusion.

All particular solutions of international problems are more or less temporary. The wisdom and justice and permanence of each is open to question. In the nature of things, since this is a world where nothing stands still very long, there can be no such thing as a final settlement. The only permanent thing that men can attain is the habit of settling, of sitting, and talking, and arguing until they have settled. Were that habit deeply ingrained, we should be living in an ordered world.

We do not live in an ordered world. We live in a disordered and dangerous world and amidst the tentative and feeble beginnings of something better. In the actual work of these conferences we can see disclosed quite clearly the appalling amount of disorder and danger which lie under the surface of modern life. It is only in the willingness to continue the process of consultation that we can honestly discern the signs of something better.

Doubters of the Revolution

(Continued from page 43)

We could use a little fanaticism in our Holy Crusade.

But if we have high hopes of enlisting these grizzled warriors and these women-at-arms with the armed hosts of Christendom, I am unfortunately a little less sanguine over the possibilities of our securing the coöperation of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. I fear this group will claim, under their ambiguous title, that they are not only for Prohibition but also for Temperance—as though the one were not the exact antonym of the other. For when this church militant declares that it is for Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, it means specifically that it is for Prohibition, and that those two red herrings in their title, "Temperance" and "Public Morals", will be tactfully forgotten once the main purpose has been accomplished.

But the women? Surely *they* must rush to join our valiant group. Surely those "twelve million wives and mothers" will not hesitate to attack and eliminate the odious Speakeasy, even if they must sacrifice their precious Eighteenth Amendment in order to do so. What is a mere Amendment, after all, in the face of the crime and depravity which are the results of the Speakeasy today? Did a mere respect for the Constitution and the ideal of liberty prevent them once from passing this admittedly anti-Constitutional Amendment, when that old enemy, the Saloon, reared its ugly head?

And the younger generation? Here are the most passionate advocates of Temperance of us all. They, far more than their elders, have seen the evils which the Speakeasy has produced; they have seen it drag down and corrupt more and more recruits from their own circles. Without ulterior motives of religious fanaticism or commercial greed, merely with all the fire of youth and all its courage I am sure we shall see this uprising generation in the van of our Crusade.

Join the Anti-Speakeasy League.

Purposes of the League

Founded to take the place of the obsolete Anti-Saloon League

Whereas: We, the undersigned, are convinced that the modern Speakeasy, with its poisonous liquor, its exorbitant prices and its free access to women, constitutes a blot and a stain upon our American civilization; and,

Whereas: Such a source of temptation, vice and corruption is a far greater menace to this nation than its predecessor, the Saloon; and,

Whereas: We feel that this obnoxious Speakeasy, with all its attendant evils, could only exist under the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment,

Now, therefore, be it resolved: That the Anti-Speakeasy League is founded to fight this corruption and protect our children from the baleful influence of the Speakeasy, by uniting to destroy this law under which the Speakeasy flourishes; and,

That we do deplore and condemn as un-American and dangerous to the morals of our children, for their support of the disgraceful Speakeasy, the obsolete and outmoded Anti-Saloon League and all public or private citizens who contribute to the current reign of vice, corruption and drunkenness by their misguided fealty to an immoral and impractical law; and finally,

That we, the Anti-Speakeasy League, do urge all our members to fight the Speakeasy, and its aforementioned supporters, by constant petitions to Congress, by our refusal to coöperate with the present odious Law, and by a complete campaign of conscientious objection to the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment, in order to restore the ideal of Temperance.

(Signed) _____

(Mail this blank to Vanity Fair, Graybar Building, New York or to the Anti-Speakeasy League, Room 1158, National Press Building, Washington, D. C.)

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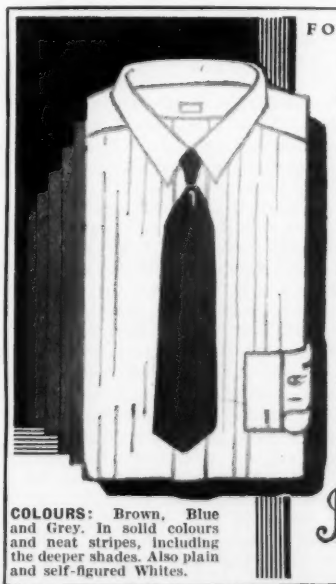

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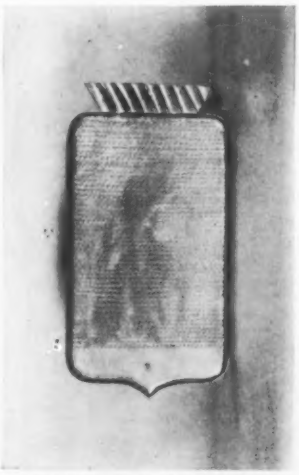

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"Murder is the matter!"

(Continued from page 94)

tion." When her baby was born, she was embarrassed for funds, and was unwilling to ask for more money from the Major, who, although a bachelor, was "under heavy expenses."

Someone told her of Roberts; she went to him, and found him willing to lend her £15, provided she signed a three months' note for £20.

She had never been able to pay the debt, but had continued to make quarterly payments of £5 as interest. Roberts had tried to make love to her, and offered to release her from the debt if she would leave Major Murray and go to Scotland with him.

The Major gave his testimony in the hospital ward; his throat bandaged, and his neck too stiff to let him move his head.

Roberts had accosted him in the street, introduced himself as "Grey", and offered a loan of £50,000 to the Railway Palace Hotel, of which project the Major was a director. The two men went to Roberts' rooms, where the host left his guest alone for a few minutes. He came back, stopped behind the chair in which the Major was sitting, held a pistol directly against the neck of his victim, and fired. The Major fell to the floor. Roberts left the room again, and came back to see the Major beginning to move. He walked up and again fired at his right temple. The outrush of blood from this wound relieved the Major a little, and, as he said,

"I knew if I could get on my feet I could make a fight for it."

He opened his eyes and saw the tongs. With these in his hands, he jumped up and attacked his intending murderer. The tongs were smashed against Roberts' skull, after which the Major found a large black wine-bottle and smashed that in the same manner. Two or three times, Roberts seemed to be down and out, but he would recover his feet, and—a hideous sight—come lurching toward the Major, who was trying to find an escape from the apartment. At last, Roberts fell on his face as though dead; the Major pushed him through into the front room, shut the folding doors, and leaped out the window.

Major Murray's story was corroborated by all the facts known to the jury, who brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide"—this amidst the applause of the crowd of spectators.

Roberts' motive for the attempt at murder seems absurdly inadequate, but it is probable that, in his desperate infatuation for Miss Moody, he thought that with the Major out of the way, he might somehow become the heir to her affections. How he planned to dispose of the body is not clear: perhaps, in the mass of other rubbish which filled his strange dwelling, he thought that the corpse of a retired officer would pass unnoticed.

If you should be eccentric enough to look at *The Times* for April 1, 1907 you will find this, under *Deaths*:

MURRAY. *On the 28th March, at Ossemsley Manor, Christ-church, Hants, Major William Murray, late 97th Regiment, and 10th Hussars. Service Newmilton, 9 a.m., Wednesday. Cremation, Woking. No flowers, by his special request.*

All the bullets of that damned fellow, upstairs, had not prevented the gallant Major from reaching the hearty old age of 88. But not even in the Crimea—if he was in that war, which is doubtful—did he ever come so near death as on that day when he fought "like a demon" against a man whose name, and whose purpose, were alike, to him, a mystery.

A golfing pioneer

(Continued from page 79)

was full of a wonderful and fiery imagery; it could on the spur of the moment summon up pictures so surprising and complex that the ordinary mind could never have conceived them in a week of thinking. His play was on the same god-like scale. Not that he was, save in one particular, a great player by any means, but through something doublejointed in his anatomy, he could swing the club further around his head than any other man. It was said that he had knocked the ball off the tee in his backward swing. It was in fact rather an absurd swing, though no one of us dared to say so or even to think so, but there was nothing absurd about his putting. I never saw a man putt with so free and supple a wrist and putt better.

Gradually he ceased to play golf altogether though he was a regular visitor of the Club House; indeed, I recall only one occasion on which he did play. That was several years after the rubber covered ball had been introduced and he had never tried one. It chanced that on the Medal day, the late Lord Eldon was without a partner and Mr. Linskill was induced to play. Rumour flew quickly abroad and Lord Eldon, who was not a great player, was somewhat surprised to find a large crowd assembled to see him start his round. Mr. Linskill took a considerable number of shots to cross the burn but at length his ball reached the confines of the green. Then he took up his old wooden putter and hit the ball as sweetly as ever. It struck the tin, leaped high in the air but refused to drop. "By God," exclaimed the player in a voice of thunder "if it had been a gutty I'd have banged it down."

I do not think that Mr. Linskill took much interest in the newer race of players. There was however one golfing function that he never missed; namely, the inauguration of the new Captain of St. Andrews at the Autumn meeting. However inclement the morning, there he was, smoking his pipe, one of the privileged persons who stood on the first teeing ground, from which the new Captain drove his ball.

Mr. Linskill wrote one of the earlier text books on golf, the modestest little book with just a few pages, the names of the different clubs, a copy of the rules and very little else. My copy of the work is, I imagine, a comparative rarity. Yet he was in his way one of the real pioneers of golf in England.

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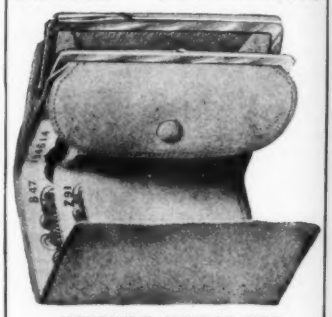

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MANY in Chicago society can remember when Mildred caught her second bouquet. The year was 1917. "Surely now, she will be the next to marry," they said, remembering the old adage. Everybody was marrying; war, romance and matrimony were in the air. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the groom would be one of the nice young men training at Fort Sheridan. But somehow or other, none of them seemed interested in her after they really got to know her. The years rolled on . . . Mildred was still attractive, still catching bouquets. But there her luck ended. Matrimony seemed further off than ever. The truth was that Mildred repelled others without knowing why. And none of her friends had the courage to tell her.

You never have it?-*what colossal conceit!*

Surveys show that not one person in ten escapes halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next. Its causes are many: excesses of eating or drinking, decaying teeth, pyorrhea, fermenting food particles in the mouth and slight infections of the gums, mouth, nose or throat, from which unpleasant odors arise.

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Dude ascending the staircase

(Continued from page 57)

been doing with yourself?"

"Oh . . ." a faint pause implied a shoulder lifted in hesitation. "Very little—but I'm afraid you won't like to hear it. Jerry, I'm married again."

"Married! Who to?" he demanded.

"I don't think he's anybody you know, Jerry—an Englishman. His name is Merriman."

One thing, on this inspired, doomed and disappointing night, seemed important to Jerry. "Do you love him?" he wanted to know.

She laughed. "Oh, but I have to! He is so *frightfully* jealous, Jerry. He's always going about hitting large men in the eye at formal parties because he thinks they have been looking at me." An echo of amusement threaded her voice. "But of *course* they have been looking at me!"

There was a brief silence. Then he heard her say, slowly; "My husband is in London now. . . ."

The concierge was little and blurred beneath the great shadows that danced crazily about his lantern at the gate. "*Mais oui, Madame est là*," he told Jerry, "*deuxième étage, à gauche*."

Confidently, Jerry tapped the brim of his top hat and watched his own shadow, a shadow smarter and better-tailored than most, precede him up the path to the doorway. The house received him into the cool, empty twilight of its hall; and the sound of his footstep on the first stair was sharp with anticipation—a sort of thin prelude to the swift, increasing movement of his patent-leather ascent.

At the top of the flight, he turned left into a long, dim corridor, feebly lit with one wall-bracket and decorated, in its middle by a large, prehensile potted plant, Jerry paused. Something in the keen colour of his thoughts, something in the wine that he had drunk, something in the high eagerness of his heart made him suddenly and terribly conscious of that plant. He disliked it while he pitied it, so stark it was, so grasping, so green and so alone. He raised his hat to it with a brief bow, and resumed his way along the corridor. . . .

It was then that he saw Merriman. The man must have come out of a door at the end of the hall, and was walking toward him. His shoulders were set in determination, his step full of purpose. Jerry remembered, with sudden alarm, that he had forgotten to ask Valerie when her husband was expected back from London . . . obviously he had chosen to-night to return. It *would* have to happen to him, thought Jerry, as he stepped prudently behind the palm.

Jerry was no coward; neither was he a fool. His desire to see Valerie was great, but not so great as his desire to be well away from an unfortunate situation; besides, it would be awkward for Valerie.

Sheltered by the enormous plant, he waited. The footsteps in the corridor had stopped. There was only a great silence—vast and dim but, to Jerry, full of dark potentialities. He waited another minute, then quietly went back along the corridor, down the staircase, and out again into the empty night.

In the garden, he stood for a moment meditating. He was sure that Merriman had not seen him, so quickly had he stepped behind the palm. The whole thing, in fact, had happened so swiftly that Jerry wished, now, that he had waited a little longer. Perhaps he had only imagined the figure of

(Continued on page 104)

The beautiful devil

(Continued from page 73)

AURORA (*almost abject*)—He said he'd come surely. But, I suppose this means another disappointment.

[*and unwrapping the parcel, she reveals a gramophonic record and a small placard which she reads aloud (after perusing inwardly)*]

AURORA (*gaily*)—The note;

I'll be with you in a few moments after this record has introduced me in proper fashion. (*and she accordingly places it in the gramophone.*)

THE VOICE (*with dramatic rhapsody*)— So, my dear, farewell then
till we meet again
this nite at nine
when you'll be mine.

And, Aurora, will you wear the camisole? It's beneath the record.

(*So Aurora hurries delightedly to her boudoir in oral thought.*)

AURORA—This will be nice; it's just the shade I love. (pale pink)

(*The apartment-bell rings to permit the entrance of—Romney Gordon. Gallivanting here, too. The Villain. However, be that as it may, he addresses the servant hastily yet politely.*)

ROMNEY—Is Miss Leigh in?

MAID—Yes sir.

(*The maid vanishes into Aurora's room and, Aurora, emerging from her chamber (clad in the camisole—like a romantic étude—) advances to him, and he, sensing an approach, greets her with rapturous enthusiasm that envelops her with his arms and self. Though he does not escape her remonstrance.*)

ROMNEY (*proudly*)—Well, here I am. Just listen to this, Aurora:

Way out upon Elysian shores
I saw you there
Ensconced as in a golden lair
Bestowing your charms so fair
On one who loved you true
The moment he gazed on you.

ecstatic, eh? I composed it coming up the stairs.

AURORA (*eyes him with defiance*)

ROMNEY—What, you challenge me?

AURORA (*maintaining her attitude*)

ROMNEY (*embracing her for a kiss which she does not repulse, after which he smilingly withdraws.*)—Now you kiss me.

AURORA (*evincing a delightful smile*)

ROMNEY—Now my fair lady, let us storm the mint of love and joy, and rifle all that's in't.

AURORA (*with her winning smile*)—Oh! Romney. (*They join in mutual embrace as the* CURTAIN *descends.*)

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The Spartan C-4-225 is powered by the Wright "Whirlwind Seven." Standard equipment includes dual controls, metal propeller, booster magneto, starter, complete instrument panel, oleo gear, Bendix wheels and brakes, adjustable stabilizer, navigation lights. Interior design by Kinnan . . . fittings by Ternstedt . . . broadcloth by Wiese.

SPARTAN AIRCRAFT COMPANY
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Ave atque Vallée

(Continued from page 66)

success is not the result of any lucky chance, but is rather the product of long hours, gruelling study, and industry, coupled with a sense of humour and the will to win.

Previous to my graduation from Yale—I am a Yale man, I may add—I was forced to spend most of my time at Yale indulging in a number of tasks which would have staggered any ordinary Yale undergraduate. Fourteen hours daily I devoted to my orchestra. Nine hours daily I practiced upon the saxophone, and spent three hours traveling to and from the surrounding towns where our band was hired to perform; so that the reader will realize that I had comparatively few hours left each day for study, sleep, and flushing my saxophone.

It was the same little orchestra which I first founded at Yale (which college I attended) that later became the famous "Riddy Vallée and his Band." To be sure, immediately after my graduation (I graduated from Yale) I discharged all the Yale boys except myself; but the nucleus was still there, and by surrounding myself with a few musicians I was ready at last to set out on my first professional venture.

At this point it may be of interest to my possible admirers to explain how I first acquired my name. For some time I had been an earnest admirer of Rudy Vallée, the orchestra leader and singer, whose life I felt in many ways paralleled my own; and so devout did my admiration become that my friends began in jest to call me "Riddy Vallée". As a result I soon decided to retain this name, feeling somehow that it was a little more romantic than my native name of Schmalzburg.

I was now on the verge of my great success. I knew my own talent, of course; and all that remained was to convince the rest of the public that I was as great as I seemed to myself. (I am still working on this.)

This autobiography would not be complete, moreover, without a tribute to the loyal efforts of "the boys", as I call them, to live up to the reputation of their leader. I ask little enough of them, as they are able to remain sitting down all evening with nothing to do but play their instruments and watch me while I, on the other hand, must stand in front of the microphone all night, crooning, smiling, acknowledging the applause, and attending to a hundred-and-one other wearying tasks.

Last but not least, I should like to conclude this book by replying, once and for all, to the constant demand made by my feminine followers: *What Is My Dream Girl?* To me, the Ideal Woman must be short, or tall, beautiful, intelligent, since mere physical charm alone can never hold a man, she must be a good dancer, admire housework, not be afraid of good hard work, cook, bake, sew, play, sing and love simple home things—the kind of girl that married dear old Dad.

Yet sometimes, as I stand today surrounded by the garlands of fame, with millions of women begging to touch my hand, with adulation and worship such as few human beings have experienced before, still I feel that I am not satisfied. How often, as I stand upon the stage and bow to salvo after salvo of applause, do I long for those good old days when I was an unknown undergraduate at Yale! How often, when I am guest of honour at a vast public banquet, do I long for the quiet seclusion of a home-cooked dinner in the old family kitchen. How often, as I wave my baton in the center of the spotlight, have I yearned once again to be a simple saxophone player, concealed somewhere in the last row of a hundred-piece orchestra, far from the madding crowd!

How often, indeed!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the best answer to the question "How often?", Riddy Vallée will give away an autographed photograph of himself, said to be the only one of its kind in existence.*)

Dude ascending the staircase

(Continued from page 102)

Merriman; perhaps, he thought vaguely, it had been a creature of his own subconscious thought, for Valerie's husband had unquestionably been a little on his mind.

Again, Jerry lifted his face wearily to the cool heavens; again the perfume of the night in Valerie's garden filled him with a high, romantic resolve. Again he entered the house, and ascended the stairs to the corridor.

It was no use. Merriman was waiting for him this time, waiting outside the door at the end, menacing and motionless. Panic-stricken by now, Jerry darted behind the palm again. Had Merriman seen him? He looked cautiously around the green, grasping leaves. Merriman was there, moving toward him. . . .

And then something happened to Jerry, for he was, after all, no coward. A sudden consciousness that he was acting like a knave and a gigolo, a sudden distaste for this hole-and-corner business grated acutely upon him. He walked out into the corridor and, with his hand outstretched in all friendliness, went rapidly to meet Merriman. . . .

"Of course," said Philip, concluding the story as Hilda crushed her cigarette in a silver tray, "everybody likes Jerry tremendously. That's why his friends were all glad to hear, the next day, that although the blow had knocked him unconscious for a few minutes, he wasn't really hurt—except for a small bruise on his forehead where the mirror had hit him." He paused and beckoned to the waiter to bring the bill. "But naturally no woman with any sense would want to *marry* a crazy loon like that."

"No, perhaps not," said Hilda, rather wanly. And so, a month or two later, she married Philip and had, in good time, a nice house in Greenwich, Connecticut, three hundred and fifty dollars a month to dress herself on, two children who were susceptible to colds—and remained a little bored for the rest of her life.

Threesome

Perhaps you'll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don't. (It's one of several things they have in common.) But there's another, more delightful tie that binds . . . the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow . . . a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.

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LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

Modern French Sculptors

(Continued from page 70)

has not found any one to echo his teachings. Therefore it may be claimed that his influence on contemporary sculpture has been negligible.

However, the direction and the import of his researches, the inclination of his taste toward a Roman style and later toward the archaic Greek, Egyptian and Assyrian, joins him to the young generation whose arehaic tendencies are well known.

The dominating characteristic of contemporary French sculpture is the study of pure volumes, of the static, of geometrical solids, of bodies in repose. Modern sculpture is passionately preoccupied with the complete mastery of material. Artisans first, the sculptors of to-day, following the traditions of ancient artisans, are their own workmen. They cut the stone themselves, carve the wood, toil like workers. This discipline imposes an excellent restraint in form upon the sculptor.

The temperament of Joseph Bernard, less rich than Bourdelle's, possesses a strange beauty whose sensuality is never basely carnal. He occupies at the present moment a predominant place among those who began work in the first years of the twentieth century.

His female statues, his wild bacchantes, exert a singular fascination. They have a tranquillity, an expressive simplicity, a linear purity that one might almost term biblical. He is preeminently a sculptor of women. *La Jeune Fille à la Draperie, La Sérénité,* rank among the most beautiful female images.

Rodin discovered Despiau in 1903 and was struck by the vitality and rare sensibility which the latter displayed. Since then that sensibility has been constantly enriched. The artist's vision has gained in variety and acuity without losing any of its freshness and its exquisite simplicity. His style is forthright in its simple beauty, resorting to no facile effects, free of all adventitious or accidental ornament, expressing only the essential elements of poetry. One can in all justice speak of Despiau in the same breath with Houdon and Donatello.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to designate the followers of Rodin or Bourdelle, but it is easy to estimate the profound effect which Despiau has had on the most talented of contemporary sculptors. It is not an extravagant assertion that the greater part of the young sculptors of today draw their inspiration from him, beginning with his compatriot Wlérik, who has an enchanting freshness and a superb range of intellect. What is apparent in Wlérik is no less true of the others. There is Gimond, a precise craftsman, Cornet, with his patrician reserve, the sympathetic Cavaillon, the simple, moving art of Mlle. Jane Poupelet, and the well constructed effigies of Arnold.

Possessing as wide a variety of temperament as one could wish, nevertheless, a great number of the eminent artists of our epoch display a certain unity in their style. This is a very important fact to note. They distrust "the dangerous suppleness of clay" which might tend to weaken their art. Therefore for the most part, they work freely in wood and in stone. Whether they are modellers of animals, like Guyot, Poupelet, Hernandez, Pavie, or Pompon, stone cutters like Nivet, Niclausse or Drivier, or wood-sculptors like Guénot, theirs is a common problem: volumes, economy of detail, and concise and logical construction. They all desire (the sculptors more than the modellers) to restore to sculpture its original rôle by cultivating those qualities which, in all times—in ancient Egypt, in archaic Greece, and the Far East—have been the purest qualities of statuary. Certain artists, such as Jane Poupelet, have unconsciously applied this instinctive knowledge of the primitive law of frontality to their own work. They have realized that techniques must differ according to the materials employed. Nowadays, marble and bronze are no longer handled as they were in decadent periods of art.

If modern sculpture must be judged by comparison with Charles Despiau it must likewise be judged with reference to Aristide Maillol.

In the case of Maillol, we see sculpture in open rebellion against the principles of Rodin. Material is treated with a conciseness, an economy that is rigorously mathematical, striving constantly toward a simplification of form. In all his works, Maillol tends towards the use of such forms as most resemble the sphere and the cylinder.

It has been justly remarked that Maillol is to sculpture what Cézanne was to painting.

In its ultimate expression, the theory of pure plastic results in an ideogrammatic formula. Cubism and negro art are confused and blended, cubes and cylinders fitted into each other and counterbalanced by an elementary logic. Volumes exist in a pure state which is sufficient to itself. Sculpture becomes an allusive and speculative game removed from all reality and life.

The Martel brothers, Archipenko, and greatest of all, Brancusi, furnish us with the most significant examples of this tendency. This is an effort like Cubism, definitely dedicated to the principle of restraint, for which the painters are really more responsible than the sculptors. The impetus of Picasso and Braque contributed greatly to directing sculpture into this path. Such artists as Lipschitz, Zadkin or Chana Orloff do not go quite as far, but the parallelism of their lines, their somewhat dry and abstract stylizations seem excessive to us. This schematicism tends to create nothing but a new form of stereotyped art, an art which reverts to prehistoric principles.

Manolo, Laurens, and Salengre, have better understood the teachings of Maillol. They have resisted the temptation to solve plastic problems by the easy application of a formula.

What must be remembered in conclusion is that the essential character of these artists, the bond which unites their labours, is the desire to return to a style, to restore the qualities of composition and balance to an honourable place, and thus to recapture the great traditions of sculpture.

Baudelaire wrote an article entitled: "Why sculpture is boring." It is true that the sculpture of 1846, which was simply clay braced by a wire armature, had lost the secret of nature. It seemed like the cry of a lost soul in the empty halls of the official Salons.

Today our modern sculptors have returned to the divine.

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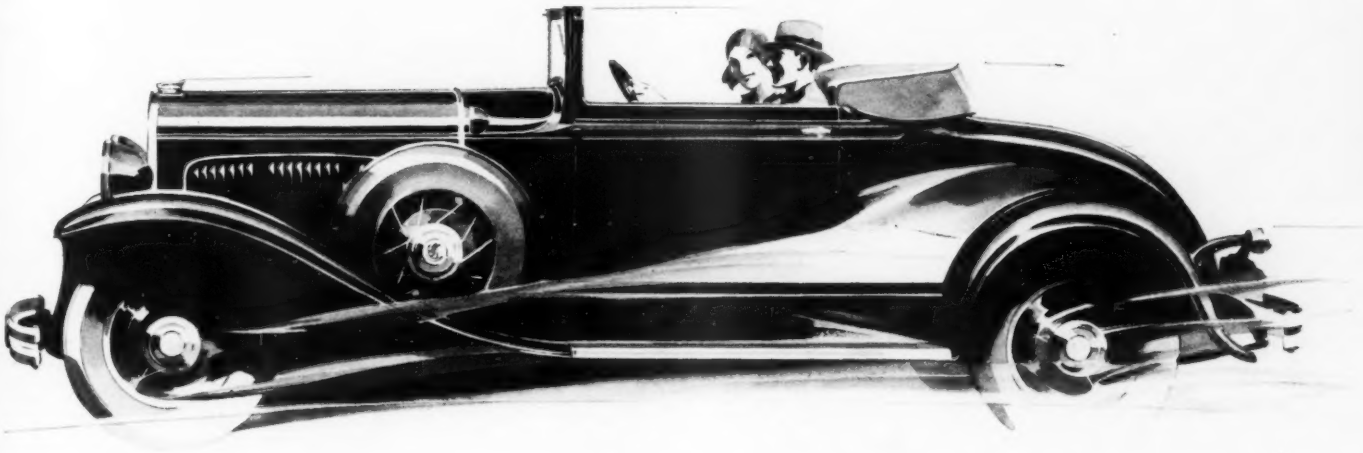

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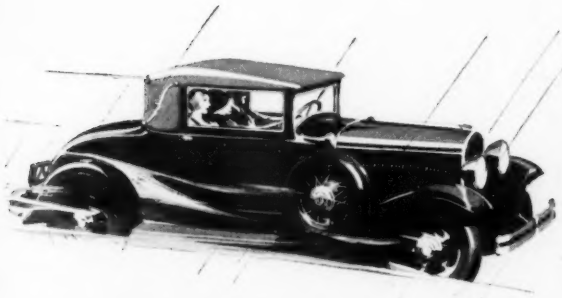

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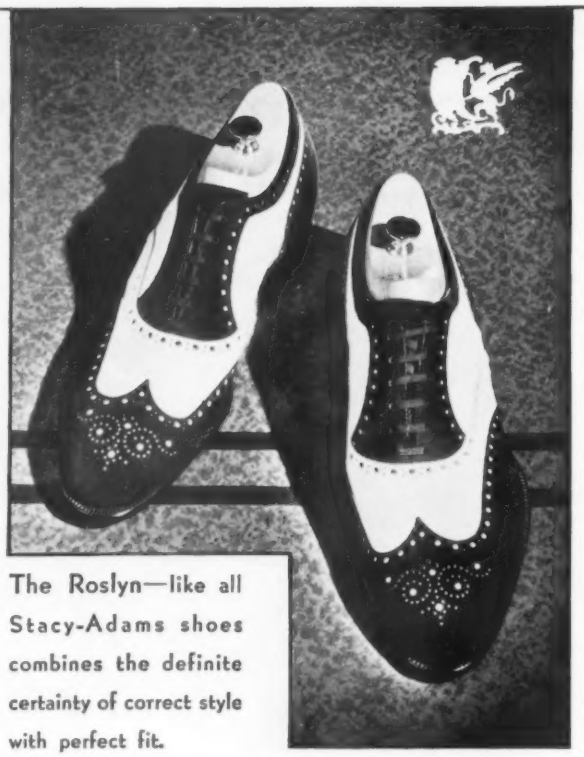

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MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET

Uncorking the Constitution

(Continued from page 41)

Wetness is becoming politic. The referendum now being conducted by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls is evidence of this. At time of writing, out of two million votes cast in the *Literary Digest* Poll, nearly 1,500,000 are for modification or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The vote has run steadily wet, 2 1/2 to 1, and it follows the same ominous trend which forecast the election of Coolidge and of Hoover.

Where is all this getting us? Nowhere. Politicians are turning to the wet side of the Eighteenth Amendment simply as a political measure. They have no real intention of doing anything about it. They are fully aware that uncorking the Constitution is to-day a political impossibility. One quarter of the States can, and will, block it, even if that quarter musters less than a tenth of the population of the country. Candidates will be vaguely wet this fall who have been vaguely dry in previous elections. They know that the real issues are unemployment and the breakdown of prosperity. They want to distract attention from the terrible mess and unabashed greed of the Tariff, from the failure of Administration policies, and from broken political promises. To them, the wet wave is just a comber on which they hope to surf-board back into office. They don't intend to lap it up. The only solution the present gang will give the Prohibition issue is the straddle of leaving every dry law on the statute books, and then not voting enough money to enforce them, except to create lucrative sinecures for political henchmen. This arrangement will not unduly infuriate the godly and will avoid interference with the drinking classes, while leaving the door open for more bootleg politics, more corruption, graft, and social debauchery. That is the best that party politics in Washington offer the American people, short of a political revolution.

How long public indignation will remain bottled up is another matter. The drys are simply trying to hold out until a basic human appetite dies. Congress is simply hoping to be re-elected and the wets don't know what they want.

The horror of the present situation is that Hoover made the tragic mistake of interpreting his own election as evidence of the great popularity of Prohibition and as a mandate to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. He tried it. Prohibition agents shot innocent motorists in the back. Coast Guards sank British ships hundreds of miles at sea, got roaring drunk in port on confiscated "evidence" and machine-gunned helpless fishermen out of existence. Hundreds of people were killed or paralyzed by poisoned liquor. Alcoholic deaths mounted higher and higher. More judges, bigger prisons, stiffer sentences were ordered. Human liberties were measured against the "yard-stick" of the carburetor and the check-book. A rich man could get a drink anywhere. A poor woman could be sent to jail for life for possessing a pint of liquor. And still the homicide squad of Methodism rubbed their hands and called for more. A policeman killed a boy in Washington on suspicion of being a bootlegger and the House of Representatives cheered exultantly. Truly, Jehovah is a jealous God and the flesh of the ungodly is pleasing unto Him.

When will we get action? In 1930? No. In 1932? Probably not. In 1936? Perhaps. By 1940? Yes. And when it comes, it will not be as simple a thing as a mere friendly repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the defeat of dry Representatives. It will be a political revolution, marking the recasting of both the old parties, the elimination of the Borahs, the Coolidges, the Hoovers, the Brookharts and their ecclesiastical masters from post-war politics. For if Congress refuses to uncork the Constitution, the American people are quite capable of knocking the neck off the bottle instead. This is not nearly so tidy, but it is just as effective, if you don't mind a few glass splinters with your champagne.

Answers to the Prize Contest in Anagrams, published in the May Vanity Fair

locate & y—acolyte
births & i—British
anchor & m—monarch
climates & h—alchemist
attune & s—tetanus
clarinet & e—interlace
camping & a—campaign
speared & l—relapsed
strain & a—artisan
created & o—decorate
theatric & c—architect
planets & a—pleasant
strive & u—virtues
barbs & o—absorb
regimen & u—meringue
stealth & e—athletes
charters & o—orchestra
crony & a—crayon
mascot & h—stomach
piece & r—recipe
malice & r—miracle
doing & l—doling (which obviously makes no sense, so we break down and admit that it was a typographical error. The anagram intended was doing & i, which makes indigo.
nomad & y—dynamo
gavels & a—salvage
appears & t—parapets
aromas & v—samovar
harmonica & s—maraschino
germinate & l—regimental
marry & o—armory
chained & a—hacienda
steep & e—tepees
tanner & m—remnant
literary & l—artillery
boundaries & t—subordinate
cliché & a—chalice
nimbus & o—omnibus
maraschino & n—anachronism
citadel & e—delicate
halter & m—thermal
tinders & l—tendrils
stomachs & i—masochist
seeing & s—genesis
bicycle & a—celibacy
marmoset & l—maelstrom
lusting & h—sunlight
loading & a—diagonal
notaries & l—relations
cremation & p—importance
repeals & u—pleasure
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Portrait of James Stuart, by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, reproduced by courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art — New York City

TIMES and customs change, but the regard of men for a work superlatively fine does not change. Thus from the very moment of its introduction the Goodyear Double Eagle Tire was sure of a welcome. Conceived as a masterpiece, perfected without regard to cost, it first appeared as and it remains a better tire than the average need requires. As people learned its true merit, they sought it out in greater and greater numbers, until today the Double Eagle can be sold for much less than you would expect, or than we originally thought was possible.

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* Everywhere people are entertaining more at home. That's why we, as silversmiths, are sponsoring a new little book, "The Crowd Comes to Our House," by Grace Higgins. It's full of smart and original party suggestions, delicious recipes and menus featuring famous foods available everywhere. It's gay and clever . . . the starting point for hilarious ideas that may be used in the one-room apartment or the house of many servants. And you can get a copy for 30 cents in any store where Silverware by Alvin is sold . . . or by mail direct to you at this special price (dimes or stamps). Write to The Alvin Corporation, Silversmiths, Dept. F-6, Providence, Rhode Island.

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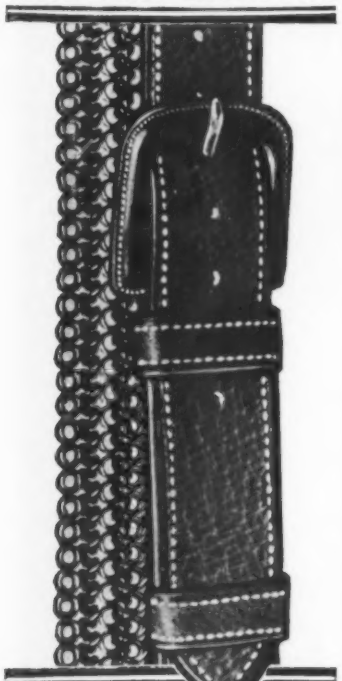

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GREAT BRITAIN'S MOST POPULAR GOLF BELT

Elégie

(Continued from page 88)

ed away. Mr. Cunningham sympathetically sprang to her side.

"That's pretty!" he remarked. "I don't wonder she fainted."

"I can't help it," said Miller, unhappily. "Nobody's going to play *me* for a sucker."

He continued to figure and mutter to himself as Eugene and the undertaker carried Mibs to an inner parlour and bade her lie down and take it easy. When they returned his pad was covered with items and he had hit upon a sum.

"I make it out a hundred and thirty flat." He waved the paper at the harassed Mr. Cunningham. "Count it, yourself. That leaves you three hundred and seventy bucks pure gravy—and I'm the goat!"

Mr. Cunningham scanned the list with lightly disguised pity for Miller's lack of values.

"How about it?" Miller leered, confidentially. "Do I hear you say a hundred and fifty?"

"You heard me say five hundred," declared the undertaker, exasperated. "And I don't mind telling you, Mr. Miller, that figure is ridiculous for the class of service we give. I couldn't afford to shave it for the King of England. Think of all it includes: things that no other mortician in town can give you. They haven't the facilities. Why, our Special Expression Process alone costs us seventy-five dollars!"

"Your special what?" repeated Miller, mystified.

"The expression. The smile, and so forth. At an important funeral like this you certainly don't want the facial muscles to sag. I understand from Mr. Shinkle that the obsequies are to be public."

"Yeah," said Eugene. "The Knights and Ladies of the Rose are in charge. She was Past Exalted Rose."

"You see?" Mr. Cunningham hastened to add. "Under the circumstances, we wouldn't dare use glue."

"No? And what's the matter with glue?" Miller enquired, suspicious. The undertaker shrugged politely.

"I *told* you," he said. "It isn't always permanent—especially in these steam heated apartments. That's why we've gone to all the expense of working out this new method, which is absolutely unique. You may not realize it, Mr. Miller, but we employ an interne from the County Hospital—he gets his diploma next year, and he's a wonder, I don't mind telling you. He can create any expression you wish—peaceful, angelic, or simply happy. And those expressions are guaranteed permanent. It's an elaborate method, but it's worth the money. That is, if you've seen some of the things *I* have."

"Well," Miller deliberated. "Maybe so, but glue is O. K. with me. I guess I'm old fashioned."

Mr. Cunningham looked aghast.

"Very well," he agreed, with an audible catch in his throat. "We'll make it glue—and hope for the best." It was plain that he considered this hope none too well founded.

"And you can make it a hundred and fifty dollars, too," said Miller, cheerfully.

"I know you don't mean that, Mr. Miller," smiled the undertaker. "Even without the Expression, the best we could do is—well, four hundred and twenty-five."

The veins in Miller's neck swelled, but he controlled himself nobly.

"Listen," he said, quietly. "You're still acting like you'd caught the whole *Slocum* disaster. I told you what I'll pay, and that's *all* I'll pay. And if you don't like it, I'll walk her right out of here. You ain't the only undertaker in town, by a long shot."

"It's a little late for that, I'm afraid," replied Mr. Cunningham in tones of ice. "They're working on her now."

"Well, that's very, very interesting," said Miller, unmoved. "But I'll take her out, just the same."

For some reason Mr. Cunningham was appalled at this determination.

"You wouldn't commit a sacrilege of that kind, I hope!" he managed to say. "Why, that's beyond the pale!"

"Ha, ha!" said Miller, turning to Eugene. "Listen to what's talking!"

He seized the telephone and began dialing a number.

"What's going on now?" demanded Mr. Cunningham, leaping forward.

"I can play just as dirty as you," replied Miller with a smile. He spoke into the telephone:

"Central Undertaking? . . . I want to talk to Babe Wetmore, right away. . . ."

"This is a crime against the dead!" shouted the undertaker, reaching for the telephone. Miller raised his arm.

"Look out I don't get my elbow in your eye!" he warned, resuming his telephone conversation:

"Hello, Babe? Charlie Miller. . . . Well, not so good. . . . The hell you say! . . . Say, Babe, want to do me a big favor . . . . Have you got a wagon over there that ain't working? . . . Well, bring it over to Cunningham's on Clark Street as soon as you can."

"My God!" cried Mr. Cunningham, appealing to Eugene. The latter opened his palms in a gesture of neutrality.

"Oh, nothing," continued Miller into the telephone. "Just a guy is trying to gouge my eyes out of me. I'll explain when I see you."

He hung up and favored Eugene with a wink. He could not help smiling as he blew a magnificent smoke ring in the direction of Mr. Cunningham.

"In all of my experience I have never had such a disgraceful, shocking scene!" protested the latter.

"That's what you get for being a hog," said Miller.

Mr. Cunningham turned on Eugene.

"How can you stand by and permit this terrible sacrilege?" he choked. "Dragging the precious remains of the innocent dear one you loved best from this place to some—some morgue!"

"*He's* doing it," said Eugene, pointing at Miller.

"That's right," Miller genially agreed. "Blame me. And see if I care."

"But your daughter!" Mr. Cunningham lifted his voice in the direction of Mibs' retreat. "What about **her**? Disgraced! Her whole life wrecked for a few miserable dollars! Her friends will hear about it—and shun her! After this, no respectable person will want to have anything to do with her!"

"Lay off!" Miller whispered, with an

(*Continued on page 112*)

WINNERS OF THE CLOVER BRIDGE CONTEST

Problem Conceived and Judged By Lelia Hattersley as Announced in February Issue Vanity Fair.

The bidding and playing is as follows:

South	*West*	*North*	*East*
Pass	1 No Trump	Pass	Pass
3 Diamonds	3 No Trump	Pass	Pass

Trick	N	E	S	W
1	H6*	H2	H10	HJ
2	HQ	H3	H8	H9
3	HA	H4	D2	HK
4	C3	C4	C9	C10
5	S2	S7	S6	SA
6	S3	S8	SQ	S10
7	C2	D4	DJ	DQ

West now has option of *End Play* or *Squeeze Play* to win game, either being correct. *For End Play:*— West leads SJ which East wins with SK; East leads S9 then H5 which North must win and lead to West's Club Tenace. *For Squeeze Play:*— West leads D7, South wins and returns D10 which West wins and leads SJ. East overtakes and leads S9 on which North must discard his H7 or CJ.

* *C3 also considered adequate defense*

HERE ARE THE PRIZE WINNERS:—

Panama Mail S. S. Co. Cruise, E. T Barco, Capt. F. A., Gainesville, Fla. . . . *Freed Radio,* Lelia Pace, Franklin, Va. . . . *Freed Radio,* H. V. Latham, Denver, Colo. . . . *Whittall Rug,* Hillyer Brown, San Francisco, Calif. . . . *Cine-Ansco Camera,* David Carter, Nevada, Mo. . . . *Neverbreak Trunk,* Mrs. Lena H. Howard, Norfolk, Va. . . . *Zenith Clock,* James F. Collins, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . *Perpetual Self Winding Watch,* E. Hobart Molson, New York, N.Y. . . . *Namiki Writing Box,* Maxon S. Lough, Major, Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . *Waterman Desk Set,* Norman A. Wood, Burlingame, Calif. . . . *Du Pont Lucite Sets* (2), Mrs. Rebie Davis, Asheville, N. C. and Mrs. R. A. Hennessey, Springfield, Mass. . . . *Tindall Bed Spread,* Lucille G. Barco, Gainesville, Fla. . . . *Luminator Lamps* (20), Miss Rosalie Fellows Bailey, New York, N.Y.; E. H. Barber, San Diego, Calif.; Helena J. Cowperthwait, Tucson, Ariz.; H. A. Doerner, Reno, Nev.; E. R. Donelson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Paul S. Howes, Holyoke, Mass.; Mrs. Margaret Hurt, New York, N.Y.; Imogene Jordan, Norfolk, Va.; Ella I. Jordan, Norfolk, Va.; Barbara T. Kelly, Winthrop, Mass.; Martha H. Marshall, Asheville, N. C.; Rena McBride, Helena, Ark.; Sam O'Connell, Holyoke, Mass.; Dr. L. J. Patterson, Green Bay, Wis.; Horace A. Quimby, Springfield, Mass.; George Reith, New York, N.Y.; Hugh Roberts, Morristown, Tenn.; Mrs. J. H. Samuels, Davenport, Ia.; Aria P. Schawe, Cincinnati, O., Mrs. R. H. Spurr, Brandon, Manitoba, Can.

Names of the winners of Benson & Hedges Cigarette Cabinets, Automatch Lighters, Twinpoint Pen & Pencils, Best-Ever Slippers, "Contract Developments," Drinkless Cigarette Holders, Bild-A-Word Games and Louis Sherry Candies, and full description bidding and play obtainable free from leading Optical Stores or on request to us. Description will also appear in the Bridge World (May Issue) with comments by Lelia Hattersley. All Prize Winners have been notified direct.

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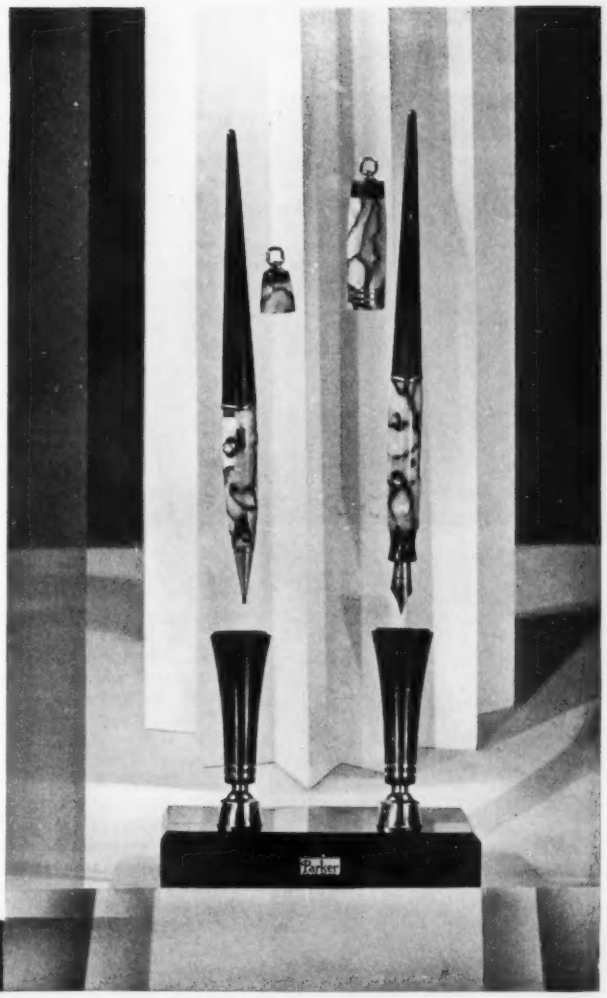
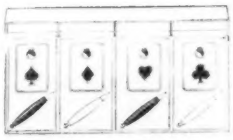


Illustrated above are the Vest-Parker Pen and Pencil Duette converted to Desk use by substituting tapered ends for pocket caps. Remove tapers and restore caps for carrying in your waistcoat pocket or handbag



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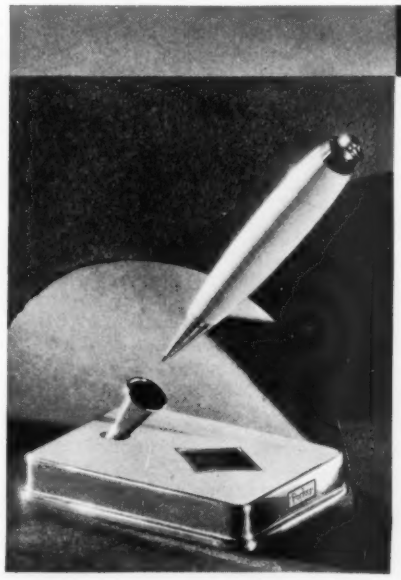

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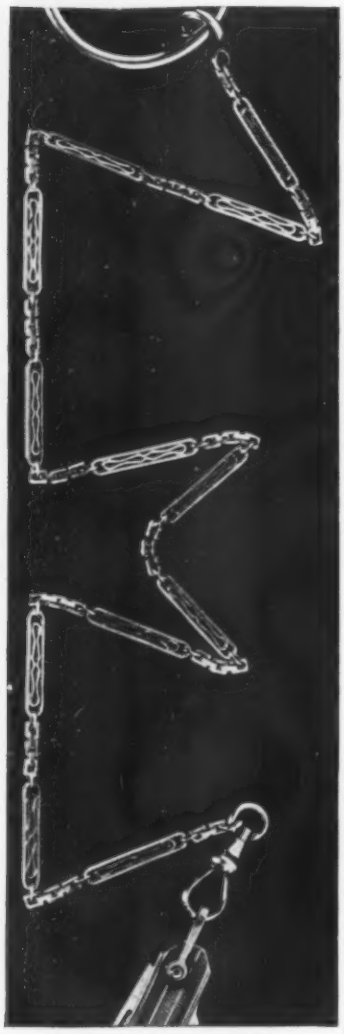

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SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

Elégie

(Continued from page 110)

involuntary gesture toward his daughter's lair. But too late. Crescendos of sobs indicated that the undertaker's arrow had found its mark. Presently Mibs tottered out, screaming.

"Now you've done it," said Mr. Cunningham, with some satisfaction.

"Get back in there, Mibs," entreated her father. "This is private, between me and Mr. Cunningham."

As her wails increased, he pushed his daughter back into the inner room and slammed the door.

"Just hysterical," he noted.

"Oh, no, Mr. Miller. It's not just hysterical! It's the shameful thought that her own father, the one man who should be nearest in this dark hour is treating her angel mother like—like a cad! I know it's not for me to say, Mr. Miller, but your treatment of the woman who devoted her life to you, who loved you—"

"If that's a crack at me, you're all wrong," interrupted Miller with some heat. "I'm just as good a husband as the next one, but honestly, you don't know what I went through with that woman!" He lowered his voice.

"There are *some* things that would get anybody's goat, and I'm not squawking, either. But do you want to know why I walked out on her? Because there's a limit to everything, *including* affection! My God! *Sometimes* a fellow wants to read a newspaper, if you know what I mean. Now, if you're a human being, you'll understand *my* feelings. Live and let live, why don't you?"

Mr. Cunningham was forced to admit that the late Mrs. Miller's peculiarities somewhat altered matters.

"Still, you must remember that she was your wife," he persisted, "and you certainly owe her a decent burial."

"Well, come down off your high horse, then," said Miller. "I came over here ready to do the fair thing. What do I get? Abuse! Instead of some kind of reasonable offer."

Mr. Cunningham pondered.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Miller. Rather than have the scandal of taking a body out of this establishment, I'll go more than half way with you."

"Like what, for instance?"

"What do you say to—well, two hundred and fifty? On my word of honor, I lose a hundred dollars. But I've got a daughter just the size of yours, and I'd like to think that some day, somebody may do *her* a good turn, make her as happy as I'm trying to make your little girl *now*."

"Say two hundred and we'll *all* be happy," urged Miller.

The undertaker wavered. "I'll match you," he compromised.

"I'm a sport," said Miller. "Call your shot."

Eugene flipped a quarter. Miller cried heads, and won.

"No hard feelings, I hope?" he said to Mr. Cunningham.

"None whatsoever," replied the undertaker, gracefully. "And I promise an A Number One job. No skimping! . . . By the way, would you like to see her?"

"The funeral's Tuesday," Miller decided. "I can wait."

A scarcely audible snuffle reminded him of Mibs. He got up, shook his head with martyred resignation and tiptoed across the room.

"Come on out, Mibs," he called. "Everything's rosy!"

Mibs appeared, spent with weeping. Miller threw his arm about her.

"What a lump!" he cried, hoping to infect her with his spirits. "I'll bet she weighs two hundred pounds!"

Mr. Cunningham observed that Mibs was a fine looking woman, well set up, and further vouchsafed his opinion that what with all these Hollywood diets and the fools that went on them nowadays, it was a wonder that his business hadn't tripled.

"That's the trouble with Hollywood," he added vaguely. "It's all fad this and fad that."

The telephone rang.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Cunningham. "It's probably Judge Appleman. He's not expected to live out the night."

"I'll get a taxi as soon as he's through telephoning," said Miller, consulting his watch. "Where do you kids live? I'll drop you."

"Some people have it soft," said Eugene with hardly concealed bitterness. "Riding in taxis all the time."

"I might as well be broke as the way I am," acquiesced Miller, good humoredly. "I don't mind telling you, though, that this little event puts me in a hell of a hole. Mind you, I'm not belly-aching, but I don't know where I'm going to get two hundred dollars."

"Well, there's that insurance," said Mibs.

"What insurance?" almost shouted Eugene. Miller dropped his cigar.

"Why, right after you left the house this lady came over from the lodge," Mibs informed her husband. "She said it's over a thousand dollars on account of Mama being Past Exalted Rose."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Miller.

"Who gets it?" asked Eugene, trembling.

"Papa! Mama never changed it. She always said you would come back. Even when she was dying, she thought so."

"Well, what do you know about that?" asked Miller, completely awed. "There's a woman for you! Can you beat that, Gene?"

"It's sure one on me!" came bitterly from his son-in-law, but Miller did not even hear.

"I never deserved her!" he exclaimed suddenly, throwing away a fresh cigar. "She was too good for me and I don't care who knows it! Why, that just goes to show you what a damned fool a fellow can be! Somebody kick me!"

"Don't take it that way, Papa," advised Mibs. "We all got to go sometime."

"It ain't that," Miller replied brokenly. "Only I *could* have treated her better while she was here. I wish there was something—"

Mr. Cunningham returned, and stopped short at Miller's obvious grief.

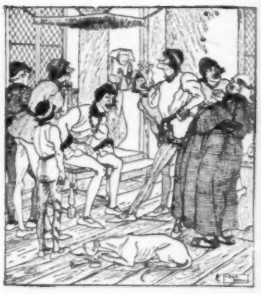
"I beg your pardon."

But an idea shone through the grief stricken husband's tears.

"Listen," he said. "You know what you were telling me about that smile?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Cunningham, slightly bewildered.

"Well, I've changed my mind," said Miller. "Give her the works."



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Those wretched royalties

(Continued from page 75)

"Do you mind," it was thus that I framed my question, "not being a King any more?" "Well, I miss the work," he answered. "I wasn't thinking about the work," I explained, "I was thinking about the external glamour, the red carpets and the equerries. Do you miss such facilities? Do you mind, for instance standing, as we are now standing, in a queue?"

The ex-Viceroy paused. "Well you see," he said, "were I still reigning I should not, it is true, be standing tailed up with other people and waiting for my turn. But I should be inspecting the guard of honour and addressing a few chosen words to the District Commissioner and the Inspector of Police. It all comes to the same thing in the long run."

The crowd had moved on by this time and we passed the barrier. "Then there is another thing," he said, "which one misses rather when one is a Viceroy. One never looks up trains. There are few pleasures in life so great as looking up a complicated train connection. All I used to do in those days was to tell my Military Secretary that I should like to leave at a convenient hour after luncheon. And there the train would be." "You see," he concluded, "it was all rather *flat*."

"It was all rather *flat*"—I have often remembered those words when observing Royalty at a dinner party or opening bazars. They have imposed upon them the same level of relationship with everyone they meet. The very fact of their elevation renders the rest of humanity a flat surface, as when one takes the aeroplane to Paris and the gentle contours of the Weald of Kent, become flat for one as if on a map spread upon the table. I should not like to regard humanity flattened out, as Kings regard it, or Stalin regards it, or perhaps even Mussolini. I feel it pleasant to look upwards sometimes as well as down.

For what is the summit of fame but the abysm of notoriety? It cannot be amusing to be recognized continuously even when one wishes to escape observation. It must be trying to the nerves to be merely incognito when one wishes to be unknown. It must be intolerable never to walk down Bond Street, never to jostle with a crowd, never to push and shove people in the back: always orderly, ordered, ordained.

All these reflections have assailed me on considering the life and character of William II until comparatively recently Emperor of Germany. An immensely gifted man: a somewhat neurotic man, and predominantly an intellectual: but one whose whole life was thrown into the contrasted maximums of light and shadow by the unfortunate circumstance that he was born a Royalty. Clearly had this man been the son of a professor he would have enjoyed his life, have studied many lovely and many honourable things, have known what friendship was, and the wide joys of travel. But there he was set on a pinnacle, and, thus exposed, he came to dramatize himself and to strike crude attitudes which seem to us ridiculous and must even at the time have filled him with the sadness of being slightly unreal.

But of all these sorrows the greatest is that dumb longing for equality which gnaws at the heart of any decent man who is forced to be a King. One sees it in their pathetic exaggeration of the family tie: their relations, even the wives of their third cousins, are at least nearer to them than their nearest friend: and hence that fantasy of family affection which lives in all royal memoirs. This nostalgia of equality hangs over their sad and stilted letters, —sundering them from their subjects —uniting them in a pathetic disunity with their relations upon other thrones, with faded royal aunts, with unknown royal cousins in remote Arch Duchies. Thus do these Royalties, unloving but lonely, cling to such family connections as may give them at least the illusion of consanguinity, the illusion that somewhere, however distant, are other men and women like themselves.

And when they meet together, when they have stalked off together through lines of bowing Chamberlains to that royal supper room, they will relax, as the great doors close behind them, that stiff regal rigidity,—and they will behave together like school boys on a holiday, cracking little foolish jokes, poking each other in ribs which only equally royal fingers can poke, telling each other home truths which they never hear at home. Bubbling, poor wretches, with childish merriment. For this is all the fun they have.

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As a service to our readers we have selected from the literature of the leading financial institutions the following booklets, any of which, in addition to the help of your banker and broker, will, we believe, prove of great benefit to you in your future bond buying.

How to Invest Money *A-B-C's of bonds and bond investment*	S. W. Straus & Co.
Convertible Securities *Complete explanation, plus lists*	George H. Burr & Co.
How to Judge Municipal Bonds *The points to consider, condensed*	Halsey, Stuart & Co.
Public Utility Securities as Investments *Citing the particular advantages*	A. C. Allyn & Co.
10 Tests of a Sound Public Utility Bond *Simplified, and concise*	Halsey, Stuart & Co.
Stock and Bond Register *Important features of individual securities*	Otis & Co.

If you will write to us, we will be glad to have any or all of these booklets sent to you.

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